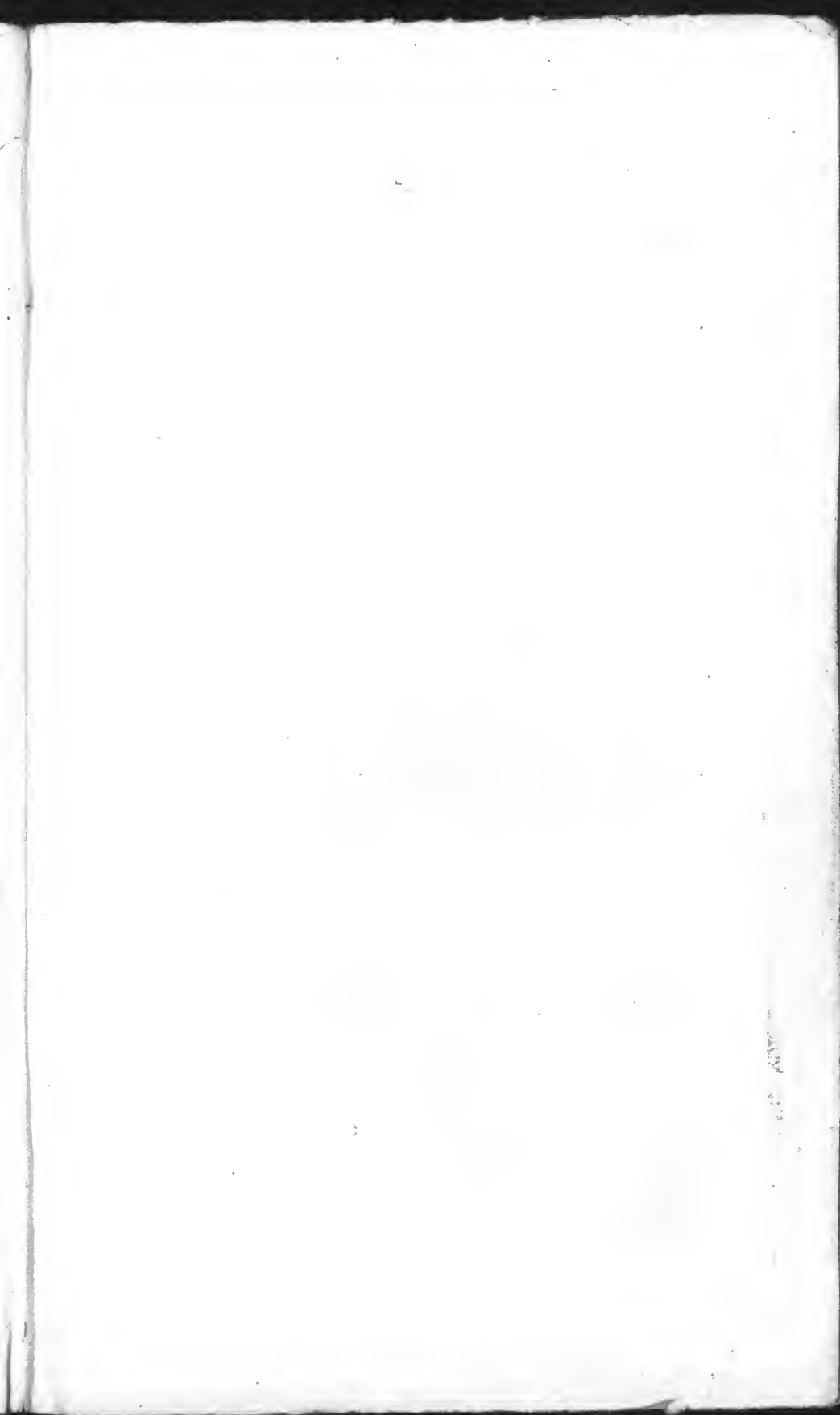


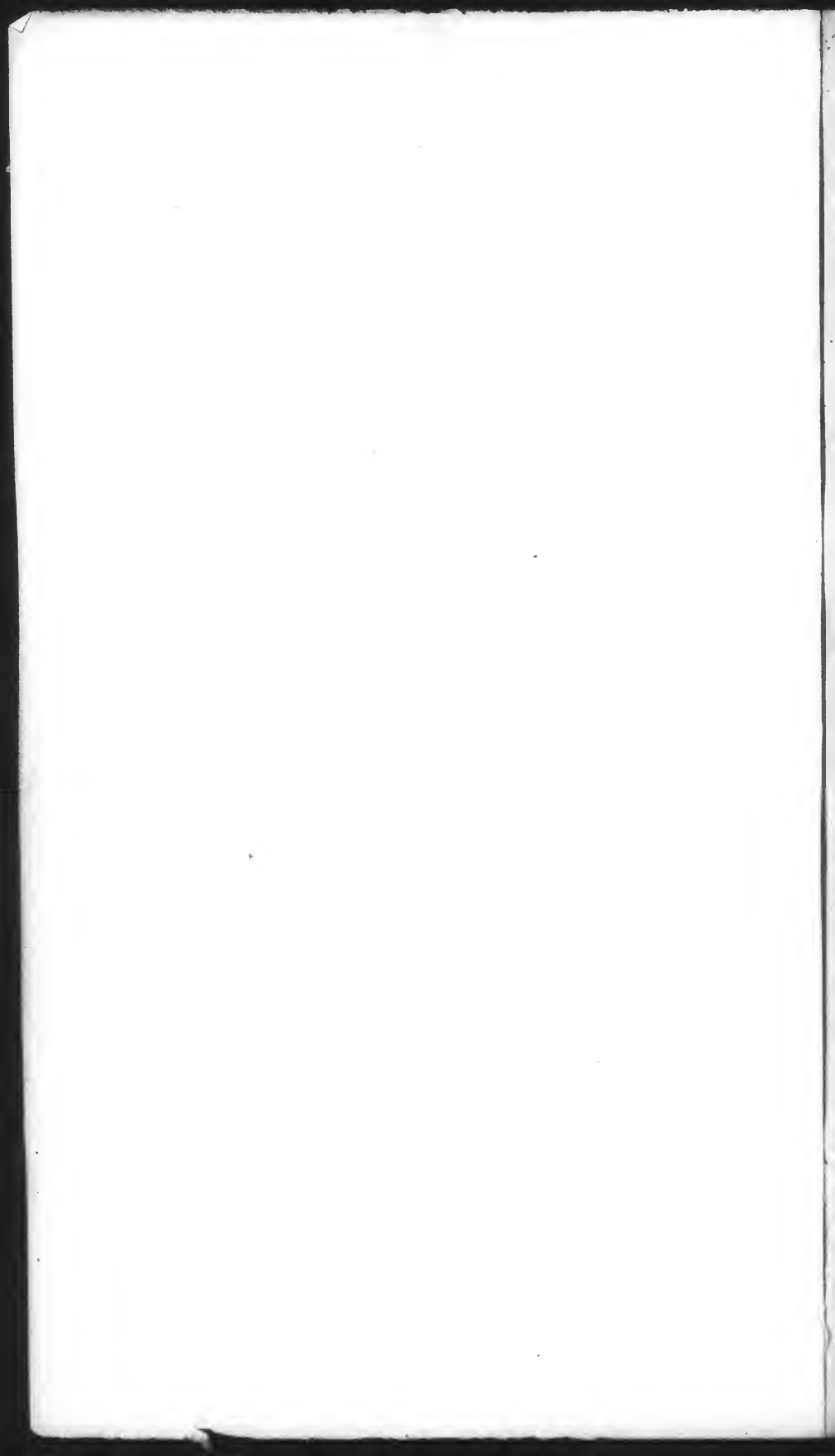
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RECOMMENDATIONS

OF THE

WESLEYAN TAKINGS.

As to the first, the authors only wish their readers to compare the *spirit* of the "TAKINGS" with the *spirit* of the Notice of them in the Wesleyan Methodist Magazine, as sent forth by the Rev. THOMAS JACKSON, and the Rev. GEORGE CUBITT, *Editors*; and to preserve in their recollection the two following quotations, which we recommend as suitable headings for the article:

"I have not seen Mr. S.'s book; but judging of it by its effects, it must be a masterly performance; he has driven his opponents to the dreadful expedient of substituting abuse for argument, which is the last resource, and the forlorn hope, of vanquished fanatics."

D. ISAAC.

"The Christians defend their religion, and have the hangman for their answer."

TERTULLIAN.

The authors of the "Takings" have defended Methodism, and upheld its Ministers, and have the following for their answer:—

"If reviewers are compelled to read every book that issues from the press, there are some books which they will be careful never to read a second time; and such is the volume now before us. We have read it as a matter of duty, but will never read it again; and should be happy, could we divest our minds of every impression which the perusal of it has left.—A competent critic has said, 'In every work regard the writer's end.' If we may judge from the manner in which this volume is written, the design of the author was twofold: amusement, and the gratification of his own prejudices. To please a certain class of readers, who would rather laugh than either think or pray, one hundred Methodist Preachers have been selected, answering to the Centenary, with its holy associations, which has just closed; and their peculiarities of person, manner, voice, dress, habit, their capacities, and supposed acquirements, are made subjects of remark, commendation, or censure, according to the writer's own predilections and caprice. Some of the men are highly praised, and others, equally estimable, are treated with rudeness, sarcastic levity, and even contempt. In proportion as the book circulates, and its statements are regarded, these ministers must be despised, and their public labours become powerless and ineffectual. To each person a passage of holy Scripture is applied, generally without any regard for its legitimate meaning; and, in many cases, for no other apparent purpose but that of raising a laugh. Exceptions to the work have been taken in various quarters; and therefore, to the second edition a long dialogue is prefixed, professing to be an answer to all objections that have been urged against it. We object to the principle of the book, as essentially unjust and dishonourable. The writer, it would seem, has, in various quarters, been treated with a generous confidence, which he has abused in a shameless manner, and to the deep injury of the unsuspecting individuals with whose intercourse he has been indulged. Were every man to act the same part, the pleasures of social life would at once be annihilated; for all freedom of communication between man and man would immediately cease. Who would impart his undisguised views and feelings to another, if he had reason to believe that the man to whom he disclosed the secrets of his heart, was collecting materials for a book, one object of which was the amusement of light and superficial readers, and another the gratification of the writer's spleen? Besides, no man of an upright and honourable mind, would even conceal his own name in a public controversy, when that of his opponent was generally known; much less would he be nameless, while he made an attack upon another's character. Justice forbids a meanness so reprehensible.

An assassin with a mask is at once a murderer and a coward.—The author has written an elaborate defence of the unwarrantable liberty which he has taken with a body of Christian ministers. But this was altogether needless. His own jaundiced mind is evidently ill at rest. The work bears a disreputable character upon its face. While the writer has himself violated principles, which all classes of respectable society hold sacred, he has prevailed upon his printer to outrage the accredited usages of his professional brethren. The liberty of the press is a most valuable branch of British freedom; but, like every other good, it is liable to abuse. That the institutions of the country, and the good name of individuals, might not be at the mercy of every pennyless writer who might assail them, to gratify his malice, or obtain a morsel of bread, the law of the land for many years has required that every printer shall connect his name with his work: and though the law, for special reasons, was partially abrogated last year; yet every printer of good character and fair reputation in his profession, considers the affixing or suffixing of his name to every production of his press, as a duty which he owes to himself and the public, even when the insertion of his name and address is not compelled by any legal enactment, except at the instance of the law officers of the Crown. Not so the printer before us. Neither he nor the author dares to shew his face. Surely the respectable house whose names appear as the publishers of the volume are not aware of the position in which they are thus placed. The ungodly tendency of the book must be obvious to every-reflecting mind. The Bible is treated without reverence; and men who sustain the sacred office, with marked levity and disrespect. All this is justifiable, if the holy Scriptures be a jest book; if the Gospel be a fable; if the house of God be a place of amusement; if the object of the Christian ministry be diversion; and if the sacred rest of the Sabbath be intended to afford opportunities for gratifying the taste of the witty and the gay. But it was not in this spirit that Christ and his apostles preached, and wept, and died. It was not in this spirit that the Wesleys, and Thomas Walsh, and John Fletcher, exercised their sacred vocation. They felt that they were entrusted with a message of mercy to dying men; and that upon the penitent and believing reception of that message depends the everlasting salvation of all to whom it is proclaimed. If the writer of this flip-pant and superficial volume should induce any of his readers to amuse themselves with the manner and peculiar talents of their ministers, when they ought to repent and pray, he will have contributed his part to 'hinder the Gospel of Christ,' and to promote the perdition of souls for whom the blood of the Son of God was shed. Within the last hundred years many books have been written against Wesleyan Methodism, and especially its ministry: but as they have generally assumed a hostile character, the reader has been on his guard, and each attack has proved harmless. The writer of this volume comes in the garb of a friend; but his lucubrations are of far more mischievous tendency than all the ribaldry of Lavington and Nightingale, or the studied misrepresentations of such writers as Dr. Bennett. The spirit which he has infused into his book is as directly opposed to that which pervades Mr. Wesley's 'Earnest Appeal,' as profane levity is opposed to Christian seriousness, and cold malignity to the tender charity, meekness and gentleness of Christ. That the hallowed services of the Wesleyan Centenary, should be immediately succeeded by such a publication as this, is just ground of humiliation and shame. Of this the parties appear to be fully aware; and hence their unwillingness to shew their faces with their deeds. It is with deep reluctance that we have submitted to write this warning against the book before us. Nothing but a sense of duty could have induced us to notice such a publication. But we felt that we could not be silent and guiltless, while unsuspecting parents and friends are placing within the reach of young persons a volume which is especially calculated to disqualify them for a profitable attendance upon the ministry of the word, and induce a ruinous habit of thinking and speaking on sacred subjects in a light and profane manner."—*METH. MAG.* 1840, p. 1039.

The two early Numbers.—"This number contains a portrait of the late Richard Watson, and although purporting to be a 'Sketch,' hits off with felicity the peculiarities and greatness of his manner and intellect. Another of the 'Sketches' is a full length portrait of the Rev. Jabez Bunting. It is well written, but is a most extravagant and hyperbolic estimate of Mr. B's talents as a preacher, legislator, and pleader. He is unquestionably a man of

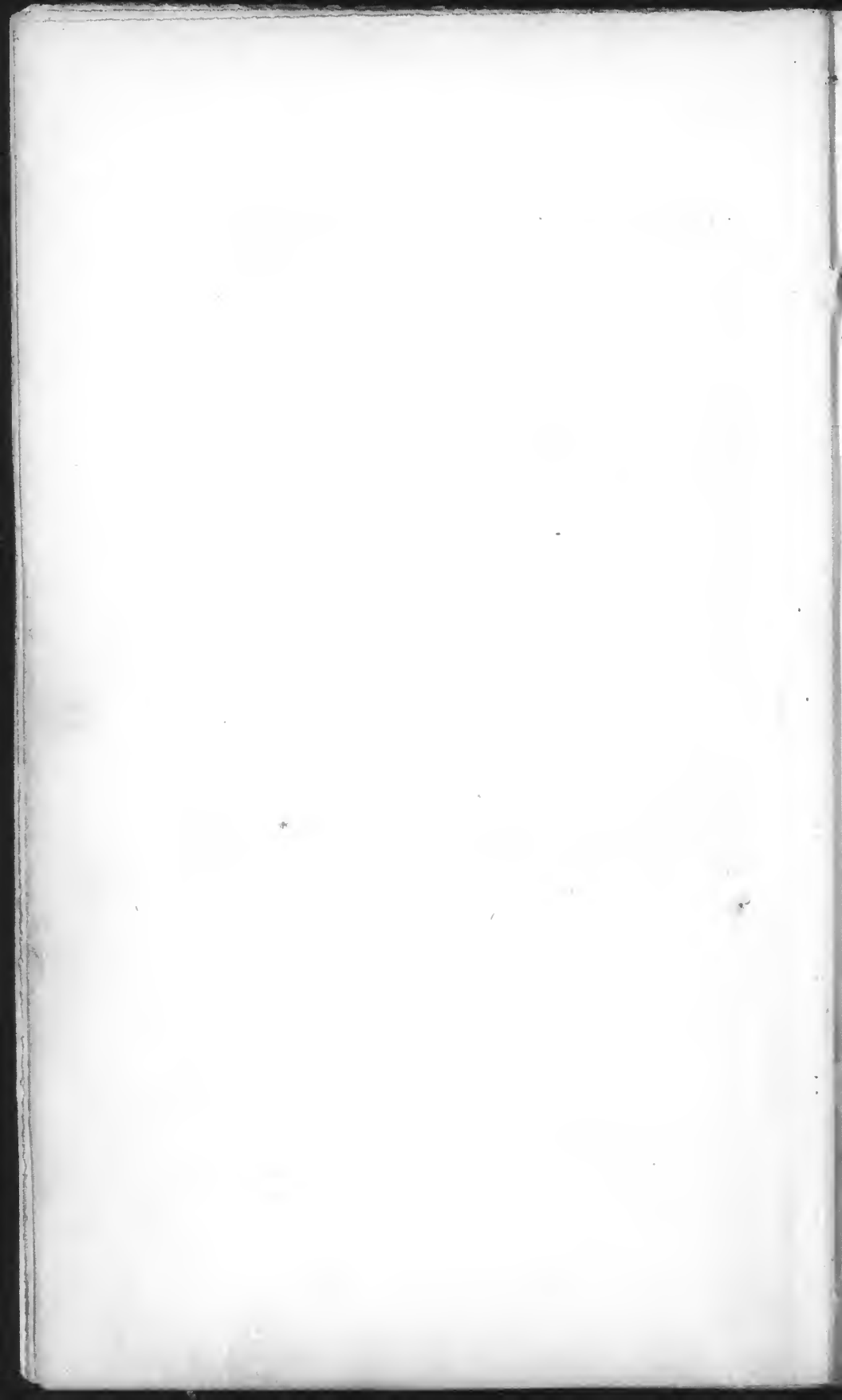
great ability, and smart and clever as a debater and a preacher; yet many men in the Wesleyan Methodist Connexion might be found fully equal to him in every point of view. We are of opinion that Mr. Bunting is as much indebted to Christian forbearance and brotherly kindness, on the part of the Methodist ministry, for the celebrity he has so long enjoyed, as to any other cause. To class him with such men as Clarke and Watson, would be an offence almost amounting to literary profanation. The writer of the Sketch graphically portrays him in the midst of a 'war of words,' in 'the House' of Conference."—
MANCHESTER TIMES.

"This book has made considerable noise in the Wesleyan world; for the Wesleyans live in a world of their own. It is not surprising that the work should have many enemies. It is written with so much ability, generally speaking, that it could not be supposed to be a matter of indifference to any of the brethren whether they were included or not, or, if included, how they were estimated.—The author is a man of talent, possessing a competent knowledge of his subjects. But he looks at every thing with a *Wesleyan* eye. His discrimination and judgment are rarely at fault when he compares one Wesleyan with another.—The work, on the whole, is very readable; and we can imagine the Wesleyan laity devouring it with a keen relish; for it is pointed, piquant, and generally faithful, the short outlines in particular being for the most part cleverly hit off. With regard to the special grounds of complaint against it, we can conceive, that, while in some cases it may reduce the size of a fictitious popularity, its tendency in the main will be beneficial; for the brethren will no doubt be spurred on to double diligence."—The PATRIOT, Dec. 24, 1840.

"We have not sufficient acquaintance with the Wesleyan body to be qualified to pronounce judgment on the accuracy of these portraits; but the painter has evidently brought to the work considerable skill and a lively interest in his subject. His admiration of the Wesleyan doctrine, discipline, and economy, is ardent; and we suppose his book will be very acceptable, at least to the laity of that communion."—BAPTIST MAGAZINE, Sep. 1840.

"A just eulogium upon Dr. Clarke's powerful and very efficient ministry."—
WESLEYAN METH. MAG. 1836, p. 851.*

* N. B.—All the Sketches are written in the same spirit of candour, and on the same principle of fairness, as the one so justly eulogized by the Editors of the Methodist Magazine, in their unbiassed moments, and better moods;—the Sketch of the venerable Doctor,—with very few additions, and those mostly laudatory, being the identical sketch given of him in the work referred to by the Editors, and stated by us to have been borrowed, and exactly to our taste and judgment.



WESLEYAN TAKINGS:

OR

Centenary Sketches

OF

MINISTERIAL CHARACTER,

AS EXHIBITED IN THE WESLEYAN CONNEXION, DURING
THE FIRST HUNDRED YEARS OF ITS EXISTENCE.

“Whose is this IMAGE?—And they said * * * *’s;
And they marvelled.”

VOLUME THE FIRST.

Third Edition.

CONTAINING AN ENLARGED DEFENCE, WITH
RECOMMENDATIONS
OF THE WORK.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY HAMILTON, ADAMS, AND CO.,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1841.

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PREFACE

TO THE FIRST AND SECOND EDITIONS.

FOR the artists to have affixed a name to each portrait in the following collection, would have been to reflect on their performances. Besides, the boast of the Wesleyan family is, that it is eminently ONE; and as the system leads to constant change and intercourse, it is taken for granted, that, where there is any kind of excellence to attract attention, the different members are sufficiently known to each other, and may be recognized, whether in oil or water colours, whether in type, on copper, or steel. Nor is it, indeed, at all in the fashion to append names to family portraits.

Time was, when each preacher was obliged, at the instance of the venerable Founder, to sketch his own portrait, and to furnish the compositor with the MS., in order that he might, in his turn, fix it in durable lead, and exhibit it in typography to the world. That day has gone by; and although the engraver is still employed, he wants a tongue to speak; he is at most a mere professor of signs, and leaves every eye to be its own interpreter. Instead, therefore, of being left to the often unpleasant task of sketching himself, or remaining untaken till dead, when he cannot defend himself against any misrepresentation or error of the artist, he is here presented—not in shadow, not in half-length, not as a dumb show,—but in body, soul, and spirit, for the instruction of others.

It is hoped that the defects pointed out will be guarded against by YOUNG MINISTERS, and that the excellences exhibited will excite a spirit of holy emulation.

Perhaps it would be difficult to select the same number of men from any other religious community—possessed of the same stock

of native talent—raised to the same eminence, chiefly by self-cultivation—with an equally growing popularity,—and commanding, simply as Christian ministers, an influence over so extensive a portion of the public mind.

Should any gentleman, on the breaking up of the gallery, lay claim to any particular portrait, by affirming it to be *his own*, it may be necessary to state, that he will be expected to produce such evidence on the occasion as will be satisfactory to all parties concerned; and that disputed cases shall be decided by a jury of not less than six persons of good report for common-sense and honesty, selected from the nearest social circle; their judgment to be final and without appeal.

N. B.—The artists would just observe, that some of the first “TAKINGS,” now in the course of publication, were originally sketched in the year 1832. They beg to add, that they will continue in their present rooms a few months longer, and respectfully request, that any gentleman wishing to have his own portrait taken, will “ENQUIRE WITHIN” of the Artists, or *without* of the PUBLISHERS.

Two Sketches appeared in sixpenny numbers, under the preceding title, and with the preceding preface, in 1834. The criticisms of the social circle, and also of a few public journals, were various: and as authorship was then, as now, the guess and wonder of the “wise and prudent,” the authors themselves were often in company with others, in different parts of the kingdom—though, to the parties, like invisible beings, listening and replying to the remarks of the wiser of the wise. The numbers referred to, served as *feelers*; and whatever was said and written, as to merit and manner, there was but *one* opinion as to *likeness*: both of the men were instantly recognized, and each of the characters allowed to be handled with fidelity, and yet with delicacy. It is now ascertained how the “TAKINGS” are likely to take.—When the *pilot* is sent forth, it is generally expected that the *balloon*—except in cases of accident, will follow. Delays are often occasioned by unforeseen circumstances, but—as in the present instance, not always accounted for,

because of their being the concern of the authors rather than of the public.

Let it not be imagined, that because the plural is employed in the Sketches, two or three score of half-famished, journeymen scribes have been engaged in the work. The usual privilege has been claimed which belongs solely to "our" Potentates, to "we" with the Mitre, and to "us" Critics.

It may be observed too, that the names of the dead will be found to accompany each sketch in the present volume; the names of the living, in the larger sketches, may be sought for in the portraits themselves; and should the likenesses prove as correct as those contained in the pilot numbers, there need be no apprehension of serious mistake.

There might be serious objection to a work of this kind, if *moral* character were at all touched. But this is not included in the design; nor is it necessary, because it is unimpeachable,—that being scrutinized by two annual tribunals, the District Committee and the Conference, beside the searching eye of a watchful people and a jealous public; a scrutiny to which no other Christian Ministers are subjected: and as to intellect and pulpit qualifications, the persons concerned are no more the subjects of criticism here, than in the regular Periodicals of the day; in which public characters are taken *up*, taken *off*, and even taken *in*, and still less ceremoniously taken *down*. Every man is here contemplated in the light of a *sincere* and *useful* MINISTER of JESUS CHRIST: his *implements*, so to speak, are simply *examined* and *described*, together with the *manner* in which he is pleased to *employ* them,—an occasional opinion being offered, whether or not, by a difference in style, matter, and manner, a greater amount of good, might not, in some instances at least, be accomplished. All remarks on physical form and constitution, are—however pleasant, to be viewed only as the end of the clew which is to lead to the *person*, who otherwise stands *nameless* on the page.

The Sketches are to be taken for no more than they are really worth; as embodying our views and impressions of the separate personages professed to be portrayed: *others* may entertain very

different sentiments and feelings; they will have the good sense, however, to know, that we are not giving *theirs*, but *our own*. They are at liberty, if so disposed, to publish their own, and we shall be glad to purchase and peruse them: but let them not blame us for doing our best to bring the Wesleyan Pulpit before the public, while they themselves are without effort at home. A dozen persons—yes, a hundred, viewing the same painting, will have their separate visions of the object, will tell their tales in a hundred ways, and will omit or dilate on what has been descanted upon by others. But no two of them, perhaps, will be found to have the presumption to declare, that theirs are the *only* views that can be taken of the subject—because there are others; or that the picture is neither more nor less than what they have described it to be. The utmost to which modesty will venture to proceed—and we dare not advance a step farther, is,—“So the picture *appears* to us.”

Another point to which we consider it our duty to refer, and which is found adverted to pp. 53, 54, is, that many of the less eulogistic remarks in the body of the work, will be found to apply to the persons, not under the serious aspect of *charges*, but must be placed under the head of *appearances*; nor are they, in most instances, to be contemplated in the light of *defects*, but of *peculiarities*—as things belonging to the *man*, and inseparable from him in any other situation or relation of life.

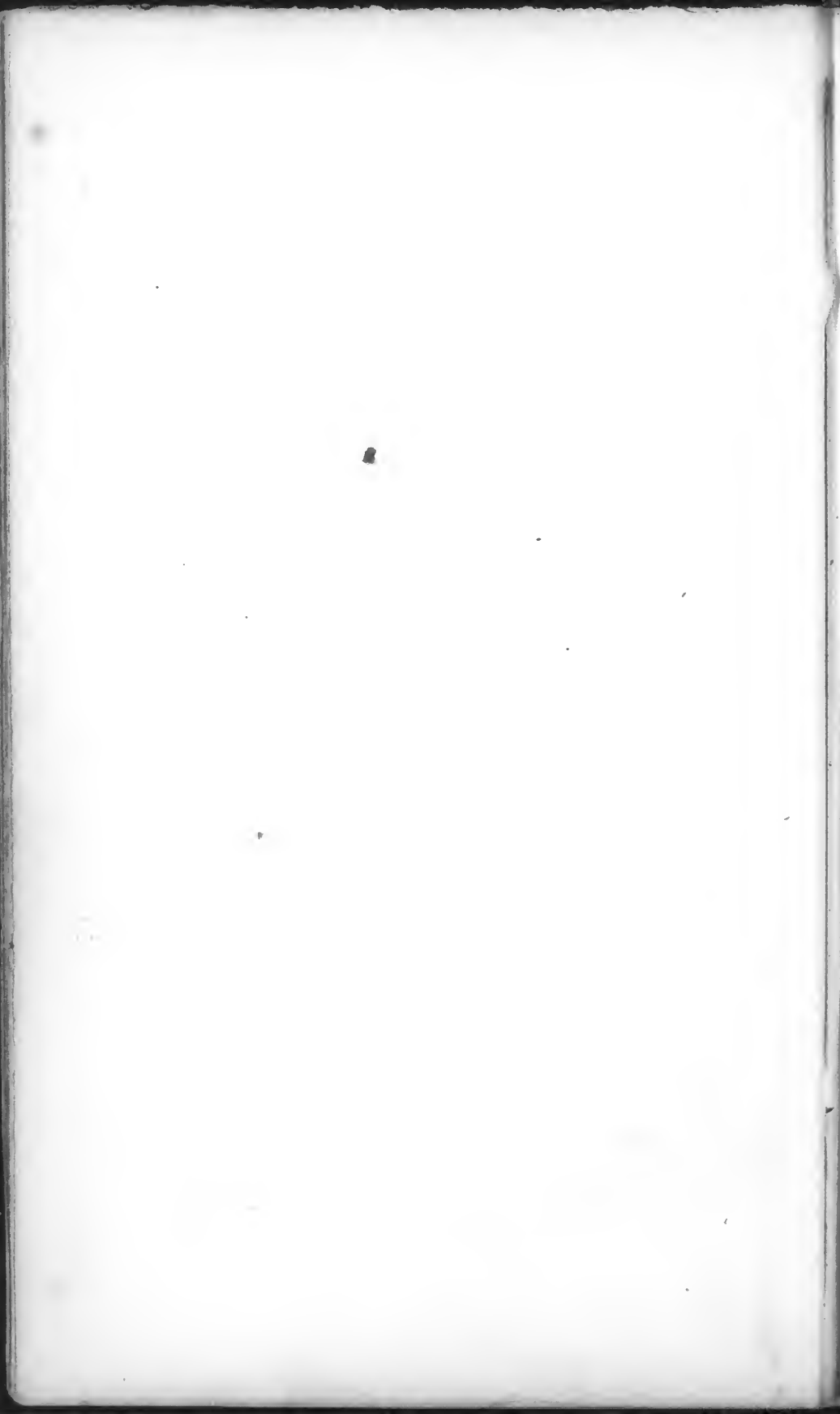
We anticipate objections only from two quarters; first, from those whose likenesses are *sketched*, and secondly, from those whom—from want of space, we have been compelled to *omit*;—chagrin, doling out its modest opposition, complaining of a want of fidelity, on the one hand, and disappointment exhibiting itself by certain inuendos, on the other. Should we—for both eyes and ears will be open, meet with any dissatisfaction on either side, we will then venture before the public in another shape—to prove our points—to assign our reasons for the views we have taken, both as to defects and excellences; and to give a faithful portrait of such as may be of opinion that they themselves ought not to have been omitted.

Perhaps we are too sanguine, in anticipating objections from only two quarters: we had not, just at the moment, recollected the Christian Public. Persons belonging to other Christian communities, and who, of course, not only prefer their own ministers to all others, but have not been in the habit of hearing the gentlemen included in these Sketches, will be inclined to conclude that we have overrated the Wesleyan Pulpit. To such we say, in the language of the Apocalypse, so far as the living are concerned,—*“Come and see.”*

Our criticisms are intended too, we have to acknowledge, in addition to what we have stated—and it is with this view that we have selected particular persons for our larger sketches—to supply the double purpose, as hinted in the first preface, of a BEACON and a GUIDE to Young Preachers,—warning them away from the rocks upon which others may have chanced to split, during the night of their inexperience; and conducting them into the “more excellent way,” which has been pursued by others, during the more “perfect day” of their prosperity.

As to arrangement, if the reader will take the trouble to consult page 147, he will find that we have not disposed the men according to merit, placing the most exalted in the front rank, but so as to produce variety and effect.

Sep. 1840.



PREFACE

TO THE THIRD EDITION.

HAVING commenced our work in the spirit of charity, and prosecuted it with the sole view to serve Methodism and its Ministry, we were not a little surprised, and especially after treating him so handsomely,* to find the Rev. JABEZ BUNTING clothed in mail, and in the field against us, in open Conference. This, however, being the case, we were immediately prepared to see those who

* We say handsomely,—for concealment is useless, as all the un-named sketches have been assigned by the public to the persons to whom they belong, and the first to the Rev. Jabez Bunting. Unwilling to give offence, we avoided various *shades*; but it is not too late even for these in another shape.

The author of "Random Recollections," &c., makes him little more than an ordinary man :—we have made him more. Thus, he remarks, "He was originally brought into prominent notice and importance, among the body to which he belongs, by the conjoint patronage of Dr. Adam Clarke, the Rev. J. Benson, and the Rev. Dr. Coke ;—three men who were the ornaments of Wesleyanism while they lived, and whose memories are held in the deepest reverence, not only by persons in their own connexion, but by men of every denomination who can appreciate unfeigned piety and intellectual excellence. The Rev. gentleman is an excellent preacher. His matter and style are both remarkable for their condensation. There is a separate idea in almost every second sentence he utters. He possesses a sound judgment, and a mind of considerable vigour. He is always above mediocrity ; he frequently starts new trains of thought, and gives utterance to things which sufficiently strike the mind of the hearer, to justify the supposition that the impression made will be lasting. He is a sententious preacher. His discourses always bear traces of very careful preparation. And they are not only carefully prepared in the first instance, but being in most cases repeatedly preached in various chapels, and frequently in the same chapels at certain intervals of time, they are doubtless often retouched ; and consequently ought to be of a very superior order of merit. Dr. Bunting, it is said, has only a limited stock of what he himself considers crack sermons. The statement is the more probable, as every one knows who has heard him preach for the last fifteen or twenty

watch his eye, and obey his nod, follow in his train, bearing those parts of his armour which he might find it inconvenient to wear on the occasion; and also to hear the "WATCHMAN," and the "WESLEYAN METHODIST MAGAZINE," like echoes, answering to his voice. He touched the key note, and instantly the grand

years, that he has in some cases, in the course of that time, delivered the same discourse ten or twelve times over. What may appear yet more surprising is the fact, that he actually, in some instances, preaches sermons over again, which have not only been frequently preached before, but have actually appeared in print, and been extensively circulated. What is more surprising still, is the fact, that in some instances he has been induced, under peculiar circumstances, to apprise the congregation of the fact immediately after giving out the text. He has an aversion, amounting to horror, to seeing his discourses reported in any of the publications devoted to the reports of sermons; and it is said that his usual practice before commencing, is to look round the chapel, and see if he can discover any reporter in it. When preaching, a few years ago, at Hammersmith, he observed a reporter with his note-books in his hand: when, after announcing the text, he said, 'I see a reporter there,' pointing to a particular part of the chapel, 'for one of the pulpit publications. I beg to inform him, that the sermon I am now going to preach, was not only before delivered by me, but will be found in print.' On another occasion, when preaching in Aldergate chapel, he observed, after he had got fairly into his discourse, a young man taking notes, in the front seat of the gallery, on the left of the pulpit; when suddenly stopping in his sermon, and turning round to the other, he accosted him, by way of parenthesis, thus:—'Young man, I see you are very busy in taking notes of my sermon. If you wish to remember it, you ought to try to do so when you go home, and not disturb a whole congregation peaceably assembled for the worship of God!' The young man, however, went on with his notes, as if nothing had happened.

"The reverend gentleman's manner in the pulpit is exceedingly quiet. He can hardly be said to use any gesture at all. His voice is clear; but in such a chapel as that in Great Queen Street, he is hardly audible in the more distant parts of it. He speaks deliberately but impressively, owing to the quality of his matter and a seriousness which there is about his general appearance. He often closes his little clear eyes during the delivery of his sermon: perhaps altogether they are shut during half the time he is occupied with his discourse.

"Dr. Bunting has not done much in the way of authorship. His best known and largest work is the *Life of the late Rev. Richard Watson*, published in 1833. He has written one or two pamphlets, and published a few of his sermons, but beyond these I know of nothing he has done in the capacity of author.

"He is slightly above the ordinary height, of a stout, almost indeed of a corpulent figure. His complexion is wonderfully fresh for one who must be about his sixtieth year. His face is large and broad. His hair is of a dark grey colour, as seen at a distance. Altogether he has somewhat of a heavy appearance."—"Metropolitan Pulpit," Vol. II., p. 271—6.

chorus was heard swelling over mountain and plain—some of the notes, by the way, plain and base enough. The worthy Editors of these periodicals are perfectly orthodox, and strenuously advocate the doctrine of free-agency; but such also may be the case with the prisoner, who is taught by the walls which enclose him, that he must believe in something else than free-agency, and in somebody else beside himself.

We do not wish to be misunderstood here. The parties connected with the periodicals just noticed, can, in some cases, do what astonishes others, if not themselves. For instance, the Committee appointed to examine the Advertisements sent for insertion in the Wesleyan Magazine, can refuse to advertise the Works of the Rev. Daniel Isaac, including his "Ecclesiastical Claims," and when the works are ordered, can return for answer in their bills of parcel—"Not sold here;" and yet not hesitate to grace the cover with Simpson's "Plea for Religion;" can refuse to advertise the "Wesleyan Takings," and yet advertise "Boarding Schools," without knowing what will be taught in some of them; and "Winter Fashions," without regarding what kind of harlequin attire they are introducing to the public. These, of course, are not quite in keeping with Dr. Bunting's single-breasted coat, or the manner in which education is guarded in the body of the periodical; but that is of no importance, when personal prejudices are out of the way,—Mr. Isaac was a marked man. Waiving the extraordinary advertisements of other years, the reader is requested to look at the delicate and conscientious scruples which have been exercised by the Committee during the past year, 1840. We find set forth, in varied characters, to attract attention,—“Hodgson's Potted Welch Salmon,”—“An Address to Mothers and Nurses on the Virtues of Steedman's Soothing Syrup,”—“Straw-Bonnets and Dress-Makers,”—“French and English Merino Dresses and Cloaks, dyed and finished to look equal to new,”—“Combs of every description,”—“Easy Chairs covered with Leather,”—“A Portable Reflecting Oven,”—“Feather Beds, full size, grey goose, warranted *sweet*,”—“Patent Spine Correctors,”—“New description of Artificial Teeth,”—“Poetry and Modern Romance,”—“Commedie Scelte,” (Selec-

tions from the Italian Dramatists,) &c.* Certainly Daniel Isaac's Works are as worthy of a place on the cover of the Wesleyan Magazine, as any of these, and are likely to do as much good to the Church and to the world. Neither principle nor conscience seem to have any interest in such advertisements as those to which reference is made, and hundreds more that might be adduced. Business alone is consulted; and if consulted in the one case, why not in the other? *Divinity*—sound divinity, whether printed on the covers, or stitched up with them, will appear as respectable, and as much in character, in the way of companionship with the Wesleyan Methodist Magazine, as *Modern Romance*, or *Selections from the Italian Dramatists*—some of the worst schools to go to for Christian morals! But for the Works of Daniel Isaac to be rejected—a man who did more for Methodism than the whole Committee put together—is a trespass against Methodism itself, which ought to be resented by every right-hearted Methodist.

No fewer conscientious scruples are observable in the reviewing than in the advertising department. In their notice of the "Takings," the worthy editors declare, that there are some works they are *compelled* to read. No such compulsion—unless it operates in the adverse way, at the command of their rulers—appears to be exercised in the present issue of the Rev. Daniel Isaac's Works, Everett's Life of Isaac, Calder's Episcopius, and others, which we are informed they have refused to notice, and which information is confirmed by their non-appearance. But no sooner does "The Art of Needlework," come out, edited by "The Right Honourable the Countess of Wilton," than they are as much on the alert as a knight of the thimble on the appearance of a new pattern,—after having advertised the "Fashions" on the cover of the Magazine the preceding year, to give it a kindly greeting, in their "*Select List*,"—recommending it with all the ardour that devout minds would recommend Mrs. Rowe's "Devout Exercises," or "Thomas a Kempis;" eulogizing it for its "elegance" and "useful information;" and stating that it deserves a place in every "parlour or drawing-room." (Meth. Mag. Mar. 1841, p. 229.)

* Covers for Feb., July, Sep., Oct., Nov., Dec.

Had the good ladies of the editors been at the head of the work; had the editors themselves not been, in the present day, what the Puritan divines were in their's; and had the periodical itself not stood out from most others, in the estimation of its friends, for a tone of high religious feeling and sentiment; we should not have been surprised at "The Art of Needlework" being preferred to Theological Works, as a subject for the critical pen of a brace of divines. So much for the *voluntary* and *compulsory* principles! both operating in the same individuals! Their reluctance in the one case, and their promptitude in the other, reminds us of the "wise ladies" of Sisera's mother, who were anxiously looking out from the "lattice" for the conqueror, returning with "a prey of diverse colours of needlework, of divers colours of needlework on both sides, meet for the necks of them that take the spoil." We may be charged here again with making the Bible a "jest book;" but let the subject tell where it ought to be felt. Men, professing the utmost anxiety for the diffusion of RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE—lauding candour, liberality, principle, justice, impartiality, to the skies,—and yet giving prominence to "The Art of Needlework," at the moment they are labouring to place an extinguisher on the orthodox Works of Daniel Isaac! We throw back their charge upon us, and tell them that, *in this*, they are doing what they can to "hinder the Gospel," in the spread of truth. The Public will be able to perceive, that it is nothing short of a species of persecution carried on by one class of men against another;—men, whose only advantage over the others is, not in intellect or piety, but in the circumstance of having been placed in office, through the influence of the powers that be.

The "Watchman," also, refuses to advertise the "Wesleyan Takings," yet advertises, reviews, and recommends a *Novel*, entitled "Records of Wesleyan Life." (Dec. 30, 1840.) Its columns are open to attacks on the "Wesleyan Takings," (Oct. 28, Nov. 4, 18, 1840,) because, forsooth, the work professes to criticise the mental endowments and peculiarities of living public speakers; and yet the editors can give circulation to the characters drawn by Lord Brougham; and in a still more recent number, (Dec. 16,

1840,) and close on the heels of their admissions against the "Takings," can give currency to a sketch of the present Marquis of Lansdowne, "abridged from the Britannia," in which we find the following remarks:—"As a speaker, the Marquis of Lansdowne is of that ordinary kind whose even respectability, and laborious correctness, defy any characteristic portraiture. Did he confine himself to those limits, our notice of his powers might extend no farther than that species of faint praise, the value of which has been already so aptly, if not elegantly, described. But, unfortunately, Lord Lansdowne sometimes falls into the delusion that he is an orator. Probably, when the fire and energy of youth gave an impulse to an educated mind, he may have done things sufficiently brilliant to deceive the practised criticism of his great contemporary; but now that those redeeming qualities have long since passed away, his speeches are characterised only by an inflated pomposity, bordering, at times, on the very *bathos* of parliamentary eloquence. Turgidity, false metaphor, a clogging superabundance of words and sentences, constructed in the very worst style for a speaker subject to such infirmities of mind; these are but a few of the peculiarities which make the Marquis one of the most tedious men to listen to, in the present House of Lords." Where is there anything in the "Takings" equal to this for severity? And is a Peer of the realm to have his feelings harrowed up, and is a Wesleyan Minister to remain untouched? Are the pages of the "Watchman" to be made the medium of such criticisms as these; and when a Methodist Minister is handled with the utmost tenderness, are the same pages to be deemed so pure, and the editors so meek, and fraught so richly with fine Christian feeling and principle, that nothing can be allowed to enter the columns that would give the slightest uneasiness! Well, but recollect the difference,—the one is a politician, the others are Christian Ministers! True: but how comes it, that in the course of the next month, on the first page, (Jan. 20, 1841,) we have the following advertisement in reference to the PRIESTHOOD?—"In Monthly Numbers, in super-royal 8vo., price 3d., THE LIVING PREACHERS' PORTRAIT GALLERY, consisting of correct likenesses,

and authentic memoirs of living Preachers of all Denominations. No. 9, for February, will contain a portrait and memoir of the Rev. Dr. Harris. The Numbers already published are—Rev. H. Melville, F. A. Cox, J. Sherman, T. Dale, W. Jay, W. Watts Wilkinson, J. Clayton, jun.; The Right Rev. Father in God, Charles James Blomfield, Lord Bishop of London.” Here are *Christian Ministers—living Ministers of all Denominations*, (Wesleyans of course included)—and *authentic* Memoirs of each! Could the editors of the “Watchman” guarantee that ministerial character and ability would not be touched—that nothing would be written but what would administer the purest delight? Will they affirm that a portrait can be correct, without both defects and excellences? Alas! when men act from “caprice” instead of principle, and to serve a party instead of the cause of truth and justice, at what a variety of loop-holes and openings inconsistencies are rendered visible? But servants—and this is our only apology for them—must attend to a master’s pleasure!

Having no doubt communicated with head-quarters, and received instructions, the editors of the “Watchman” were prepared to admit whatever might turn up in the way of opposition. The first article was in the shape of a letter, Oct. 28, 1840, and reminded us of a cup of weak tea; professing to be from a Churchman, signed “P. P. S.,” but with too much methodistical knowledge to conceal himself, and with just as much as might be expected from a boy who had been educated at Kingswood or Woodhouse Grove School,—had entered the Apostolical Succession,—and was afterwards possessed of such a portion of veneration for his father as to unpriest him. After this, Mr. Edward Hewitt appeared, Nov. 18, who took it for granted, that he was the short-hand writer referred to, in our notice of Mr. Watson’s MS. sermons. We can assure him that we were not aware that there was such a person as himself in existence, till he let us into the secret; and, further, that the person to whom reference is made, stands much lower in the alphabet than he does, though by no means lower in literary rank. He would have done well to have enquired of those who pushed him forward to give the colour of a lie to what we had

stated, and on what we deemed good authority,—whether other short-hand sermons were not employed, in addition to his own. But even in Mr. Hewitt's own case, the question is not,—now that he offers himself to our notice,—whether a bargain was or was not made; but whether the writer did not receive some remuneration. If he did, the letter in the “Watchman” is a mere decoy. The letter, Nov. 4, professing to be from “A Wesleyan Methodist, Leek,” savours, like the article in the Magazine, which is indebted to it for some of its matter, too much of the garlic and the onion to be palatable to any, except those who are as rank as its author. But the writer is not to deceive us with “Leek;” we know the article too well for that. It is offered as an objection, that the authors of the “Takings” have not given their names; and yet, the article itself is anonymous! closing with a passage of scripture against rash judging, (Rom. xiv. 10;) after acting the part of a judge, even impugning the motives of others. These are some of the “quarters,” two out of three anonymous, from which “exceptions” have come, as noticed by the editors of the Methodist Magazine, and to which exceptions we shall shortly advert.

We find it as difficult to deal with the editors of the “Wesleyan Magazine,” as with the “Watchman.” And wherefore? We cannot reason with them, because there is no argument in their attack; and yet, with an air of self-importance, as though they had the destiny of every literary work in their hand, they can pronounce a book of which they are incapable of offering a review, “superficial,” exhibiting their own shallowness, by substituting rant for criticism. The only way of dealing with such writers is—and this is the only form of answer which they seem to merit—to throw back upon themselves the charges they prefer against others, and shew to them, that they themselves are the very persons they attempt to portray. To proceed, then, with them in this way;—there are two or three points upon which a passing observation may be bestowed; but mark the men, in the first instance! “WE,” that is, the Rev. Thomas Jackson, editor, and the Rev. George Cubitt, assistant-editor;—“WE,” sincere of heart, unwarped by prejudice, untouched in vanity, unjaundiced in eye;—“WE,”

who are in the habit of dealing out in set phrases, like so many dishes of "mock turtle," the savoury meat of "candour," "impartiality," "Christian principle;"—"WE," whose hearts are teeming with the milk of human kindness—"all charity, all love, all praise,"—as witness our honied words;—"WE," who, as bad boys, have read the very bad book, entitled, "Wesleyan Takings," but promise, like good boys, to behave better in future, and never to read it again—no, not even to look, except by accident, at so much as the covers which enclose the unhallowed contents;—"We," yes—"We have read it as a matter of duty, but will never read it again!" While the phraseology reminds us of the school boy eloquence of past days, the *animus* of the entire piece presents us with the image of a parent who corrects his child in a passion, and who merits the lash in his turn for the spirit displayed. If the book is really bad,—if they knew it to be so, from Dr. Bunting's denunciations at Conference,—and if it be a duty to read a known bad book,—why not read Paine, Taylor, Carlile, and others?

Again; "Regard the writer's end." The end of the authors of the "Takings,"—whether they have missed their mark, time must tell; but of this they are certain, that they had in view the advancement of religion under the Wesleyan name. What end the editors had in view, they themselves must explain.

"One hundred Methodist Preachers," say they, "are selected, answering to the Centenary with its holy associations." We are far from undervaluing either the design or effects of the Centenary. God forbid! But we are not among those who deem the *manner* of its celebration altogether divine, any more than its proceeds as economically applied,—expending, to the pain of many, between *thirty and forty thousand pounds* on Mission premises, without a residence for a Secretary upon them! We are not, however, disposed to enter into the whole of the proceedings and expenditure of money on the Centenary Hall in London, much less upon some of the "holy associations" connected with some of the public dinners attendant on the occasion. We approved of the celebration, and of the general plan—contributed to the utmost of our ability to its several objects—and still rejoice in our

givings: but we nevertheless maintain, that the "Takings" are as "*holy*" as some of the other "*associations*," and will tell as good a tale in the day of God.

"Some of the men are highly praised," they continue, "and others equally estimable, are treated with rudeness, sarcastic levity, and even contempt. Their peculiarities of person, manner, voice, address, habit, their capacities and supposed acquirements, are made subjects of remark, condemnation, or censure." And pray what are critics to dwell upon, if not "peculiarities, manner, voice, address, habit, capacity, and acquirements," in public speakers? Are the men without them? Abstract these, and what have you left in the men but a shadow, or for the critic but a non-entity? Can the men or their works be touched at all, without a reference to these? Was it not in reference to these, that different preachers were, a few years back,—in perfect health, and in the enjoyment of true religion, struck off the itinerant, and placed upon the supernumerary list? The general reason assigned was a want of ability for the work, including in the detail, capacity, acquirement, manner, voice, address, and whatever goes to qualify a man for the Wesleyan itinerant ministry; thus condemning, if not contemning, the men so turned adrift, and indirectly applauding such as were preserved in the work, as every way competent to its accomplishment. And who was the principal mover in the business, and speechifier on the occasion? The Rev. Jabez Bunting, who criticised the criticisms of the "Wesleyan Takings" at the Conference of 1840, and condemned all such criticisms on Ministerial character and ability, as injurious, and therefore improper; not forgetting, that Messrs. Jackson and Cubitt, who also condemn the work, were members of the same Conference that criticised and condemned the poor outcast preachers to whom reference is made. It is not necessary for our purpose either to defend or censure the measure. But we are nevertheless of opinion, that we can aid ourselves out of it; and it is for this purpose it is noticed. The men had severally passed their separate Quarterly Meetings—and some of them were highly respectable; this recommendation was supported by the District Committees; and the

whole was crowned by the approbation of the Conference, who employed them for a series of years in the regular work. A vote of the same Conference, who had judged them competent; at length detected the mistake, and set them aside, as unqualified for the work. That decision was founded on an opinion arising out of certain collected criticisms, some of which were elicited, in consequence of a certain question proposed once a year, in the District Committees.—“Have the Brethren competent abilities for the work of an itinerant preacher?” This question is proposed, be it observed, not simply to candidates, but in reference to men who have been 20, 30 or 40 years in the work, and in the presence of from 20 to 40 ministers; thus provoking criticism. Now, the “Wesleyan Takings,” as far as they go, furnish a reply to the query,—only in a less wholesale, and in a much more delicate manner, than the Conference at the suggestion of Dr. Bunting. The decision against the men, as to incapacity and non-acquirement, was a *practical criticism*,—silent, though severe; and compared with our harmless, *verbal criticism*, operated like *annihilation*. We leave the men in the full possession of effective ministerial character; we have pointed out two or three comparatively trivial peculiarities, but have left in lieu of them a hundred excellences—the former proving them only to be human, the latter shewing them to be respectable ministers of the New Testament; and we have left each man also in the office for which talent and piety have qualified him. But the Conference criticism affects the whole ministerial character,—turns the man adrift without one redeeming consideration,—the opprobrium attached to it pursuing the poor man into every nook and corner in which he is found,—and torturing him to the very close of his earthly existence. We ask—whether is verbal or practical criticism the most severe? “Wesleyan Takings” or Conference droppings, the most to be desired? Let it not be forgotten either, that the very Conference, who inspired their early hopes, dashed from the lip the last cup; and that most of the men, who complain the most heavily of the criticisms on themselves and others in the “Takings,” are the very men who composed the Conference, that sanctioned the

wholesale, overboard, annihilating criticisms, against the outcasts, still writhing in agony.

As to "peculiarities of person," no man has occasion to be ashamed of the shape in which he is found, as thrown from the mould of nature. But if we have ventured to trench upon a few physical peculiarities, and especially those connected with physiognomy, those men have the least occasion for complaint, who have tempted us to it, by first publishing themselves in their PORTRAITS, in the Wesleyan Methodist Magazine. If they had not had some kindly leaning towards them, or did not suppose the excellences would more than counter-balance the defects, they would not—for no man is compelled to appear there, have been so importunate in requesting admission: and those of their friends, who are at a loss for exceptions to the work, and resort to this as an objection, should recollect that the one half of the image,—and that too, the most important, and the most frequently noticed in the "Takings," was placed by the men themselves, in the first instance, for public exhibition in the Wesleyan Methodist Magazine; and we are greatly mistaken, if the same number of features, and as correct a likeness, is not found in one publication as in the other.

But we have not quite done with the last quotation. The editors state, that "some of the men are highly praised, and others equally estimable are treated with contempt." The editors, to serve a purpose against the work, affirm that men "equally estimable" are praised or contemned. We, for instance, could not pour greater contempt upon Alexander Kilham, James Jones, and Joseph Forsyth, than the Conference have done, in casting them off, like noxious weeds: and if any severity has been indulged in these cases, we have the example of the Conference for our guide and support. We have poured contempt on no man; but we could never render equal honour, on the principle of "honour to whom honour," to the Rev. Robert Alder, with his title of D. D., and Adam Clarke, who won and graced every honour heaped upon him; nor yet equal honour to Richard Watson and his biographer,

—the Rev. T. Jackson.* Does not fair criticism include both praise and blame? We leave the *all-praise* work with the editors themselves, when reviewing their own works, and the works of their friends, in the Wesleyan Methodist Magazine; and also to the Conference, as exhibited in the characters of the Preachers, and the unqualified vote of thanks to the Rev. Jabez Bunting, published in the Minutes of 1833. We are happy, however, to find, that on the subject of praise, we are supported by the editors themselves. The most highly enlogized character in our collection is that of Dr. Clarke, borrowed from the works of a real Wesleyan, and stated

* Though Mr. Jackson may refer to himself, as well as others, we are inclined to think, that we have understood his character—sketched as good a likeness—and that he will be as much pleased with our portrait of him, as the one drawn by the author of “Random Recollections,” and inserted in the “Metropolitan Pulpit.” “The Rev. Thomas Jackson,” says he, “President of the Wesleyan Conference, is another person of considerable importance in the body with which he is connected. Like Dr. Bunting, he preaches but seldom. He is a very pleasing, if not an intellectual preacher. There are few ministers who can deliver a discourse more calculated to edify the saint, or to impress the mind of the sinner. There is something of a melancholy character about his voice; but it is a melancholy of a pleasing kind. He speaks with much ease, never hesitating or having to recall his words. His articulation is distinct, and his utterance well-tuned. He almost invariably lays a marked emphasis on some word or other of every sentence. In the pronunciation of certain words, he has much of a provincial accent. The word hundred, for instance, he pronounced ‘hondred;’ saint, ‘saant;’ discourse, ‘dicoorse;’ referred, ‘refarred,’ &c. He begins his sermons with his hands resting on the pulpit, in a rather subdued tone of voice, but raises it as he proceeds. When he warms with his subject, he raises sometimes one hand, and sometimes both hands; but his gesture never becomes vehement, or even liberal. His ideas are always good, though not indicative of any marked intellectual vigour. He is a highly practical preacher. He does not seem desirous of making any display. His aspect is serious; and his manner altogether is exceedingly solemn. He is a man of decided piety.

“I know of nothing of any note which the reverend gentleman has published, except his excellent work on ‘The Centenary of Wesleyan Methodism.’ He is the Editor of the Wesleyan Methodist Magazine.

“Judging from his appearance in the pulpit, I should take Mr. Jackson to be about the middle stature, and of a rather full make. His complexion is fair, and his hair is of sandy colour. His countenance, though wearing a grave, has by no means an unpleasant, expression. His face is of the oval form, and his features are small and regular. His eyes are clear and small, and quick in their motions. His age must be from forty to forty-five.” Vol. II. pp. 376—8.

by the editors to be "A just eulogium upon Dr. Clarke's powerful and very efficient ministry!" If we are correct here, in any additions we have made, we are not far wrong elsewhere,—for the editors are well known to be among the Dr.'s small friends—speaking and writing as they are taught by their superiors, who could never endure a rival, though much later in the field than himself.

Another very tender, and as they suppose, tangible point, is seized by the editors, when they affirm, that, "In proportion as the book circulates, and its statements are regarded, these ministers must be despised, and their public labours become powerless and ineffectual." We should be glad to know what difference there is, in such a position, between criticising the *oral* and the *printed* discourses of a Christian Minister. Certain departments of the Wesleyan Methodist Magazine are appropriated monthly, to "Characteristic Notices," and lengthened "Reviews" of Sermons and other publications. The works of the respective authors are reviewed, both in the Watchman and the Magazine; and not always favourably. Both of the publications find their way into every part of the kingdom; but should any censure be dealt out, then, agreeably to the doctrine held forth,—“In proportion as these periodicals circulate, and their statements are regarded, these ministerial 'authors must be despised, and their public labours become powerless and ineffectual.'” Mind, matter, style, manner of handling, &c., are all subjects of criticism, as to authors; those authors, if they regard the reviews, will experience either pain or pleasure; and the usefulness of a writer—whose usefulness, by the way, is more extensive in its range, both as to space and duration,—is as dear to him as that of a public speaker. We have scarcely discernment sufficient to perceive the very great difference between the authors of the "Takings" criticising *oral*, and the editors of the Magazine criticising *printed*, discourses,—both, meanwhile, publishing their lucubrations to the world;—unless it be that the two worthy editors, speaking from personal experience, profess to be a little more sensitive as *speakers* than as *authors*! But certainly, if severity be a subject of complaint, the writers of the

"Takings" are as little concerned in the charge as most men. If severity and personalities are sought for, the reader has only to consult the leading articles in the *Watchman*, when O'Connell, the Whigs, and Whiggism, are the themes; and if one paragraph is more galling than another in other periodicals, it is certain to obtain currency there, in the columns devoted to "Contemporary Opinions." Nor has the Rev. Thomas Jackson much to glory in, so far as the early part of his polemic career is concerned—for he was somewhat pugnacious in that part of his history; telling the Rev. John Cockin, a respectable dissenting minister, in his "Animadversions on a Funeral Sermon," preached by that gentleman, that it was a "miserable sermon,"—that his remarks were "crude and incorrect,"—that he was guilty of "flagrant violations of grammar"—and that he ought to make an "apology for occupying a pulpit," because, we opine, of bodily deformity; and all this in a "Second edition, *corrected!*" p. 38. Such things we are almost ashamed to notice; but persons ought to appear in court with clean hands, when they volunteer their services against others. Mr. Jackson, however, does not only obliquely glance at the personal deformity of his opponent—thus sporting with creation, but also at his secular profession prior to his entering into the ministry; telling him sarcastically, in reference to his trade as a bookseller, that he was well versed in labels and title-pages; forgetting, for the moment, his own humbler occupation, and that of most of his brethren;—a subject to which we refer, not by way of reflection, any more than we would reflect on prophets and apostles, but to shew the inconsistency of our censors.

"Exceptions to the work," they continue, "have been taken in various quarters; and therefore, to the second edition a long dialogue* is prefixed, professing to be an answer to all the objections that have been urged against it." "Exceptions" have been taken to the Bible; but the Bible is not the worse for that. "Exceptions" have been taken to Methodism; but they have not prevented its spread, or injured its real character. "Exceptions"

* The substance of the "Dialogue" will be found in the present Preface, which enters more fully into the defensive.

were taken by Dr. Bunting to an article inserted in the Methodist Magazine, on the subject of Education, at one of the Liverpool Conferences; and Mr. Jackson, as sole editor, felt himself so much aggrieved by the remarks, that he was about to relinquish his office in consequence: but he clung to place notwithstanding, and still supposed himself orthodox. "Exceptions" were taken to a review of Drew's Life, in the Methodist Magazine, said to be from the pen of Mr. Cubitt; but he does not value his production the less for that; though he will never forget the flagellation he received on the occasion, in a pamphlet entitled "The Dead Lion rescued from the Heels of a Living Ass, by a Jackal: being a Reply to the Review of the Life of Samuel Drew, A. M.; in the Wesleyan Magazine for August, 1834, by Vindex." Systems, doctrines, literary and other works, assailed by opponents, are not necessarily to be deemed injurious or heterodox, because of such attacks. If so, Wesleyan Methodism is false and dangerous; for it has been defended by the editor of the Watchman, and the editors of the Methodist Magazine, in separate pamphlets. Besides, if objections are "answered," the answers are no bad compliment to the work professed to be defended. "Exceptions" have been taken to Mr. Jackson's Centenary Volume, as a mere dry compilation,—to the quackery of its advertisements,—and to the succumbing, forward, obtrusive manner of pushing it off, not only in the way of sale, but in hiring a person, after the first failure or two, and sending him off in genteel style in a cab, with other *et ceteras*, with presentation copies to the members of the House of Commons, and others; but who cares for that? and what poor Methodist does not rejoice in its circulation? "Exceptions" have been taken to the controversial works of Mr. Cubitt, as tart, yet dull and prosing, as if written after a late heavy supper, or a long, disturbed morning's repose; but we are not bound to satisfy every scruple, or minister to the vitiated taste of every objector. "Exceptions" were no less taken to his "Observations on the Theological Institution;" and so trifling was the demand for the pamphlet, that hundreds, if not thousands, were distributed gratis, at the expense of the Book-Room; but who, among his

special friends, liked the work the less for that? In these remarks on the futility of the **EXCEPTIVE** system, it is hoped, that not only the editors will sympathize with us, but that our readers will be able to cull out a defence for the worthy gentlemen themselves, as well as for us, their less favoured and less exalted literary brethren. But before we dismiss this paragraph, we beg leave to enquire from what "quarters" the "exceptions" proceed? They will be found chiefly—not forgetting the "Watchman,"—to emanate from the "high places of the earth;" or, as the editors are not very partial to Scripture phraseology, when it tells either against themselves or their friends,—from "high quarters;" that is, the metropolis; where the quartered find the "quarters" so good, that there is no moving them from the spot,—shuffling each other from circuit to circuit, from committee to committee, and from office to office, like a pack of cards, for a series of years. The "exceptions," however, against the "Takings," must have been exceedingly slender, and the objections unusually feeble, when, with the weight of Dr. Bunting's influence, together with that of his friends,—before whom few things can stand,—the Magazine and the Watchman, all in full operation against the work;—the issue of a *third edition* has been demanded, in the short space of *six months*! But the people are not to be juggled, hoodwinked, and raved out of their common sense, by a party in vogue. They buy the book, read it, and are surprised to find it so unobjectionable—nay, even praiseworthy. If the editors can reap no instruction from it, others can; and its worth will be appreciated on a future day, as well as its contents quoted on behalf of those now living, at the close of the funeral sermons which will be preached on the occasion of their death.

But we must return to "quarters" again; a more grave objection is in the rear. It is further remarked,—“The writer, it would seem, has, in various quarters, been treated with a generous confidence, which he has abused in a shameless manner, and to the deep injury of the unsuspecting individuals with whose intercourse he has been indulged.” This is stolen from the Watchman of November 4, and is also an echo of one of Dr. Bunting's

objections at Conference, in reference to the domestic circle, and which will be further noticed elsewhere. In our defence, we have to state,—That we never exchanged a sentence with any half dozen of the men, or even with the half of that number, on their plans of study and reading; nor was it necessary for us either to converse with them, or to enter their dwellings for the purpose; any more than it was needful for the author of the “Metropolitan Pulpit” to adopt such measures, in order to help him to the sketches which he has furnished of Messrs. Bunting, Jackson, and others. The editors knew this; and the remark is made without even a belief in its soundness, and only with the hope of exciting prejudice. But we shall help ourselves out of it. If any of the persons sketched, have, in their intercourse with their friends, unfolded their plans; and those friends have talked them over, with others, till they have reached the eighth or tenth edition—without enjoining secrecy; are we to blame, on hearing such things—already become public property—in applying them to our purpose, for the establishment of a particular position, or the illustration of a peculiarity? What is more common in every-day life, than to illustrate one thing by another, and to support certain facts by circumstantial evidence? But in the absence of personal intercourse, is it to be maintained, that we can form no idea from what we hear in the pulpit, of the preacher’s plans, reading, and pursuits in the study? Are we to infer, that it is impossible for a person to tell what particular tools are necessary, and how the wheels of a clock are put together, because he was not present when the artist was employed at the work? or whether the workmanship is good or bad, when properly inspected? Really the editors must form a low opinion of the mental capacities of their Wesleyan hearers—not to say the authors of the “Takings,” if they imagine that it is impossible to judge of the manufacture from the sermon itself; whether or not it “smells of the lamp;” whether it is free, or stiffly rehearsed; whether chaste, correct, and finished, or indigested, rhapsodical, declamatory, and slovenly! Can Messrs. Cubitt and Jackson—we beg pardon, Mr. Jackson is the first in the firm—not review and give the character of a book,

without betraying the secrets of the study? Nay, can they give a just estimate of a work, without leading the reader into the secret of the manner and kind of manufacture employed? But what are the secrets of the study and of social life revealed in the "Taking," that ought not to have been divulged? Have we proceeded half the length of the venerable Wesley? If it is "dishonourable" and "unjust," to give private conversations, to divulge the remarks of social intercourse, then—on the shewing of Mr. Jackson, John Wesley was a "dishonourable" man, for publishing his conversations with Count Zinzendorf, during life, as well as those of others, with which his Journals teem. The Founder of Methodism publishes, very unceremoniously, his opinions of both ministers and sermons, and his feelings under them; and little were the persons aware, whom he heard, and with whom he conversed, that they were to appear in public; and, in some instances, only for the purpose of censure, and as beacons to warn others. In this, if we have erred, we are happy to find ourselves in company with the Father of the men whom we have portrayed; and if called upon, we can furnish some curious criticisms on preachers and preaching. Mr. Wesley had an example in his uncle, John Dunton, whose "Life and Errors," comprises, agreeably to the title and body of the work, "*The Lives and Characters of a THOUSAND Persons NOW LIVING in London,*" &c. We have only given a *hundred* sketches, the greater part of which are of persons *not* now living: and yet, from the way in which the work is viewed and treated, it would seem to be a "new thing" in the earth, and not to be endured. But the editors will increase in knowledge as they proceed.

The greatest distress is apparently experienced by the editors, from the circumstance of the work having been published *anonymously*; and the greatest anxiety is manifested to secure the authors, and hand them over to the Inquisition. The work has been alternately charged upon the Revs. J. Burdsall, W. M. Bunting, James Everett, James Dixon, S. D. Waddy, Dr. Beaumont, Jacob Smith,—Messrs. J. Holland, Rogers, the author of "*Random Recollections,*" and even Montgomery, &c. While others

are of opinion, that the work is got up by different persons, who have formed themselves into a literary club. Indeed, if we do not,—to employ a homely phrase—“look sharp about us,” we shall be deprived of the little literary inheritance we possess. To settle this point, we pledge ourselves to deliver up the names of the authors of the “Takings,” and the authors themselves into the hands of justice, particularly the tender and unsullied fingers of the editors, on condition that they give up the names of the authors of all the anonymous REVIEWS and NOTICES of books that have appeared in the Wesleyan Methodist Magazine, from the commencement of the reign of Mr. Jackson in 1824 to 1841, with a solemn promise that each succeeding review shall have its author's name appended to it. Alas! what a “turn out,” in reference to the past, and what a “sneaking out” in the future! Reviewers would start up, who were never even suspected of being guilty of criticism; while several of the reviews would be found worthy of the men! But to the point of authorship. Where, we ask, is the person to be found, who, singly, can be supposed to have spread himself over all times in Methodism, as to the *dead*, and over all places as to the *living*? And where is the sagacity that cannot distinguish between the *one* and the *many*? In this conflict of opinion, the many must be distinguished by a difference in style, and a different character of thought; while the one must have great credit for extensive knowledge, and versatility of talent; neither of which are any disparagement to the book,—and the writer or writers may thank the sagacious guessers for the compliment. But whoever may be the authors, they ought, according to the opinion of the Wesleyan editors, to have given their names; for “an assassin with a mask,” say they, “is at once a murderer and a coward.” Tremendous! Do the editors append their names to the reviews that are written by themselves? Did Mr. Cubitt affix his name to his attack on the Life of Samuel Drew? Did Mr. Jackson attach his name to the first edition of his Letter to the Rev. John Cockin? If he did not, he was, on his own shewing, “a murderer and a coward.” Scores of Methodist preachers have published excellent pamphlets, without affixing

their names to them. Was Junius "a murderer and a coward"? What has the world lost by the omission of the name? or what would have been gained by its possession? We have his book,—a thousand times more valuable than his name, whether that name was loaded with titles, or its possessor was inmate of a garret in Grub-street! When pretended critics—and there is not a single criticism in the article in the Wesleyan Magazine under consideration—when pretended critics are afraid to come to close quarters with an *argument*, they start off in a tangent to the *person* who advances it; as if it were of greater importance to the person who is attacked, to know the name of the individual who holds the weapon, than to parry the thrust. The weapon is in the hand, and while he is puzzling himself about the name, the thrust may be given. Besides, the writers of the "Takings" may be among those, who are not so enamoured with either their names or their work, as to wish to see the one in print, or to claim kindred with the other. They are like Messrs. Jackson and Cubitt—our readers must pardon us, but we are sorry, in the midst of our faults, to find ourselves so often in company with them,—they are, we repeat it, of the opinion of Messrs. Jackson and Cubitt, that some kinds of writing and writers, are better without than with names: hence, in imitation of their nameless Reviews and Notices, we have—concluding that they would never object to their own *masked* example—modestly omitted both Christian and surnames. They seem equally wrath with our printer, for withholding his name from the work, and thus eluding their pursuit—not of arguments, but authors. They may perceive, however, that we are neither ashamed of our publishers, nor our publishers of us; and we are glad to find them pronounced "respectable" in the article. Had our printer thought proper to "affix or suffix his name to his work," the editors would possibly have found themselves compelled to make the same reluctant concession in his case. Of this, however, they may rest assured, that he is "of good character;" and possesses as "fair a reputation in his profession," as they are entitled to in theirs. The apology which they are constrained to offer in his behalf, however, is sufficiently amusing. "The

alteration of the law," they observe, "is curious. Every printer is still required by law, under a penalty of not more than five pounds, (formerly, as it was generally interpreted, not less than twenty pounds,) 'to print upon the first or last leaf of every paper or book, in legible characters, his or her name and usual place of abode or business.' But in order to avoid vexatious actions by hackneyed informers, no person who by neglect or design may have incurred this penalty, is liable to 'any action, bill, plaint, or information, unless the same be commenced, prosecuted, &c., in the name of her majesty's attorney-general or solicitor-general.'" This law, in the present case, is not only *curious* but *mortifying*; for, from the *spirit* manifested in the article, either personal information would be given, or a "hackneyed informer" would be employed. They ought to recollect, that where there is no law, there is no transgression. The sin is, that the law is too "curious" to gratify curiosity.*

Though we prefer a little solid argument to mere declamation and abuse, yet we are compelled occasionally to take up the more homely implements of the scullery, to sweep and shovel away any dirt which may be thrown at us, though it may fall harmlessly at the feet. The good men descant on our "rudeness;" and then, with the utmost courtesy, as though they had caught the contagion, tell us, that we are *unjust, dishonourable, disreputable, jaundiced*; that we decide on matters agreeably to our own *predilections* and *caprice*, and only write to gratify our *spleen*. We can support all this, as the reader will be able to decide which of the parties—whether the editors of the Magazine, or the authors of the "Takings"—are the furthest gone in the jaundice; whether that of the editors—supposing them to be really labouring under the effects of the malady—is to be designated the saffron or the black; whether, in their case, there

* What avails the contemptible objection against the printer? They have the *Publishers*; and *one Key* will serve the purpose of opening a *lock* as well as *two*, if fitted to the wards:—and the one, in this case, will just let them into as many secrets as the other—more especially, as they are requested, in the first Preface, to "Enquire *within* of the Artists, or *without* of the Publishers?"

has been any real obstruction of the bile to occasion it; and whether, also, for them, as well as for the authors of the "Takings," a diet, cool, light, and diluting, consisting chiefly of ripe (not sour) fruits, and mild vegetables, such as boiled or roasted apples, stewed prunes, preserved plums, boiled spinage, chicken broth, &c., will not be necessary; together with cheerful company; not omitting bleeding, Castile soap, fomentation, a warm bath, a flesh brush, and half a drachm of powdered ipecacuanha to keep the stomach in motion. An excellent Christian minister is reported to have observed, on a perusal of the article in the Magazine:—"It is exceedingly clumsy; the reviewer ascribes the 'Takings' to the gratification of spleen: whoever the writer is, he may say with David, 'My heart teacheth me the wickedness of the wicked.' I am greatly mistaken if the reviewer has not a tolerable acquaintance with splenetic gratification." Whether the report be true or false, it is not for us to affirm: the sentiments are correct; and the editors are welcome to the advantage of them. In one place, immediately on the appearance of the article, a person in the book-trade, had an order for twelve copies. Dr. Bunting, aware of such effect at Conference, threw himself, nevertheless, into the field; and, in a fit of desperation, accompanied with bravado, told the brethren, that though such opposition very often gave importance to otherwise worthless publications, yet it was for them, in connexion with himself, to bear their testimony against them, and to leave consequences. This has been hopelessly reiterated by others, with the tone of vanquished assailants. We, however, again appeal to our readers—and this we are happy to find is the general impression—whether we have, in the general, transgressed the law of kindness; whether we have not more frequently reposed with the fondest dalliance on excellences, than brought out and enlarged on defects; whether we have not, to employ the simile of a popular writer, withheld from the picture whatever would offend the eye, rather than obtrude upon the notice what ought to be cast into the shade—still not forgetting what was necessary to render our sketches complete. But what is to be done? We are told by the "TIMES," that we are hyper-

holical in our praise, and by the "Methodist Magazine," that we are censorious! We are told in the same Magazine, that the book is ungodly in its tendency; while the "PATRIOT" cheers us on, by stating, that it will be highly beneficial.

Just in halting by the way—though the reflection may be only remotely intended for ourselves—we would advise the omission of the expression of a "penniless writer," who employs his pen to "obtain a morsel of bread;" lest it should hit in a quarter not intended;—though we sincerely hope, from the manner in which a work or two from the pen of Mr. Cubitt is now being pushed forward, that the profits, yielded by the sales, will afford timely and efficient aid. For our own part, we purpose purchasing his Dialogues, as soon as we have finished our Sketches.

"The ungodly tendency of the book," which is stated to be so "obvious," is a point which time alone will determine. We have heard of several good effects already; and this is a sufficient reply to those who propound the startling objection—"We can see no good end it can answer." What! are there no hints to be collected from it? Are there no superfluities to lop off? Has medicine no virtue, because the healthy do not require it? Has food no nourishment, because the squeamish, the sickly, and the pampered, cannot relish it? Robert Owen will tell you that he can see no good to be accomplished by the Bible. But because he is blind, is that to be adduced as a proof that others cannot see? Because one petted child pouts his lip, and turns away from a dish that does not suit his palate, is that a reason why another cannot eat it, and become "fat and well-favoured" by the actual nourishment it imparts?

We shall attend to the "Holy Scriptures" being made "a jest book," when we come to Mr. Roberts. We are happy to find, in the mean time, that we have disabled the gentlemen in their application of the term *parody*, and that they are driven to the employment of the phrase just noticed.

It is not difficult to perceive, that whatever the editors may have to advance against others, they have much to state in their editorial capacity respecting themselves; and, in the present case,

some serious apprehensions might be entertained respecting their personal interests. It would not have been deemed unnatural for Mr. Jackson to ask,—“Will not the ‘Wesleyan Takings,’ if encouraged, draw attention from my edition of the ‘Lives of the Early Methodist Preachers?’” Neither would it have been out of place for Mr. Cubitt to reply,—“Certainly: and then, think of my ‘Sketches and Skeletons, with Eight Dialogues on Pulpit Preparation!’” Pending on the query and its reply, would be—“What must be done?” when it would be equally natural, though not equally modest, to return,—“We must praise ourselves, and condemn the ‘Takings.’” It is amusing, as just hinted, to see with what promptitude and complacency these censors insert puffs of their own works, while dealing out their denunciations against others. For a bookseller to give a list of favourable notices of a work of which he is the publisher, is very common; nor less so with authors themselves. But for the EDITORS of a work—who will take good care to insert nothing against themselves, either separately or conjointly, and respecting which puffs the public have no security that they are not written by themselves—and associating them afterwards with advertisements on the covers of their own and other periodicals,—is any thing but modest. A few specimens may be selected from the many; and we furnish them the more readily in a foot note,* to assist the gentlemen in their laudable endeavours to push off their intellectual wares.

* SELF-PRAISE.

Though the praise occasionally passes from hand to hand, yet from the good understanding between the excellent editors on the subject, this general heading will be found to be admirably supported. It may be stated, that Mr. Jackson was sole Editor from August 1824, to August 1835, from which latter period he was assisted by Mr. Cubitt, till August 1838, when he resigned in consequence of his being chosen the President of the Conference—returning to the Editorship, August 1839, and holding it thenceforward. Mr. Cubitt was made Sub-Editor August, 1835, as a reward for his literary services against Dr. Warren—became sole Editor, August 1838, and dropped into his proper place again as second, August 1839, which office he has also tried to fill since that period.

—*Rev. Thomas Jackson, sole editor.*—On Goodwin’s “Exposition of the Ninth Chapter of the Epistle to the Romans,” &c. “With a Preface by the Rev. Thomas Jackson.”

In directing our attention more immediately to others, though without losing sight of our old friends the editors of the *Wesleyan Magazine*; it may be proper to advert to the objections and proceedings of some of our more early assailants.

When a work, on its first appearance,—without a single “advertisement” or “literary notice” in any of the Periodicals, announcing, as by clarion, its approach, passes unostentatiously through a large edition in the course of a few weeks, it may be

“The volume is remarkably cheap, considering its size and elegance.”—*Wesleyan Meth. Mag.*, 1835, p. 134.

To push the work on, there is not only a lengthened Notice, but to keep a running interest with the public, the same volume of the *Magazine*, p. 766, contains a Review of about nine double column pages, in which the reader is told, that “Encouragement, it is hoped, will be given to the re-publication, in the same commodious form of other works, from the pen of this justly esteemed writer.”

Rev. George Cubitt, sole editor.—Some highly eulogistic notices of Mr. Cubitt's works had been given, when Mr. Jackson was sole Editor; (*Wesleyan Meth. Mag.*, 1825, p. 190; 1827, p. 469, &c.) and now he must be required. No sooner does the year commence, and the “Centenary” Volume drop from the press, than it is announced as by the blast of a trumpet:—

“That we have to commence our critical labours of the year by the examination of this important volume, we cannot but regard as an auspicious circumstance. We may say in the very outset—it is a volume which only Mr. Jackson could have written. Peculiar qualifications were required for it, and these peculiar qualifications were found in him—accurate and extensive acquaintance with the early history of Methodism—a clear insight into that admirable scheme of theology which the Methodists believe—a well disciplined state of mind by which the stores of information which years of untiring industry had accumulated—a knowledge of that important position between what are called the High Church and Low Dissenting principles.—We believe we are only discharging a public duty, and expressing a public sentiment, in declaring our belief, that the last Conference was providentially directed in the choice of a President,” that is, in electing Mr. Jackson. “With this admirable hand-book, we are much mistaken if the Centenary Volume be not, in very many families”—admirably and tradesmanly hitched in,—“the precursor of Mr. Wesley's Works.”—*Wesleyan Meth. Mag.*, 1839, p. 40.

Page 52, Mr. Cubitt loses no time, in pressing upon his readers, a Sermon of his own on “Christian happiness and Temperance,” preached about ten weeks before, and just published; telling us, that he “Seeks, by a consecutive enumeration of principles, to trace the clear line of Christian duty.”

Messrs. Jackson and Cubitt editors.—The former having preached a Sermon before the Conference, in August, which report states to have been printed, when read, entitled, “Wesleyan Methodism a Revival of Apostolical Christianity,” we find it thus lauded, in the Number for the next month, as early as a notice could be given.

presumed—without the charge of vanity, that something peculiar must mark its character. As this was the case with the present work, and as it is not the province of writers to descant on the merits of their own productions—the Editors of the Wesleyan Magazine excepted, we leave ourselves in this, as in other instances, in the hands—not of a few, but of the public. We barely satisfied ourselves in the outset with the act of furnishing a title, and then sent the volume into the world in quest of a character. In the “Second Preface” it was stated

“The text of this exceedingly valuable discourse is a very appropriate one. The effects, &c., are impressively illustrated.—The Sermon is an admirable sequel to the Centenary Volume—and will have, we hope, an equal circulation.”—*Wesleyan Meth. Mag.*, 1839, p. 731.

It was Mr. Jackson’s turn last time; it is Mr. Cubitt’s this. Hence, on the “Strictures” of the latter, “on Mr. O’Connell’s Letters to the Wesleyan Methodists,” it is observed, “We recommend the pamphlet to all who feel an interest in seeing truth in its simplicity and power, arrayed against gratuitous slander and invective.”—*Wesleyan Mag.*, 1840, p. 152.

Mr. Jackson again turns up, in the “Wesleyan Biographical Publications,” noticed, *Wes. Meth. Mag.*, 1840, pp. 564, 744, 918; though in true Calvinistic style, we find the Lives of Bramwell, Dr. Clarke, Bradburn, Dr. Coke, S. Drew, D. Isaac, Dr. Mc Allum, Samuel Hick, William Crister, Peard Dickenson, Mrs. Cooper, Mrs. Mortimer, Mrs. Clough, John Smith, Richard Burdsall, Dr. Beaumont’s Life of Mrs. Tatham, Dr. Mc Allum’s Life of Dr. Taft, H. Moore’s Life, the Life of T. Rutherford, Myles’s Life of Grimshaw, Burdekin’s Life of Spence, West’s Life of Mrs. Gibson, and a host of others, “*passed by.*” These not having been published at the Book-Room, does not deprive them of their methodical character, or render them unworthy of methodistical notice. But two great objects are answered, Mr. Jackson’s edition of the “Lives of Early Methodist Preachers,” is pointed out as *methodistically orthodox*, together with his Life of Watson, as works, which every Methodist should possess.

“It will not be easy to read these valuable records of what are truly the wonderful works of God, without being led to exclaim,” &c. Then follows—

“Mr. Watson’s biography is one never to be read for anything like relaxation. His character—which is here presented with equal accuracy and fidelity, is a complete study. The prefixed portrait does not more faithfully exhibit the personal effigie of this truly great man, than do the subsequent pages his living character. Not often is a more correct description given in so few sentences as in these from the preface.”—*Wes. Meth. Mag.*, 1840, p. 919, 923. Charming indeed! Buy away!

The Head Editor having had his round, the Assistant finds it is time for him to appear again. Thus, on Mr. Cubitt’s “Sketches and Skeletons of Sermons, with Dialogues on Pulpit Preparation,” it is remarked, in the “Characteristic Notices,”—

"both ears and eyes will be open;" and having cleared every avenue, and removed every obstacle that could at all prevent freedom of access, no wonder—we ourselves invisible the while to the interlocuters, that the work should have given rise to various Dialogues, embodying all the *pros* and *cons* both of readers and non-readers—such as read and think for themselves, and such as are content to "live on trust" all the days of their life—being reduced to the humiliating position of taking up the *ipe dixit* of others, and so dying in debt at last to the thinkings of those around.

The Rev. Joseph Roberts, junior, of Sheffield, was the first who honoured the work with a handful of mud, carefully sealed up, and directed to the Rev. Jabez Bunting, Wesleyan Conference; New-castle-upon-Tyne. We are not surprized at this, knowing a little of the natural forwardness of the man, and the want of delicacy in the texture of his mind. His principal objections, as far as they were collected for us, were these:—The book, as a tendency to turn the children of our people into critics—to lower the brethren, together with their ministrations, in the esteem of their hearers—and to lessen our reverence for the Scriptures, by turning the texts employed as mottos, into parody. On hearing these objections, we

"*The Dialogues*.—'They deserve an attentive and repeated perusal.' *The Sketches*.—'They will be of no common use to Preachers; and they are also eminently fitted to promote the spiritual improvement of Christians generally, in their closets and families.' *The Skeletons*.—'They are given in the shape of well-arranged outlines. It is confidently hoped, that this volume will meet with the acceptance which it justly merits.'—*Wes. Meth. Mag.*, 1840, p. 848.

Whatever the excellent editors may have done for others, it cannot be denied, that they have taken care of themselves, and made the Magazine a very *useful* medium for communicating their wishes to the public, and their want of *purchasers* as authors. But two cannot walk together, except they be agreed. We are reminded of their apparent chagrin, that we should deal out both censure and applause,—while they present us with such a model in themselves!

It is possible—and we are halfinclined to credit it, that one article in their editorial creed is, that praise and blame are things optional with the critic, to give or to withhold. *Duty*, however, we have to inform them, will admit of no such passive obedience. How far the principle has operated in reference to their own works, we have seen in the above extracts: but still, even here, we are able to distinguish between *duty* and *interest*.—We hope we are sufficiently explicit to be understood.

were not only surprised at his want of comprehension, but were somewhat astounded as to the foreboding effects of the work upon the public mind. But let us sift these objections, and denude them of their plausibility. "Turn the children of our people into critics!" We ask, does Mr. Roberts wish them, like the Roman Catholics, to take everything for granted,—to lay aside the use of reason and understanding,—to cease to reflect? If we understand him correctly—he means, not critics, but fault-finders. But that he cannot prevent. Besides, they are beforehand with him; they are critics already, in the low grovelling sense in which he employs the term. Not a sermon falls upon the ear, and not a preacher meets the eye, but they form an opinion of each;—they all have, to employ a term worthy of his view of the subject, 'their likes and dislikes'—and they hesitate not to give expression to them. A youth of very moderate understanding is capable, without the assistance of the "Takings"—which, by the way, evince nothing but delicacy on that score, of distinguishing between the lame and the lazy,—the great and the small,—coarseness and refinement,—the chaff and the wheat,—learning and ignorance,—originality and common-place,—gravity and frivolity—between a mere jingle of words and things! And is it not a blessing to possess such discernment? As Moses exclaimed, "Would God that all the Lord's people were prophets!" so, in the same sense, our prayer is, that the whole of the children of the Wesleyans may become genuine critics! What is criticism? "It is," says Addison, "a liberal and humane art. It is the offspring of good sense and refined taste. It aims at acquiring a just discernment of the real merit of anything said or written. It teaches us, in a word, to admire and to blame with judgment, and not to follow the crowd blindly." No man of honesty and sense—and without these, including other qualifications, he has no right to enter the Christian pulpit;—No man, we repeat, of honesty and sense, has any occasion to be afraid of criticism. And yet this bugbear again shews its face, in the Notice in the Magazine, and is imposed upon parents, with a view to be employed by them to frighten their children. Are we not exhorted, in the Word of God, to live in the

constant exercise of our intellectual faculties—to take heed how we hear—to beware of any improper leaven—to try the spirits—to approve, or try, things that are excellent—to prove all things, and hold fast that which is good? How many errors and imperfections have the Church—yes, and the world too, been preserved from, by true criticism? Let us just look for a moment at that part of the “outer man,” called the ear. Why was this sense given? Ask Old Mercer; he will tell us. He observes in his *Notes on the Book of Job*, that the original word for ear, signifies a pair of balances, to shew that while we are hearing, we should at the same moment be weighing,—that we should not only employ the touchstone to try whether what we hear be true, but the balance, to see whether it be weight. Candour is highly to be commended, and this is what is displayed in the “Takings;” but candour is not to reconcile us to ignorance, error, or nonsense; it is intended only to protect us from undue severity.—Pass from the “outer” to the “inner man,” and ask why God has furnished us with understanding? Is it not, that we should exercise it? George Bell, Johanna Southcote, and the man of “strange tongues,” in the metropolis, might have pleaded for its non-exercise; and they would have made rapid progress, in their march of madness and folly, provided they could have rocked the restless babe of criticism asleep. But why are the Wesleyan Preachers more frequently in the pulpit than any other body of Christian ministers? and why have the Wesleyans so many schools? Is it not to bring the powers of the mind, as well as the best feelings of the heart, into play? We are not certain either, whether we have not an example in the Bible itself for forming our children into critics. Independent of the passages already referred to, it is stated, that “the Word of God is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart.” The original word, *χρῖτις*, which is not used any where else in the New Testament, denotes one who is expert, forward, and skilful in discerning the different objects which are passing in review, and so of pronouncing judgment upon them according to their nature, character, and effects. We, in England, in harmony with the meaning of the Greek word,

denominate such a person a critic. Aristarchus and Aristophanes, who flourished long before the Christian era, were both styled critics, in consequence of their having examined the writings of such of the Poets as preceded their times, and so pronouncing judgment on such passages as were deemed either spurious or genuine. Now, as "the Word of God" discerns between one thing and another, we contend, that we cannot have a better exemplar. When ministers become infallible, or the children of the Wesleyans are sent to receive instruction from the pulpits of his Holiness, it will be time enough to sound the alarm on the subject of honest criticism. It requires very little discernment to perceive, that the term employed by Mr. Roberts is misunderstood by him, and therefore, desecrated—that God has given us faculties for the sake of exercise—that they are best employed when engaged on divine subjects—that the whole Wesleyan system is calculated to draw forth the intellectual powers—that it is impossible to guard against abuse—and that a perverted mind will be as ready to take out a licence for profanity from the pulpit as from the press, just as a person may extract poison from the most healthful and necessary herbs.

Why the work should tend to lower the preachers and their ministrations in the esteem of the people, is what we, in our turn, cannot comprehend. As none but those who are somewhat "lacking" in ministerial qualifications can have any just ground to dread criticism; so none but those who are filled with something else than what ought to occupy the mind, be it vanity, or what it may, have any occasion to fear an abridgment of their dignity. The men who were placed upon the Supernumerary list a few years back, referred to in a preceding page, and those who are fit for it now—not, observe, through age or physical infirmity, may try to frighten themselves and each other with this phantom. But real talent and piety will always meet with their price in Methodism. Besides, the standard is already fixed; no man—no body of men, can lower it; every part is marked by a graduated scale; and that scale, in its height and depth—in its lowerings and risings, is perceived by every member of the Stationing Committee, who

has his eye constantly fixed upon the number of petitions or remonstrances attached to each separate name: nor can all the "Takings" in the world deprive the people of the knowledge they actually possess, on the subject of ministerial character and qualification. But, instead of lowering, we, in opposition to the depreciating tendency of the book, as reiterated in Conference by Dr. Bunting, contend that the ministerial character is absolutely elevated by it. When Dr. Bunting delivered his philippick against it, he had not read it—he had not time to read it—he had only dipped into particular parts to which he had been referred. It is matter of doubt, whether six men in the whole Methodist Conference had read it at the time the attack was first made, and sentence was pronounced. Had the writers taken up the Dr's. character in that way—to say nothing of the kind and extent of his reading,—and pronounced without scrutiny, it is not to say how he would have figured in these pages. An appeal is made to the volume itself for the truth of the fact,—whether the very best, with the exception of the enemies of Methodism, viz., Kilham, Jones, and Forsyth,—who nevertheless are upon the whole tenderly dealt with, has not been made of every man, so far as talent goes, without the most remote reflection on either piety or moral character—leaving the whole of the latter untouched, and as pure as the light! Greater prominency as we have already had occasion to remark, is invariably given to excellence than to defect or peculiarity. There is not a minister in the list, whose excellences—if he have any—have not been sought out, and exhibited. There are a dozen tints of light, generally speaking, for every shade; and the shades themselves are not deepened, but invariably softened. If the men are not perfect as public speakers, that is not the fault of the artists. They were obliged to give the likenesses as they appeared to them: and is there a man in the list, who is so vain as to pronounce himself perfect, or who is so blind as to suppose, that he is not seen now by others, or was not seen before by them, in the same light as he is represented in the sketch? He is either greatly deceived, if he does, or there is no truth in the general report which prevails of the correctness of the

likenesses. Who informed the author of the review in the *PATRIOT*, that the nameless Sketches are intended for the persons to whom he attributes them? He never had the fact stated from us. And yet he is correct in each case, though in this, he gives no more than expression to public opinion.

By the way, how many men have received their character, in open Conference,—no matter whether in many words or few, in writing or in speaking, from the very persons whose language has been most condemnatory of the book; and that character has gone through the length and breadth of the Connexion, either to a man's credit or disparagement. Let those who are free from this sin, throw the first stone,—not omitting the Rev. Jabez Bunting, who has left others in torture, and placed them at a discount for years! We are generally much more sensitive on all subjects that concern ourselves, than those that affect others. That sensibility, however, is not carried into every part of our being. For example, some men will convert the Wesleyan Magazine into a kind of mirror, and will there present the public with two or three editions of their own face, as though others were as fond of it as themselves; but the moment their intellectual visage appears in typography, they start back as if they had seen an apparition—having formed a very different opinion of it from that of the artist, and probably one much more flattering. But we ask again, as we have already had occasion to enquire—Does not every author imprint his own intellectual image upon his book; and every preacher make the same impress upon his sermon? And do not the public—apart from reviewers, form and give their opinion of the mental character of the man? Is there a preacher in the Connexion who has not his own opinions of his brethren, and who has not given them with such freedom in the social circle, as to become public, so far as those opinions have been of value? Who are more free in their remarks on preaching than preachers? Does not a man's character as a preacher generally decide his station? But still, but still—this self! for we are all alive when this apple of the eye is touched. Take another example—a point to which we have had our attention called by the “Watchman,”

in the case of Mr. Hewitt, but with the principle of which we avoided having any thing to do, in the earlier part of our remarks—we refer to the hideous outcry which was raised some time ago against short-hand writers,—the professors of an art so highly lauded by Charles Wesley—who had taken down the sermons of certain Wesleyan preachers, and sold them to the publishers; and yet the Book-Committee, after giving two thousand pounds for the copy-right of Mr. Watson's Works, hesitated not to strike a bargain with a short-hand writer for several of the sermons of the Reverend gentleman which had been obtained in this way, though the practice had been previously condemned in the Wesleyan Magazine. We do not blame them; but they ought to have recollected the old adage respecting the receiver and the thief, so far as it is capable of applying, and to have acted with consistency. If the principle and practice were bad in the first instance, they ought to have been discountenanced in the second;—nor ought the MSS. to have been received, if even given, according to the logic employed on the occasion. St. Paul was a strenuous advocate for perfection; yet there was a sense in which he was not ashamed to say,—“Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect.” But some men, in modern times, who will allow themselves to complain of their infirmities and imperfections, take it as a high misdemeanour if others address them in their own style.

Waiving, however, these little niceties, which are but drops in the bucket, what are we to do with the grave charge of “turning the texts of Scripture into *parody*?” To this the Rev. Jabez Bunting's attention was particularly directed. We plead to three cases of apparent playfulness, at the close of the sketches of Messrs. Alder, Fish, and France, but which we have altered, not being disposed to do violence to the devouter feelings of the heart?—though no more was insinuated in reference to the two first gentlemen, than our utter astonishment at the diplomatic honours conferred upon them; and the want of transparency of thought in the third; who is nevertheless, on the score of literary merit, much more worthy of a diploma, than the two former put together.

We recollect when Hone the Parodist was tried, he laid particular stress on the motives of a man; and the jury gave him the advantage of the plea which he set up on that head. Now, from the readiness of the writers of the "Takings" to aid evangelical truth—from the homage they pay to the Bible in all other respects—and their anxiety on the subject of pure apostolical preaching—they must be acquitted, even supposing they have erred, of all design to diminish a reverence for revealed truth. Setting all design aside, the objection on the minds of a devout people like the Methodists, was likely to have its influence. But let us understand the subject properly, and it will assume a very different aspect,—as harmless as the less austere language of the prophet Elijah, when surrounded by the most awful ensigns of heaven, and the most revolting scenes of idolatry, indulging in solemn mockery, and saying to the priests of Baal,—“Cry aloud; for he is a God: either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is in a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth and must be awaked.” What is the meaning of the term *parody*? Dr. Johnson’s definition of it is—and he is followed by Walker—“A kind of writing in which the words of an author, or his thoughts, are taken, and by a slight change, adapted to some new purpose.” The act of parodying is still more simple in its operation. It is thus illustrated by our great lexicographer, by a quotation from Pope. “To parody,”—“I have translated, or rather parodied, a poem of Horace, in which I introduce you advising me.” Parody, according to these definitions, may be either harmless or wicked, according to the intention of the writer. There is not a Methodist preacher, but who is a parodist, in the innocent acceptation of the term; that is, who does not take the thoughts and words of even the sacred authors, and by a slight change, adapt them to some new purpose. Without appealing to the writings of the Rev. Joseph Roberts of Sheffield, whose literary productions have not yet received the stamp of authority in the Wesleyan Body; we may notice the works of the Rev. Jabez Bunting, and the Rev. Thomas Jackson, both of these gentlemen having been editors of the Magazine, and filled the presidential chair of the Conference. The very first sermon

published by the Rev. Jabez Bunting, which was preached before the Sunday School Union, in the Metropolis, is, agreeably to Dr. Johnson's definition, a parody on—"I am doing a great work." What connexion could there be between rebuilding the walls of Jerusalem and the education of children? Education was the most remote subject from the mind of the prophet on the occasion; and a multitude of passages of Scripture, much more appropriate, and immediately referring to the intellectual improvement of youth, might, had they been sought after, have been found. But the preacher found it convenient to divert the attention of the auditory from the original subject of the words to another—that of education. The whole sermon, in fact, grounded on such a text, is "a kind of writing in which the words of an author, or his thoughts, are taken, and by a slight change adapted to a new purpose." The fact is, the sermon was not an elucidation of the portion of Scripture employed; the text was merely selected as a motto. Now the passages of Scripture found in connexion with the shorter sketches in the "Takings," are mere accommodations to the different subjects; in the same way as "I am doing a great work," is an accommodation to the sermon appended to it. There is one point of difference, it is true; but it is not important,—the mottos in the sketches are placed at the close, and the text enlisted into the cause of education is placed in the commencement of the discourse. In both cases, "by a slight change," the texts are "adapted to a new purpose,"—a purpose the sacred writers never contemplated; but harmless withal, and in most cases, instructive; at least, so they were intended to be by the author of the sermon, and the writers of the sketches. Had the scriptural quotations been placed at the head instead of the end of the sketches, they would no more come under the head of parodies, than the texts of many of the preachers, which are selected on the principle of accommodation. If pressed for cases we will furnish a list, and will place the Rev. Jabez Bunting at the head.

It may be demanded how, in many cases, modern manners, vices, errors, and imperfections could be met, without such accommodation? It would be no difficult matter to show, that even

the best and wisest men have accommodated particular texts to particular purposes, not originally intended by the sacred writers. But we noticed, also, the Rev. Thomas Jackson, who, in his Centenary Speeches and writings, as exhibited in the "Watchman," Jan. 2, 1840, &c., accommodated the following beautiful poetic passage, applied to Joseph, to the persecutions and fruitfulness of the Founder of Methodism,—“Joseph is a fruitful bough, even a fruitful bough by a well, whose branches run over the wall. The archers have sorely grieved him, and shot at him, and hated him; but his bow abode in strength, and the arms of his hands were made strong, by the hands of the mighty God of Jacob,” &c. If a sacred text is to be applied to the venerable Wesley, why not to the Preachers he was the honoured instrument of bringing into the vineyard? But who is ignorant of the fact, that most of the texts selected for funeral occasions, are mere accommodations? One is referred to in No. 67, of the “Takings,” viz. that employed by Mr. Thomas Cooper, as published in the Methodist Magazine for 1803, p. 389, on the occasion of the death of the venerable Christopher Hopper—“Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?”—a man remarkable, not for piety, but for generalship, and of whom David himself says, “Died Abner as a fool dieth?” Not so the equally heroic Hopper! He died as a wise man, and as a Christian! Why, then, should the rule of criticism, be more rigid in its application in one case, than in another? The texts employed in the “Takings” are either for or against the men; and the man who is not countenanced by the Word of God either in its spirit or letter, ought to look to himself: for after all, the sacred text is the test to which we shall all be brought, and not human criticism; and by each portion of Scripture employed, a man will find himself either supported, gently rebuked, encouraged, or condemned.

And yet, we are to be charged by the Editors of the Wesleyan Magazine, with making the Bible—which we reverence as deeply as themselves, “a jest-book;” and by Mr. Bunting with profanity, for applying “A shadow of good things to come,” to

obscure preaching. Where was the reverence of Mr. Bunting himself for the word of God, when, to excite the laugh against the Rev. B. Slater—for so it is reported, in Conference, for having ceded a little too much to the dissentients at Rochdale, he could so burlesque the words of the Son of God, as to say—"He went with Satan one mile, and Satan compelled him to go twain!" Or his reverence, in the case of the Theological Institution, who, when Dr. Warren requested to know the exact amount of the majority, could sarcastically throw back upon him for reply, that passage in the Apocalyptic vision, with all its heavenly and sainted associations—"A great number which no man can number?" And where the fidelity of the Rev. Thomas Jackson, in lauding the deep reverence of Richard Watson for the Scriptures, and yet concealing the fact of his having parodied the Scriptures at considerable length, in a piece, entitled, the "Book of Cain?" These questions are not proposed with a view to unchristianize the men, or to maintain the position, that there was a real want of veneration for the Bible in the indulgence of such sallies. But still we maintain, that, though two blacks can never be brought to make one white, there is no wisdom in two blacks attempting to black-ball each other. In the interim, we could as soon doubt the reality of our existence, as we could call in question the reverence of either Jabéz Bunting or Richard Watson for revealed truth. Let our Sketches of the men be read, and say whether a single suspicion is breathed on this subject. But the Rev. Thomas Jackson must say something, and the Rev. Joseph Roberts probably wished—indirectly, to bring his own Illustrations of Scripture into notice.

But look at "the *spirit* of the book," said the early objectors, "which is *bad—very bad—altogether bad.*" It would have been well if those who condemned the book, without a reading, had manifested as good a spirit as is found in the writers: they would have displayed more candour and less ignorance—not to say folly, if they had given it a reading before they pronounced sentence. Who, among the orators, would like to be treated in this way in a court of justice? Not only so, but if they received epistolary evidence on the one side, why did they not ask for it on the other?

But what is its spirit? Is it bitter, vapid, or what? It is too cheerful to be bitter; and too taking to be vapid! The attempt to crush it has been made; but it has failed.

If the spirit of the writers, by which they mean the spirit infused into our pages, had really been bad, we should not have left so many of the darker colours on our palette untouched. The only instances in which anything like severity is displayed, are to be sought for on the two subjects of acting and memoriter preaching; but even there, the criticisms—to prevent pain, in addition to the absence of all names, are mixed up with great pleasantry of remark; while the subjects themselves, in many instances, abstracted from the men, are the simple points of discussion. They are cases which apply to others, upon whom the pencil has not yet been laid, as well as some who have been permitted to escape, but who are not possessed of the noble, redeeming qualities—the rich harvest of excellences, of the gentlemen over whom the remarks, like a slight piece of drapery, are flung. The two subjects, in short, are taken up for the sake of the Church, the Pulpit, the Men themselves, and with a view to benefit the candidates for the ministry; under a deep impression of the evil and the inconveniences that must necessarily arise from such habits, especially when indulged by men of less eminence than themselves. The spirit of the book!—if it be at all enlivened with one, is that of cheerfulness; while the utmost gravity is maintained on all vital subjects. There is an evident disposition to aid every man as far as it is within the range of possibility; and as to Wesleyan Methodism itself, its praise is trumpeted throughout every part of the work, closing with the noblest testimonies in its favour, and the most stupendous wholesale and wholesome effects produced by it as a system. Away with the contemptible cant of the bad spirit of the book, and its fatal tendency—cant involving an objection conjured up by disappointed vanity, on the one hand, and a fear of the coming day, on the other, as far as the non-elect may be concerned. Methodism and its men cannot be otherwise than safe in the hands of the authors of the “Takings.” Jabez Bunting, Joseph Roberts, Thomas

Jackson, and George Cubitt, have no interest at stake in Methodism, which we have not; nor do they support a fund to which we do not contribute. But Methodism is not Jabez Bunting,—or woe be to it when he dies! He is but a tool—we beg his pardon! but we mean no more by it, than that he stands in the relation to Methodism of a plane or a trowel to a magnificent temple. But really to hear some of these men talk now and then, the Wesleyan Public would be led to conclude that no one felt an interest in the welfare of Methodism—no one understood it—no one laboured to promote its prosperity but themselves; and that no one could keep the machinery together but themselves! It amounts to little more, than the idle boast of the ancient Pharisees—“The temple of the Lord, the temple of the Lord are we!” No, every Wesleyan, and every Wesleyan Minister, has as deep an interest in Methodism as Jabez Bunting.

Well, but the work is opposed on the ground of “public morals,” and that too by Dr. Bunting. This is a far fetch, and can only be brought out by a man who has nothing to say, and yet is resolved—for some other reason, to be at the subject. Is it not stated in the Preface, that the writers have nothing to do with moral character—that moral character and personal piety are ceded to every man, and secured by a scrutiny unknown to other ministers? Another proof that the man who could hazard the remark had not read the book! It may be returned, that the reference is to the public at large. But the book, as a religious one, and as the advocate of every thing sanctified in the pulpit, can, by possibility, have no other influence than that of a beneficial one upon public morals. If giving the character of good men, while yet living—and therefore at hand to attest the truth of the character offered, be to inflict an injury on public morals, what must have been the want of judgment, of even common prudence, in JOHN WESLEY, to enjoin it upon his Preachers to write the religious character of themselves, and to publish those characters to the world in the *Arminian Magazine*?—These “Lives” are so much the delight of the Preachers and of the Book-Committee—though published during the life-time of the separate subjects,

that they have been recently given to the public, in 3 vols., by the Rev. Thomas Jackson. The character of these excellent men went before them into every circuit, in the *Arminian Magazine*. The volume in question, therefore, viz., the "Takings" is only Old Methodism revived. The principal difference is, that the old preachers took their own likenesses, and may be supposed to have dealt favourably, at the request of Mr. Wesley himself, and the moderns—more modest of course, have had to sit to others;—those of the old school, dwelt on personal piety, trials, and ministerial success; and those of the present day chiefly refer to the pulpit. The question, then, is,—Are the ministerial followers of Wesley more sagacious than himself, or more interested in the welfare of public morals? Or, shall we change our position?—Are the Preachers more modest, or more afraid now than in "olden times?" How many puffs have we of Messrs. Bunting, Newton, and others, in the *WATCHMAN*? And why did not Dr. Bunting fall foul on the *Watchman* of July 22, 1840, p. 238,—a paper which was established chiefly by his own influence, and is still fostered under his wing, where there is precisely the kind of critique on Mr. Newton's oratorical powers as found in the "Takings?"—Nay, why—for they lift up the warning voice against Socialism, Infidelity, Radicalism, and other abominations—why did not, if "public morals" are in jeopardy by such publications, the Editors of the *Wesleyan Magazine*, and Dr. Bunting in the Conference, feel it laid upon their consciences, to caution the public against the "*Metropolitan Pulpit*," from which we have extracted, what may be properly denominated, two "*Wesleyan Takings*?" We cannot suppose they were ignorant either of the title or the object of the work. Yet they can pass by it, with the silence of death,—a work comprized of 2 Vols. 8vo.—a work entitled, "*Sketches of the Most Popular Preachers in London*,"—a work published in the very city in which they reside, and advertised in the different periodicals passing through their hands—and a work in which they themselves, Messrs Bunting and Jackson are sketched! How is this? They make the greatest outcry against the least and most unpretending work—the work

too, in which they are most flattered! Is it to be attributed to a little voluntary humility? or is it slyly to draw attention to the work, that they may be "seen of men"—aware of the frailty of human nature,—desiring that the most, which is the most positively prohibited!

But "public morals" is not the only point of interest; the zeal that prompted the opposers of the Sketches at Conference was a "regard for religion." We should be glad to know, as in the case of Methodism, what interest they have in religion, that the writers of the "Takings" do not feel? But this is on a par with "public morals," and to be answered in the same way. When erroneous opinions are propagated—not on the subject of ministerial qualifications, but on religion, then let Christianity be the theme. The authors of the "Takings" have learnt to distinguish between religion and its ministers, and never shift their ground for the sake of effect, or with a view to accomplish a purpose. For instance, they would never state positively, that Windsor Castle was on fire, when, by possibility, it might be a mere hovel in the immediate neighbourhood.

But we are informed, that a regard for religion is not all; opposition was raised to the work "for the sake of domestic virtue." But the truth is, it is not the domestic circle, but the House of God; not the man at home, but the man in the pulpit with whom we have to do; and the man in the pulpit is public property as a public character. The domestic circle is rarely adverted to, unless it be the study, which still is connected with the pulpit; and when adverted to at all, it is either incidentally or in the way of praise. It would have been no difficult matter, had the writers been so disposed, to enter even the privacies of life; but it was not their business; and they are the last persons to invade the endeared abode of social life. To say the least, there must have been great lack of matter on the part of Dr. Bunting, when he urged this; and the Editors of the Wesleyan Magazine, who have echoed to his voice, as well as the "Leek," must have experienced a severe famine to be driven to feed upon it. We could have helped them to something better. But the objection can easily be

accounted for by the person "talking off the book"—rather than of it—never having read—beyond a dip or two, its numerous pages. It may be enquired, whether a man, to do him justice, can be separated from private life;—whether it is possible, so to abstract the mind of either writer or reader, as not to carry the gage that has been employed in public back into private, and thus separate a man, as it were, from himself? Did the Rev. J. Bunting adopt this plan himself in his biographical sketches of Joseph Bulmer, Esq., Thomas Holy, Esq., the Rev. Joseph Benson, and the Rev. Richard Watson? Let the characters speak for themselves—the three first published in the Wesleyan Magazine, and the last appended to his Funeral Sermon on the latter? True, the excellent men were out of the reach of both praise and censure, but they were the less able to defend themselves: Benson, for instance, who, owing to his closetted habits, is said to have entertained gloomy mistaken views of things without! and at all events, the members of the respective families still survived.—This is not all; but there is, by way of implication, a serious reflection, as though the man in the Sketches were not equally fit for inspection in private as in public. The writers of the "Takings" could not, from the fact of their taking for granted the piety of each, and the knowledge which they have of character, have entertained an opinion, that would, in the least, have disturbed their confidence in the christian habits, spirit, and demeanour of a Wesleyan Minister in the heart of his home.

The volume, we understand, gave rise to considerable discussion in the Conference, and was the object of great anxiety, fear, and even abhorrence. At least so it was represented by several of the Preachers, in the families by whom they were lodged: though not a small portion suspended their judgment till they should read the work for themselves—the appetite having been whetted into eagerness to be at it, by what had been said against it. We know it to be a fact, that many, who were led to read it, were high in its praise. We are informed also, that in the warmth of discussion, the following sentences were reiterated: "If the author be here, let him rise up, and confess his fault!—If he be not here,

let him be sent for?" &c. This reminds us of Mrs. Glass's recipe for cooking a hare,—“First catch it:” Very proper.—Both of the expressions cited involve the assumption, that a Preacher must have been the author. But is it necessary that a Preacher only should sketch a Preacher? How was it, that Miss Bradburn published a Memoir of her father?—Is it to be taken for granted, that a Methodist only can give the character of a Methodist? How happens it, that the Rev.—Gaskin, a clergyman of the Established Church, has published the Life of Mrs. Budgett, a Wesleyan?

It would be improper to omit, that the Rev. Joseph Roberts stated in his Letter,* that one of the Preachers knew the author—furnishing the name of the gentleman supposed to be in possession of the fact. But what must have been the animus of the man, who could recklessly expose a conscientious and honourable brother to the torture, and lay a temptation in the way of others to act the part of inquisitors! Or what the object of such despicable meanness, but to secure the violation of a solemn pledge, and so taint an unsullied conscience for the sake of personal gratification! He must have had a contemptible opinion of his correspondent and of his brethren, to suppose them capable of yielding to his suggestions, by thus putting them on the scent: though one, without duly considering the subject, thought the Conference ought to absolve the Preachers from his promise of secrecy! A piece of Popery! What, can any man, any number of men, take upon themselves the responsibility of another to God, in releasing him from the guilt of violating a solemn promise! And as to the said Rev. Joseph Roberts, junior, for the senior would have des-

* The writers beg leave to enquire whether this noted Letter was intended for private or public inspection! If *private*, why was it rendered public? If *public*, why was it not sent to the *President* or the *Press*; to the President out of common courtesy, and with a view to bring it before the Conference; or to the Press, to guard the public against the work! No, whether *in* or *out* of the Chair, every thing is to find its way to ONE PERSON—every bit dribblet must flow onward to the ocean, which swallows all, and surrounds all! The waves we are given to understand, tossed their heads in great fury, while the hurricane swept across the vast expanse. Was the Letter sent to Dr. Bunting under the impression of his being PERPETUAL PRESIDENT?

pised such conduct, the Connexion will know to whom to apply, when in want of a Common Informer. Informers, however, as reward is their object, do not often go without it. But the proposition was soon quashed by the good sense of the Conference. Another gentleman, however,—the Book Steward, endeavoured, in a misty way, to wriggle it out, by enquiring whether the individual thought his conscience above that of the Conference? Happily, persons were at hand to explain his meaning; and it was guessed out quietly!

But some say, that it will supersede the necessity of Hill's "Arrangement" of the Preachers. Why not? The one is a book of names, this of characters. But where is the character that is not praised? And if the Sketches leave each Preacher human,—they are human beings who made the selection from the list,—and it is to congregations of human beings they have to preach,—men of like passions with themselves. Nor is there a single person in the whole HUNDRED, now itinerating in the Wesleyan Body, who is not infinitely better as a Preacher, than we are as Hearers—who does not advance truths which the best of us have never experienced, and enforce duties which we are often too reluctant to practice.

The hideous yell against the volume, and indeed against every production that does not either receive the sanction of two or three self-styled and self-elected critics, or come through the medium of the Book-Room, is likely to narrow the literary range of the people. Wesleyan Literature bears a good deal the character of that which belongs to the Society of Friends; it is select—confined chiefly to the body; and from its limited and peculiar character, as well as the little encouragement given to real genius, it is with few exceptions, little known to the public at large, and as little sought after: hence the truth of the remark in a review of the Work in the "PATRIOT"—"The Wesleyans live in a world of their own." It struck a panic into the whole Wesleyan Body, when Southey took up the Life of Wesley; and yet it is by far the best Life that has been written of that great and good man. His religious character, generally speaking, is unimpeached, and his

literary character never stood so high before. The only work of importance, that has escaped from within the pale—and thanks be to other publishers for it! is Dr. Clarke's Commentary on the Holy Scriptures. As to the Works of the excellent Richard Watson, the edition issued in 1834, for which the Book-Room gave £2000. is—if report be correct, still—after a lapse of six years, groaning upon the shelf. What is the cause? Elegance and mind characterise everything he wrote.

Dr. Townley had to go to Longman's with his "Illustrations of Biblical Literature;" and other men have been driven to other Publishers, in consequence of the bigoted, narrow policy, pursued by the Book-Steward, in connexion with the Book-Committee. If a work should happen to contain an opinion not altogether relished by two or three individuals at the head of affairs—though the work itself may be favourable to Methodism, essentially correct in all other things, helpful to the general interests of religion, and the opinion may not embrace more than half a dozen lines, or a moderate sized paragraph at most, it is immediately, like a work written against Papal Rome, placed in the *Index Expurgatoria* of the Court of Methodism, by men whose own works—we can name them, have been sold as waste paper. Such was the fate of Drew's Life of Dr. Coke, Drew's Life by his son, Dr. Clarke's Wesley Family and Commentary on the Bible, Dr. Clarke's Life, Isaac's Ecclesiastical Claims, Everett's Polemic Divine, and even Moore's Life of Wesley, to a certain extent; while others, not actually in the condemned list, are modestly "passed by," as shewn in a preceding note,—sharing the same fate as the reprobate—not being among the elect. And by whom is this done? By men, who, in the same Committee, are securing advertisements and favourable notices of their own works!—men who are full of professions of liberality, and dealing out their anathemas against sectarian feeling! Let the preachers send for a volume of the Rev. D. Isaac's Works, and their Bills of parcels as already hinted, are received with "Not sold here!" More attention is paid to straw bonnets—combs—easy chairs—and soothing powders—not forgetting feather beds, warranted *sweet*!! It would be an act of injustice to literary taste,

to omit to state, that Myles's Chronological History, and Hill's Arrangement of the Preachers, are both deemed orthodox, and sold with other works, as highly instructive!

After all, we cannot but tender our thanks to our opponents, who, by their clamour, have excited curiosity, and brought the real character of the work to light. Ours has not been an attack upon character, but an exhibition of its excellences and peculiarities; where the right of attack is assumed on the one hand, the right of defence may be maintained on the other,—and here is our justification.

We add an extract from the Writings of the Rev. Daniel Isaac: "The spirit in which an author writes, has nothing to do with the main point. When I take up a piece of controversy to read, I do not enquire, Is the man in a good temper, or in a bad one? Is he proud, or is he humble? I ask, what is truth? If he begin to boast or scold, instead of engaging in close argument, I cry, Stop, Sir!—I did not want to know whether you were haughty or angry; but whether you could confute your opponent. If he begin to beg, rather than to fight, I say,—Sir, you are very humble, but you are also very weak; you ought to know, that Truth does not command the homage and obedience of the world, in answer to her prayers, but by the power of her arguments. But when a man wards off a feeble thrust from a swaggering antagonist, and immediately brings him down, I allow him to laugh, and I laugh with him:—who would forbear?"

The writers have further to state, that the work was undertaken with the purest motives—simply with a view to bring the Methodist Pulpit before the public, that its excellences might be properly appreciated; and they are greatly mistaken, notwithstanding the petty outcry made against it by an interested knot of persons, if the end is not accomplished. Medicine is not the less efficacious, because it may excite a little commotion in the system; and much less, because it may not be quite agreeable to the palate of the patient: in after days, an improvement in health is visible—and though not always acknowledged by the tongue of the subject with the promptitude to be wished, yet sufficiently apparent to others.

The writers themselves love Methodism from the ground of their souls—they have defended it both in public and private—and they owe everything under God to it, that is light in intellect, and hallowed in feeling; and sooner than wilfully or wantonly injure it, would suffer the amputation of a limb. But MEN and METHODISM,—and we reiterate it again and again, though linked together, are two different things; the latter will stand when the former will be forgotten, or lost in the crowd.

But here comes the decisive blow: “We are peculiarly circumstanced as a people; the Connexion is one; what is said in the chamber is published on the house-top; a man is met with the whole in every new circuit into which he enters; a look, a nod, a habit goes the round of the Connexion.” This is somewhat serious, and involves the awful charge of tattling and tale-bearing. Is this really the character of the body? No; for the people, widely as they are spread, are, like others, confined to place. Who, then, are the hawkers? The preachers are the only itinerants; and if any of these are found collecting, and handing from mouth to ear unfavourable reports, as they travel from place to place, let them bear the blame, and redden at the act. But if there were no tale-receivers, there would be no tale-bearers. Let this alight, not softly, but heavily, and repose where it is most needed. If encouragement were not given to such things, why did Mr. Roberts send his packet to his friend at Conference? If no anxiety to rake into things that are sealed existed, why are informers abroad, and why torture and promise absolution, in order to come to the knowledge of a secret bound up in a solemn pledge? If the objection amounts to anything, it operates as powerfully on one mode of spreading knowledge as another, and tells us to take care of our *tongues* as well as our *pens*. We prefer no charge? But who are in the way of hearing most? The men in the highest posts of office, and who are on the most Committees. Who are favoured with the greatest facilities for giving currency to the reports of the day? Those who travel most. We repeat it, on these two cases, we prefer no charge; but this we state, if blame rests any where, it rests least with those men—and they constitute

two-thirds of the whole, who are quietly, seriously, yet laboriously discharging the duties of the circuits on which they are stationed from Conference to Conference. Let the objection then, impose a curb on the tongue and the ear, as well as drain the moisture from the pen; and let it equally extend to the Editors of the Wesleyan Magazine and the authors of the "Takings." There was no call for restraint, except on one side of the question, when the same persons were engaged in establishing the Theological Institution—an Institution which we hope will flourish. We commenced with criticism, Mr. Jackson and his man have ended with abuse. They have our reply.

In concluding this Preface, we recommend, with great deference to Dr. Bunting, and the brethren, in whom he can best confide, as subjects proper for grave deliberation, at their next Annual Meeting, the propriety of—

1. A "point blank question" to each preacher present on the occasion—"GUILTY or NOT GUILTY of writing and publishing the 'Wesleyan Takings?'"

2. A "DECLARATION" somewhat similar to the one "got up" by Dr. Bunting and his brethren, in favour of Methodism,—that is, the Theological Institution,—demanding from all the absent members of the Conference, to whom it may be sent, a positive "YES," or "No," respecting the authorship of these said wicked "Takings." And—

3. A Resolution condemnatory of the work, similar to the one against Isaac's "Ecclesiastical Claims," forthwith to be entered upon the pages of the Conference Journal, and published in the Annual Minutes.

A few squeamish persons may consider themselves insulted by the question, as it would be interpreted into suspicion; and, though perfectly innocent, may prove a little stubborn because of the offered insult; but never mind that,—either set them down as guilty, or enter them among other black sheep already in the black book.

LIST OF THE NAMES OF THE PREACHERS

INCLUDED IN VOLUME FIRST,

COMPRISING

One Hundred,

AS A FIRST-FRUIT FOR THE CENTENARY.

ATHERTON, W.	DUNCAN, P.	POWELL, T.
AVER, W.	EDMONDSON, J.	PILLMOOR, J.
ATMORE, C.	EVERETT, J.	RICHARDSON, J.
ALDER, R.	FLETCHER, J.	REECE, R.
ALLEN, J.	FISH, H.	RIGG, J.
AGAR, J.	FARRAR, J.	RATTENBURY, J.
ASBURY, F.	FOX, W. B.	SHAW, B.
BENSON, J.	FARRAR, A. E.	STRACHAN, A.
BOWERS, J.	FORSYTH, J.	SUTCLIFFE, J.
BRAMWELL, W.	FRANCE, W.	STONER, D.
BROMLEY, J.	FOWLER, J.	SHAW, W.
BRADBURN, S.	GAULTER, J.	STEPHENSON, W. B.
BUNTING, J. /	GRANT, J.	STANLEY, T.
BARDSLEY, S.	GRIFFITH, W.	STEPHENS, J.
BURKE, R.	GARRETT, P.	SMITH, W.
BURDSALL, J.	HANBY, T.	SWINDELLS, R.
BARBER, J.	HOPPER, C.	THOMPSON, W.
BRACKENBURY, R. C.	HARDCASTLE, P.	TURNER, P. C.
BOOTH, W. O.	HILL, J.	TOWNLEY, J.
BURGESS, W. P.	ISAAC, D.	TAYLOR, T.
BARTHOLOMEW, T.	JONES, J.	TREFFRY, R.
BOARDMAN, R.	JACKSON, S.	VEVERS, W.
BRADFORD, J.	JOHNSON, R.	WATSON, R.
BELL, A.	JACKSON, T.	WRIGLEY, F.
BEECHAM, J.	KEELING, I.	WESLEY, C.
BICKNELL, J.	KILHAM, A.	WADDY, R.
BEAL, W.	LEPPINGTON, J. C.	WOOD, R.
CLARKE, A.	MARSDEN, G.	WOOD, J.
COLEMAN, A.	METHLEY, J.	WADDY, S. D.
COOPER, T.	MITCHELL, T.	WALTON, D.
CLOUGH, B.	MATHER, A.	WATERHOUSE, J.
DARNEY, W.	NEWTON, R.	WILLIAMS, W.
DUNN, S.	NEEDHAM, J.	YOUNG, R.
	NAYLOR, W.	

WESLEYAN TAKINGS.

No. I.

Jabez Bunting

* * * * *

Rex idem hominum Dominicus sacerdos. -- Virg. 3 Æn. v. 80.

WITHOUT adverting for a moment to the motto, when we first sat down to sketch the present character, we could not forbear congratulating ourselves on having so rare a subject presented to us for the exercise of our powers; and are willing to confess, that our feelings in the handling were somewhat similar to those of an artist, who is promoted as portrait painter to her Majesty, and has the person of the sovereign placed before him. The gentleman in question is one who has been a Hercules from the cradle; one, who, simply contemplated as a preacher, has not added a single cubit to his stature, or changed one hair black or white, from the first eight or ten years of his ministerial career.

He has lost nothing, except that portion of his popularity, which, in connexion with his extraordinary powers, belonged to his youth, and has gained nothing beyond that of respectability by age, to which early life could not establish a substantial claim. The sermon, founded on Romans viii. 17, is precisely the same in the present day, as to plan, matter, style, and in the manner of delivery, as it was when preached thirty years ago ; so much so, indeed, that it has the effect of having been stereotyped in the mind, equally clear, neat, chaste, comprehensive, and evangelical ; and it would be almost as impossible for others, as for himself, to vary the plan, or in any way to enlarge or abridge, without prejudice to its perfection. That which bore the stamp of prodigy in youth, has merely ceased to support the same character, in consequence of his having passed the meridian of life.

The subject which occurs in such a case, is not one of captious enquiry, but of wonder ; not how he has since occupied his time, but for what purpose the Divine Being could at once perfect any of his creatures ? Not anything can be more self-evident, than that he has reflected a strong, clear, and steady light, from the first moment that he shot a ministerial ray from the pulpit ; a light, not like that, which, in the ordinary course of nature, “ Shineth more and more unto the perfect day ; ” but that which is permitted to occur only in extraordinary instances, when nature steps out of her regular track, in order to accomplish some particular end, as when Joshua “ said in the sight of all Israel, Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon ; and thou, Moon, in the valley of Ajalon. And the sun stood still, and the moon stayed ;—the sun stood still in the midst of heaven, and hasted not to go down about a whole day. And there was

no day like that before it, or after it." The Wesleyan Israel, it may be truly said, has seen nothing like it, in any of her other numerous sons; and centuries may roll over her head before she is presented with a similar phenomenon. There has been in this personage, a monotony of greatness. He did not rise to his pre-eminent altitude by a succession of slow and progressive steps, but started up to it at once; and it may be added, that so far from going up like a rocket, and, after appearing for a moment to mingle with the luminaries of heaven, then descending like the stick that aided it in its ascent, as is frequently the case with those sudden bursts, he has maintained the position which he first took, and in the emphatic language already employed—has "not hasted to go down." Like Dr. Johnson, who is reported to have been as clear in his perceptions at the age of sixteen, as in after life, so his mind appeared in all its glory in the first years of his itinerancy—adding, of course, to his knowledge and experience, as his days have multiplied. This alone is a solution of the difficulty which we felt anxious to surmount, in order to exculpate him—at least in part, from the charge of indolence and indifference, as though his trials and anxieties to excel terminated with his first essays towards public usefulness. The power which enabled him to gain the rock without a struggle, while others, though buoyant, were left to buffet the waves which were laving its base considerably below, fixed him there in a state of affluence, but not of apathy. Though popular, strictly speaking, in his youth, and though that popularity has in part passed away, he might have still possessed a greater share of it than he at present enjoys, had he been so much enamoured with the public gaze as to court it, and,

passenger-like, been ready on the first signal of the coachman's finger, to step into the earliest Omnibus, no matter when or where, whether to Paddington or the Bank, whether at midnight or cock-crowing in the morning. He appears to have no disposition to sun himself in the smiles of the public. Whether that indisposition is constitutional in its first operation, or whether it arises from the duties he owes to his family and to his circuit, is a question we are not disposed to answer; but certain it is, that his name is less frequently placarded on the walls, than the names of some of his less eminent brethren; and equally certain it is, that it can neither originate in a want of invitations from the people, nor of a hearty welcome in those places which he favours with his presence and his ministry. We are inclined to think, that he really disregards popularity as a preacher; and therefore, holds on his way in the pursuit of what he deems truth and justice, despite of its temporary disfavour with the people, and some of his influential brethren.

There is not an instance on record in Methodism, of such early advancement, as the one under notice. In this, he resembles George Washington, in the New World. What is said of the one in a civil, will often apply to our hero in a religious sense. His very station in the Wesleyan body has brought out the sterling qualities of which he is possessed,—qualities, in fact, in which his strength lies; and the more recent tremendous struggles in the connexion, in which he was bitterly assailed, brought him out still more boldly, not only in spite of disaster, but by dint of it,—exhibiting to the world his heroic perseverance, his self-possession, his moral integrity; and, above all, what has been attributed to the public-spirited Virginian just named—“incomparable judgment.”

This, as in the case alluded to, has always constituted his greatness, and not the brilliancy of any one trait in his character,—but the rare combination and harmonious co-operation of all. No man ever undertook greater things in Methodism than he has done, yet he has undertaken nothing in which he has not succeeded; and severe as he sometimes is, and not solicitous to heal a wound after he has made it, yet he has never violated—apart from the means to attain the end, a single principle of honour, justice, or the higher dignity of man. What can be greatness, if this is not?—When he was little more than matured in life,—for maturity of character preceded,—and his reputation began to be diffused through the body, several of his seniors began to regard him with a kind of mysterious respect, as being raised up for some signal and beneficent destiny.

Though he has not been on the advance as a preacher, his influence, which is quite another thing, has never been known to wane. This owes its origin, continuance, and increase, to other causes than pulpit talent—an illustrious instance of which we have in one of the most splendid orators Methodism ever possessed—Samuel Bradburn, and who had little or no command over his brethren, or the body. In this, the sun of our hero has never “stood still;” but has invariably been adding to its lustre—assuming the appearance of the luminary over his head, “when he goeth forth in his might.” It is in the character, therefore, of a Ruler—that in which his overwhelming influence is chiefly seated—that we would, in the present stage of our remarks, usher him into the guest-chamber of our readers. Here we see the peril in which the Wesleyan body is placed, as well as the honour to which it is raised;—peril, the

moment that such influence becomes unhallowed—and honour in the might of his mind. While his preaching draws the crowd, and fills the chapels in the situation in which he personally moves, his governing tact elicits different feelings. In the great congregation, he animates with love; in select assemblies, he imposes silence by the awe which he inspires; there, he multiplies his friends; here, he adds to the list of his foes. This is it—his governorship—in which will be found the field of war where prejudice exists. There is no conflict but here. As a Preacher, his claims to eminence are indisputable; as a Christian, he is irreproachable; but he is great in mind, and great in influence—too great to be forgiven; if he were less so, it might be borne. This is the secret. It is the hostility of opposite views and sentiments, with less of interest at stake than there ought to be to warrant such hostility; and the prejudice excited, is the feeling of the vanquished—a struggle for supremacy—the mortification of seeing another where we wish to be ourselves—the humility of the subject, instead of the exaltation of the prince—the envy of a height we cannot attain.

It is not to be concealed, therefore,—independent of his native talent,—that a portion of his popularity has originated in party spirit. Inclining to the tory side of politics in church and state, it becomes a kind of political duty with one class of persons to listen to him, and laud him; while another, if they do not heartily despise him, at least withhold the full amount of credit due. Under such circumstances, and in such hands, no man can expect to meet with his price.

Viewed abstractedly, his legislative and governing powers cannot but command admiration. He carries the politician

into all his measures. He is thoughtful, sagacious, wary, reserved, steady, determined—suspicious of every measure but his own, jealous of the honour of his plans—frequently surprising the multitude into their adoption. His legislative measures are never otherwise than well matured, and generally shew a necessity as to their ultimate approval and reception, though not, perhaps, the highest prudence, in every instance, as to the time and manner of their introduction; and they are invariably supported by arguments the most taking and plausible, though not, with equal constancy, the most solid and convincing. He is sure to please, when he even fails to convince. He was nevertheless born to rule; and like a great governing sun, in the Wesleyan system, he is surrounded by his satellites, all of whom differ from each other as one star differeth from another star in glory. As it may be a question on a future day, how far some of his measures have been really beneficial to the body—whether, as in the case of the third year's station, which is said to have emanated from him, the good resulting from them has not been more than counter-balanced by the pains and inconveniences to which they have given rise, both to preachers and people; so it may be a question in the present day, how far it is prudent, in a body eminently one, —how far, in fact, it comports with the genius of the brethren and the societies, and with first principles in the economy of Methodism,—to permit any individual, except its originating head, to whom it was given in the regular order of Providence, to have such force of influence over congregations and societies so numerous, concentrated in himself; and such overpowering command over the affairs, comforts, and privileges of men, who, in office, institute claims of equality.

We pretend not to discuss the merits of this subject ; it comports not with our designs ; and hence, we leave it, with all its weight of interest,—capable of furnishing an essay of no ordinary length of itself,—to those who may be disposed to take it up, and proceed to make two or three passing observations upon it, as it is necessarily mixed up with his character, and constitutes part of his being ; for it would appear strange not to touch that with the pen, which is hanging upon every person's lip.

It is not difficult to perceive, on a *prima facie* view of the subject, that, whatever portion of influence a man may have over his fellows, in a society where so much equality is professed, he must derive it from others, and will, in most cases, enjoy and exercise it at their expense. In proportion as he increases, they, in the same ratio, like the Baptist and the Saviour in another case, may by possibility decrease ; that which he inherits, another cannot possess ; and as he can receive it from no other than the persons among whom it is exercised, so it can belong to no other than the persons who had it to bestow. The moment it exchanges hands, that instant heart-burnings and jealousies are experienced. The manner of its acquirement,—whether through superior tact, talent, or what else, on the part of the possessor, or a voluntary surrender on the part of a majority,—does not materially affect the state of things ; for unless it be conceded by the whole, a certain portion of the community sustains a serious injury, is placed in an attitude of self-defence, and dissatisfaction is the result. That complaints have been uttered, no one will deny who is on terms of intimacy with the body ; and that they have been published to the world, is a subject which must be familiar

to all who have read what has been printed on questions that have agitated different parts of the connexion. Now, complaint is not the language of acquiescence; the deafening roar of the waves is not to be adduced as a proof that the surface of the ocean is tranquil and without a ripple. When we perceive volumes of smoke ascending from the crater of Vesuvius, we infer that fire is at no great distance, and that there are some internal commotions, which may be fatal in their effects to those who are nearest the range of its influence. We repeat it, complaints are heard; and when legislative measures, and nominations to office, in all matters of importance, are invariably perceived to emanate from the same individual, or, to prevent suspicion, from those with whom he most frequently associates, and who are under his immediate control, as constituting his cabinet,—there is sure to be discontent.

But how is the grievance,—if such it be,—to be remedied? It will be as difficult to take the power from where it is now lodged, as it was apparently impossible to prevent it from being transferred. And with whom, if removed, is it to be deposited? Certainly, not with those who were either weak enough or foolish enough to part with it. Such persons are utterly unworthy of the trust—having either been defective in power to preserve it, or deficient in wisdom, not to appreciate its value. As nothing short of a superior force can seize the influence complained of, so nothing short of an equal power can exercise it; and as none are in want of it but the complainants, and their destitution is presumptive evidence of their impotency; so they must remain content without it, till their superior wisdom, industry, and tact, prove them worthy of its possession. There is a lesson,

meanwhile, to be learned by both parties. Piety and talents should only command respect; anything beyond that is dangerous. Influence should never be given or lent out to another, except on rare and special occasions, and then only on such terms as will entitle us to call it our own, and recall it when required. The influence that is not a keeper at home, is rarely to be found at home, when most needed. The respect due to piety and talent, is the contribution of the many to the one; influence is exercised by the one over the many. Here the order of things is reversed. Respect is no longer retained than whilst a person acts worthy of himself, and inherits the virtues for which the public give him credit; influence may be extended over the innocent and meritorious by the base and the worthless, as in the case of the Irish Agitator. Respect is founded on personal merit; influence, on power and wealth. Their objects and effects too, differ—the one affecting the individual, and the other the mass. Disproportionate influence is as prejudicial to the comfort, as its unlawful exercise is dangerous to the interests, of the many. A man of unbounded influence has the interests of society as much at his disposal, as an extensive capitalist has the market at his command, in raising the price of any raw or manufactured material. His influence is his capital; with this he may go into society at any moment, commence the work of speculation, embarrass, and even bring to ruin, the fair trader. A power so tremendous in its operations and results, should never be given up to an individual by a body so admirably constituted as the Wesleyan Connexion; and should be held with fear and trembling by him who possesses it; for, after all, it can only be placed in the hand of a fallible being. One of his own sentiments in

justification of influence is; "Character is Power." This is true in fact; but it is not the secret of his influence, unless we are to combine intellectual with moral character.

These remarks, be it observed, are made in reference to the general question, and are not to be understood as involving a charge against the Ruler before us. Though complaints have been uttered, we have never yet heard of the complainants proposing plans founded on better general principles. All acquit him of selfishness; all unite in giving him credit for the purest motives; and when his proceedings are viewed in the aggregate, he will be found to be generally philanthropic in his views, feelings, and purposes. But we again enquire—How has he obtained such ascendancy in the body? Not by fraud, not by misconduct; but by lending his superior talents to promote the best interests of the connexion. He has not satisfied himself with barely preaching, and quietly eating the bread of his labours; with pinning his mind down to the circuit in which he has moved, like a fly whose prospect is bounded by the breakfast-table on which it alights; with taking Methodism as it has been handed to him, resolved to allow it to pass on in the same state:—but he has taken an enlarged view of the whole; has looked upon Methodism as the mere creature of providential circumstances; and has always been on the watch for times and seasons, in order to mould its laws to the temper of the age—the changes and improvements experienced in society at large. He has kept his eye fixed on the working of the whole of the machinery, while others have attended to the rotatory motion of a single wheel; he has watched on this subject, while others have slept; he has laboured, while others have loitered. By attending to the

interest of the whole, knowledge has poured in upon him from every quarter ; men of inferior talent have committed their concerns into his hand ; and now he reigns supreme—is equal to a King in Israel ; with this security to the body—he is wise and good. No man was ever more useful,—not Wesley himself,—in the various offices he has sustained. He is, properly speaking, a man of business ; not as it regards its bustle, for he might do much more, but in the knowledge he brings to it, and in the number of hands engaged. The politics of Methodism have been his meat and his drink—his daily study ; and its laws and usages, subsequent to his entering upon public life, bear the impress of his mind.

Connected with his governorship, is his character as a Pleader—his consummate art and power at replication. Here, alas, we have to knock at closed doors, in order to reach him, and see him in all his glory. The members of the Conference can alone assist us in this instance. We have been favoured, however, with a few specimens ; and from what we have witnessed, in places we have been permitted to enter, we can readily give credit to the reports of his brethren that are abroad. We pretend not to be initiated into all the mysteries of in-door work ; but our ears are open, our minds are in exercise, our fingers frequently turn over the page ; and we have been in the great congregation, in committee-meetings, in the open Conference, and in the social circle : and these are schools, in which, unless we are exceedingly dull, we may learn much, and infer still more, though we may be unable to appreciate, like the privileged part of the Wesleyan priesthood, the full extent of the might and majesty of his character. As a sermoniser, he stands, in his peculiar way,

unequalled; but as an off-hand speaker, whether on the platform in public, or in more private assemblies, he as far surpasses himself, as he outrivals others as a preacher,—resembling, in the amount of real difference, Milton in his “Paradise Regained” and “Paradise Lost.” If there is one talent that transcends another,—one character he sustains over another, it is the Pleader, which sits enthroned in the presence of the Preacher and the Ruler. It is an easy matter to make and deliver a speech; and, in that speech, to dazzle, to captivate, to overwhelm. Some of our senators can do comet in this way. But the man, it has been remarked in a high quarter, is seen in the reply. He here resembles Fox, in the senate. But though best at reply for occasional fire, force, and strikification, yet some of his opening speeches are fine expositions of the subject under discussion—full of broad and impressive views—abounding in magnanimous appeals to justice, mercy, and truth. When, however, a subject is known, he rather alludes to matters than states them. In reply, his extemporaneous bursts are especially felt. And it is here that our hero shines illustriously; but it is within doors. The Conference, in this respect, is a mere menagerie for the king of the forest; yet even there—in comparative confinement, his power is felt—the thunder is in his voice—the lightning in his eye—he tosses his mane, when roused by an opposing force, to the terror of all around. This may be deemed mere hyperbole. But let the reader attend to the following delineation, the correctness of which will be vouched for by every preacher who is in the habit of attending Conference.

See him: there he sits on the platform—an elevation,

which, though simple in itself, and unintentional in the first instance, has led to the establishment of an aristocracy in the body, the overwhelming power of which will be felt, so long as it shall be permitted to stand—giving rise to a distinction as visible to the eye, and as sensibly felt, as between Lords and Commons, the upper and the lower house; yes, see him surrounded by the leading members of the Conference, his elbow on the table, and his chin embedded in the palm of his hand. A subject of importance being on the tapis, and the speaker being low, or at a distance, the hand is speedily relieved of the chin, and placed behind the ear, where it remains as a substitute for a trumpet, gathering together the words, while the sense which it is intended to aid drinks in the sound. An occasional note is made on a slip of paper or the back of a letter, in the course of a protracted discussion; but memory, which rarely ever fails him, is mostly depended upon. Now, he is calm and dignified; but in an instant the scene is changed. The speaker has the misfortune to oppose some favourite theory, to trench upon some of the peculiarities of Methodism, or belongs to the other side of the house: that moment, the eye of our Pleader is darted, like the eye of a lynx, along the line of sound, and either quails or rouses the person who has gained his attention. He again appears tranquil; but it is the tranquillity of a man who is pondering upon what has been said. Speaker succeeds speaker, till at length silence ensues; and during the momentary pause, he looks round. But no one assaying to rise, he considers his own time to have come. He loves the closing speech; and now that he is on his feet, let the eye be thrown around the audience, and all will be seen on

tip-toe—all will be still to the ear. The first feeling in operation in the breasts of previous speakers, refers as much to themselves as the subject; and the first thought in the mind of the mere hearer, is inadvertently directed to the same quarter, and is followed up with anxiety or pleasure—looking forward to see how it will fare with such as have thus entered the arena of debate, as well as towards the fate of the question in which he himself may have an interest, and which absolutely hangs upon the breath, and is to be decided by him upon whom every eye is now fixed, as by fascination. Listen to him: he takes, perhaps, at first, a dispassionate view of the general question—then gives you his own opinion—next goes on to establish certain positions—notices the remarks of previous speakers, so far as they seem to interfere with his own sentiments—and lastly proceeds to the formal reply, in which he often takes upon himself the *onus probandi*, either classifying the arguments of his opponents, or taking up their objections separately, as may best suit his purpose—encircling himself all the while in a tower of strength, from whose impregnable walls he nods defiance to all his assailants. Very often, at a moment, when a man is congratulating himself on the probability of a happy escape, or of finding his arguments valid, by a less early notice; he will come down upon him in an instant, like an unexpected flash of lightning, broad and vivid, shivering to pieces, by a single stroke, the whole superstructure he had reared, and upon which he had long gazed with the fondness of a parent on a favourite child—compelling him at the time by its glare to shrink back into himself. On these occasions, he can be sarcastic, solemn, playful, or otherwise. But he never approaches a subject

without illuminating it, and rarely retires from the field without conquest; followed by the smiles of his friends, and leaving the opposing powers in a state of suspense or blank astonishment.

We feel unwilling to leave this part of his character, and yet we are afraid to proceed with it, owing to our incompetency to do it justice. We have heard pleaders at the bar, and statesmen in the senate, (a place, by the way, which he is very fond of attending,) but we solemnly aver, that, for reply, we never heard a near approach to him. His replies are like the set speeches of some of our first speakers; so full, so regular; so neat, so consecutive, so pertinent, so easy, so ready! He never talks for the sake of talking—to show off—or for the sake of conquest. He always has an object in view separate from himself, of which he never loses sight, and a subject creditable to his own intelligence. In listening to him, Cicero rather than Demosthenes seems to haunt the mind; but then it is Cicero in his philosophical, rather than his oratorical character,—his orations being mere clap-traps for the mob. There is also something more stubborn in the composition of our modern orator; he is better qualified to face a storm; but still, we cannot refrain from adverting to Cicero, whose superiority was felt by all, whose wisdom commanded respect, and whose eloquence enraptured the auditor. Here we perceive a parallel. Every reply carries with it the mathematical precision of previous study, even when there has been no means of knowing what was about to be advanced by the opposing party; and all is conducted without parade, imparting light as unostentatiously as the sun, which, in return—where there is no clashing interest

at stake, or the heart is not abandoned to prejudice—is received with as hearty a welcome. The whole, whether long or short, is as perfect as if it had been prepared months before, though only conceived—which shews the amazing power of conception and rapidity of thought—during the speech or speeches of those who may have preceded. There is no haffling, no tripping, not a point of importance omitted; not a question blinked; all is poured out with the freshness and ease of the lark singing his first morning carol. He has no set time for emphasis; but rises in feeling with the importance of his subject; and the people go up with him, till both gain the summit of the mount, and the latter feel it difficult to descend again, or stoop to common things. His eloquence is irresistible. Had he been brought up to the bar, or been trained for the senate, he would never have paused in his upward career, till he had either been Premier or Lord High Chancellor; and where he is, he is a king among his subjects.

Still proceeding with his character as a debater, it may be observed, that you always know where he is; but then, he knows also, the exact position of his opponent. His presence of mind never forsakes him. No man makes fewer mistakes; and he never leaves an advantage unimproved. It is dangerous for an adversary to slumber or be off his guard in his presence. He is always awake himself, and, like the famous Erskine, is as daring as he is skilful; taking advantage at the least opening, and defending himself with caution. His fine spirit and courage, when let out, give vigor and direction to the whole, bearing down all resistance. He is not like some speakers, full of repetition, recurring again and again to the same topic or

view of the subject, till he has made the impression complete: he rarely goes back to the same ground, which, in the language of an eminent writer, he has "utterly wasted by the tide of fire he has rolled along it." He completes his work as he goes on. He has a preternatural quickness of apprehension, which enables him to see at a glance what costs other minds the labour of an investigation. It is this that makes ordinary business easy to him: and hence, he has been heard to say, that he could never make what some men call speeches;—that his were all matters of mere detail in business. He is not only quick, but sure. And though he has fire, yet it is of that kind, that he has rarely the heat of passion to plead or regret. As the head of a party, he has none of its prejudices to plead, having no person to serve; and he has few, if any peculiarities of a personal character,—no "mental idiosyncracies," as Lord Brougham would say, to indulge, which produce capricious fancies and crotchets. His faculties are always unclouded and unstunted,—ever to be depended on; and his judgment secures him success and adherents.

On this part of his character there are only two drawbacks; he is arbitrary, and he is personal; so at least say some of his brethen. With regard to the first of these charges, we have no means of rebutting it, and have no wish to substantiate it; and therefore we leave it either as a slander to be refuted by his own conduct, or as an imperfection which will sooner or later receive its own punishment. On the second, if he should have stooped to personalities, we feel inclined to believe that they may have, in some instances, been provoked; and are of opinion, that they have been resorted to more with a view to help himself

than to injure the individual, whom he might otherwise, with his giant power, crush like the moth. We know sufficient of human nature, too, to lead us to conclude, that every man is deemed more or less personal by those who have had the misfortune to have their theories maltreated, and their arguments knocked on the head. And this also we know—and it will atone for a thousand minor faults, as well as neutralise others—that disinterestedness distinguishes the gentleman before us in most of his ways. He will as soon fly in the face of a friend as a foe, in cases of culpability. He goes direct to his object, and floors, in the less elegant language of the ring, every man that obstructs his course. Though not always merciful after his power, he still is just—and often noble. He is not in the habit of speaking hastily, seldom unadvisedly; but never hesitates to speak strongly, sometimes without considering the rack upon which the person is placed against whom his remarks may be directed. Meet him as an opponent, and he is terrible; take him as a friend, and success is certain,—certain even to men of minor talents, over whom he may extend the fostering shadow of his wing.

But it is in the Preacher we profess to take the deepest interest, as the most important character he sustains, both with regard to the honour which God puts upon the office, and its results to mankind. And in thus parcelling him out for public inspection, or, in conformity to the practice of the pulpit, dividing and subdividing him, we shall begin where some writers would end—with style. This, like his general intellectual being, has been fixed as in the rock with lead from the first.

The preacher before us, we have remarked, has been

fixed in his style from the beginning, and it is essentially good. Style is a term which implies much, and an accompaniment which few can claim. With some men, it is everything; but with our preacher, it is only a part of the thing, and that too but insignificant, when brought into competition with the "weightier matters of the law," of which it only constitutes the apparel. There are many, both speakers and writers, who are not entitled to the credit of style; they have none but what they possess in common with the herd of mankind, who neigh, and bellow, and bray so much alike, that the finest ear cannot distinguish one from another. Style is a creation—a creation of the man to whom it belongs. There are many imitations; but the copy will always fall short of the original, whether in prose or verse. Here we have style; a style clear, neat, and chaste; nothing florid, nothing extravagant, nothing weak; neither too much nor too little; the greatest evenness, with an evident power to command the purest, the best, the most select part of the English language; everything, in short, that labour can effect in a style formed after the same model, without the least semblance of effort on the face of it. It is a style, however, more adapted to the eye than the ear; having more correctness for the one than music for the other. In analysing it, we shall find, too, that it is more graceful than nervous, more accurate than oratorical, more select than copious,—the very reverse of the style of the most popular speakers of the day. It comports admirably with the character of thought, which, through its medium, has to be conveyed to the hearer. There is an inimitable keeping between them; they pair like two beautiful steeds of equal colour, height, shape, and

pace—drawing on the chariot of the gospel, in which the Redeemer of man is seated, whose glory is shed over the whole, and whose person and perfections are never lost to the eye of the beholder, by being carried away with either the caparison or pageantry with which too many surround Him. We perceive a delightful harmony in this, and are reminded of the parallel which every minister of the true sanctuary has in “The Book,” that lies spread on the pulpit before him. A venerable man, of good sense, but little versed in style, beyond what he had been taught by his ear, was once heard to say, in reference to this gentleman, “Why, when I hear Mr. * * * * * preach, I think, dear me, any body may say this; but when I make the trial, I am sure to fail.” This is a just and simply expressed eulogium. The thoughts themselves may be uttered, but the manner in which they are expressed, so easy, simple, and natural, appears utterly inimitable. It is as easy for this fine natural orator to speak, as for the nightingale and linnet to sing; and he is equally secure of pleasing, delighting in the one instance by his sweetness, and in the other by his simplicity.

Having barely adverted to thought, we shall now turn more directly to its character, in connexion with its parent—Mind. He never soars; he wants pinions for the work; he has no fancy, no imagination, no genius. His mind is purely metaphysical; yet not at all formed on the dry, logical, scholastic, model,—perpetually spinning threads and dealing out materials as unpalatable to the mass, and as sapless to the taste, as chopped straw. He belongs to the reformed school, like Bacon in thought, and Sir Humphrey Davy in chemistry; he has all the acuteness of the metaphysician, with all the compactness of the sententious

speaker ; but he is as remote from the wire-drawing of the one, as he is from the quaintness and inflexibility of the other. All his definitions are like patches of sunshine upon other men's cogitations, struck out as suddenly and luminously as a beam from the orb of day ; and all the remarks that go to support his positions have very often the breadth, and invariably the transparency of daylight about them, clearly, easily, and sometimes beautifully expressed. Even on subjects, as we have just hinted in reference to the thinkings of others, upon which both wisdom and experience have shone, he never fails to throw additional light. It is not the light, however, which is brought from afar that seems to be shed,—not an intromission of scattered rays which he has received from external objects, or in the course of an extensive acquaintance with books ; but it is by an extramission of rays of knowledge from within that he appears to enlighten. He speaks as if he had an orb of his own, within himself and for himself, by which he aids the light of others—shining with a lustre, which, though far from dazzling, is nevertheless pure, strong, and steady ; showing at once, not only the object, but its different bearings and associations. This seems to be the only point where originality of thought becomes visible ; and it is in the warmth of discussion that it most frequently escapes and appears, as though it could only be elicited by collision. Here, too, we are to look for inspiration, of which his speeches often carry much more the air than his sermons ; the ground over which he walks being much more familiar to him in the latter than in the former instance. But though he rarely has the appearance of dealing in materials from without, it is not to be inferred from thence that the man

of education and reading, and especially the former, is absent from the hearer ; but then, it is reading that is felt rather than seen. He stands before his auditory more in the character of a man of thought than of books ; as a man who has studied theology in all its length and breadth ; capable of entering into its nicest distinctions, and with a heart deeply impressed with its importance, expressing the whole with precision, and very often with a pathos peculiarly his own. There is withal, both as to mental operation and expression, a freedom which gives what is uttered the air of spontaneous thought. His is not a trough out of which others are perpetually drinking, or may at any time drink, but a perennial spring from which no one but himself may drink, except so far as he allows them to partake of his abundance ; a something which, without the least apparent effort, is, to change the metaphor, pumped up out of the depths of his own mind, and is as fertilizing and refreshing as the stream from the hills.

Sermons from such a mind, and uttered by such lips, cannot fail to enlighten the understanding, and impress the heart. His pulpit addresses are generally long, but never tedious or redundant ; luminous, but without glare ; it is a kind of sober, chastised, cathedral light, in its general effect, with the addition of a powerful stream reflected on different portions of the subject, as if several concentrated rays had found their way through a solitary square of unstained glass, and passed between some of the principal pillars in the interior of St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey. If an audience were to be asked whether a sermon should be curtailed, the majority would decide in favour of the affirmative, which shows a fault somewhere ; but if the same assembly were

requested to select the part or parts to be omitted, the general voice would be in favour of preserving it, like "Barclay's—Entire;" which argues perfection in the artist, and throws back the reflection upon the hearer, whose relish for divine things requires a quickening influence. The part omitted would be like the amputation of a limb, or the removal of a member of a family by death; the blank would be immediately felt and mourned. His discourses are not ordinarily characterised for embodying one bold and general truth, so much as they are distinguished for embracing a variety of topics on the same subject, and all verging to one common end—the moral, religious, and intellectual improvement of the hearer. Nor is the text always permitted to speak in its own language, for itself: his divisions being clothed with other words than its phraseology. The expository plan is rarely adopted; he is more a preacher than an expounder; but still, though the letter of the text is not turning up at every point of the discourse, or explained in the way in which a biblical critic would speak upon it, the sacred power and form of truth is there, as comprised in the Bible, pervading every part of it like leaven, or moving over it like a living spirit. While the divisions are expressed in set form, and speak the language of previous meditation, they betray nothing of stiffness. This will equally apply to the substance of the sermon, which is evidently fixed in all its parts, in the mass as in the detail; but the time expended upon previous composition appears to have been devoted to the subject, rather than to the language. Towards the close, however, there is the appearance of the preacher throwing off the yoke, which, by the way, is never otherwise than easy, when he leaves him-

self more at large, ready to yield himself up to the best feelings of his heart, and the full light and outbeamings of his mind; curtailing or lengthening his application, agreeably to the influence of the subject, and the Spirit of God, on the occasion. He not unfrequently, at this moment, bears down upon his hearers like an armed force, or a resistless torrent, whose impetuosity is increased in proportion to the height of the mountains from whence it has rushed,—the preacher having been dwelling on high with God in his subject, and being invested with divine power, descends in its strength, and prays men, in Christ's stead, to be reconciled to the Majesty of heaven and earth. But let us not be misunderstood as to the character of the feeling he excites; for though he has a great knowledge of human character, and of the passions and feelings which rouse men to action—though he knows every avenue of the heart, he cannot make its chords vibrate to the varied touch: the feeling he excites is generally one—not high,—serious and chastened.

In the occasional use of a verse of a hymn he is extremely happy; and the Wesleyan hymn book in his hand seems to possess all the materials for being worked up into a beautiful poetical system of divinity, in almost every variety of stanza. A peculiar tact is also observable, for laying hold of a favourite common-place expression, and of either rendering it ridiculous, or adding to its beauty, by showing the fulness of its meaning, its strength, and its fitness, agreeably to its use or abuse in society. The whole sermon is, strictly speaking, destitute of ornament; but, as a dish, though without garnish, it is invariably agreeable and substantial, such as will regale a prince or feast a peasant. In this respect, it is truly apostolical in its character and tendency; and

the preacher himself would have graced St. Paul as a companion, when he "stood in the midst of Mars-hill," and addressed the Athenians. It would be difficult, perhaps, in the union of matter and manner, to find a Christian minister who blends in his pulpit exercises so much of what Horace unites in the following line :

"Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo."

Though there is no attempt to please, and therefore no anxiety on that head, yet he cannot help it; his sole design is to benefit his hearers, and they have the other as something extra, added as a reward for attendance and attention. All his discourses are in the most exalted degree practical and experimental. He never trifles with his audience, never indulges in any thing curious. Time is occupied as though eternity were to close the service,—the latter opening upon the congregation with all its tremendous realities the moment they pass the threshold of the chapel door. His preaching is just adapted to such a hymn as a martyr might be supposed capable of selecting before he went to the stake, and singing in the flames—solemn, yet triumphant!

His general demeanour in the pulpit is calm, but never dry or indifferent; dignified, but not ostentatious: and his attitude rather steady than stiff, never being other than easy. His action—what there is of it, is chaste, dignified, and appropriate; but as all his faculties in public are held under the most severe control, his attitudes may be considered as remotely participating in the restraint. The chief pliability is observed in the neck, which gives a motion to the head; and from hence he derives considerable relief in speaking. While the left hand is generally occupied in holding a portion of the leaves of the Bible towards the lower corner, the

right is set at liberty for slow and graceful movement, sometimes laid flat upon the page, at other times on the breast, then gently raised, turned to the right, or thrown a little forward with the emphasis of a sentence, pointed with the palm downward. But though usually calm and deliberate, and more so as years have advanced and corpulency has gained upon him, yet this deliberation rarely exceeds two-thirds of the time in going through a discourse.

When he approaches the close, as we have already observed, he becomes invariably highly impassioned. The auditory are gradually and almost imperceptibly wound up into a state of agreeable rather than ecstatic feeling; and then they are either borne higher, as by superior force, towards the heaven to which they are going, in joyous anticipations, or driven back into themselves in bitter wailings, and plunged, so to speak, into the abyss of an anticipated hell. A fine, vehement burst of eloquence, however, is sometimes spoiled by over-straining the voice, and terminating in an unnatural scream. In a moment of high excitement, the face is flushed up to the forehead, and the comely features, upon which the eye had reposed and the heart almost doated, become unpleasantly distorted. There is a point when the general expression bears the aspect of one from beneath rather than from above; when the man instead of the apostle is let loose upon the congregation; when the business would seem to be in his own hand, he himself being at the momentary mercy of his feelings, and when he could scarcely say to a fellow-sinner, much less a dæmon, with the calmness, firmness, and dignity of an archangel, "The Lord rebuke thee." But this is a mere spot in the sun, seen only occasionally, and though exceedingly dark and

deformed, we would rather have it, nay, many such, than be deprived of such an orb, who lights up such a day. With this exception, the dignity of the pulpit, both in matter and manner, is always maintained. It is the sermon that tells upon the soul, and not the action upon the eye. Speaking of the eye, we are reminded, by the way, that his own eyes are often buried in the course of his sermon; and we have heard of a winking brother weak enough to imitate this habit. The same person, in order to be a Scott, would no doubt be induced to limp like Sir Walter. But leaving this gentleman, and proceeding with the subject under notice; he is sometimes to be seen in the street with a walking-stick in his hand and an umbrella under his arm, habited in a straight-breasted coat, and latterly, trousers; proceeding with deliberate step, as if afraid of heating the system; unable, apparently, to pass the window of a bookseller, whether in Paternoster Row or elsewhere, without examining its attractions. He is about the middle size, and, as has been hinted, of a full habit; has a comely, though not a handsome face, with a play of gentleness and mildness about the centre. The face itself is round, the eye small and of a light blue-grey, a good forehead, light hair, and extremely bald. At a distance, he looks as if he were tonsured, and in an assembly of monks would appear the loveliest of the lovely,—a fine figure, in short, for Landseer's "Bolton Abbey in the Olden Time." Except among his intimate friends, he is rather reserved. With these, however, say after supper in an evening, his leg meanwhile laid along the sofa or across a chair, he can talk playfully and delightfully,—till morning if you please, but always wisely and prudently. His manners are not polished, but

easy, noble, and slightly courteous, without pride or affectation, and yet without any redundancy of condescension. He is, in short, a man of apparently simple and amiable character; and though possessed of wit, is sparing of it in conversation; being more partial to discussion, than sallies of a lighter kind.

His voice is full, soft, agreeable, even sweet, though not varied. It resembles a fine mellow-toned instrument, without the additional keys to give variety and effect. Owing to its great flexibility, it is capable of uncommon power; but its regular, middle, or even tones, are most captivating; while those of the louder are rousing and impressive. Of the scream, which is horrid, we have spoken already. Apart, however, from this, the voice is never elevated, but at the command of genuine feeling. In reading the prayers and the lessons, all is as easy and natural as the conversation of social life. There is no adjustment of the person to begin with, no unbecoming or drilled attitude, no pitch-pipe modulation of the voice, no affectation, no appearance of starting. He glides into the service like an ethereal spirit, and conducts it like an apostle. It is true you feel him, as he goes along, slightly guilty of maxillarism—of speaking a little too much out of his jaws, but it never offends; it does not, in his case, even amount to an imperfection. The voice of some men sounds as though it were forced from the chest; his never goes so deep; it sounds more frequently as though it took its rise from the top of the wind-pipe, and there is a charm in it which we never met with in any other speaker.

There is one thing which it would be unpardonable to omit, as it immediately refers to him as a Christian, and

stamps his whole character with a sacredness which ought to lead an unprincipled opponent to touch him with mingled awe and respect; lest verily in some cases, he should be found fighting against God; it is his power in prayer. We have heard many highly gifted men engaged in this hallowed exercise; but we must confess, that in him there has been a nearer approach to heaven, a mightier struggle with the Angel of the Covenant, a firmer hold on the horns of the altar, a stronger resemblance of God and man holding converse with each other as face to face, than in almost any other person—except Bramwell, that ever came under our notice. This is by no means a constant occurrence. But, oh, we have known seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord—seasons in which heaven has been open to earth—when a divine power has been felt—when an audience, through the intervention of his intercessory prayer, seemed only to have to ask in order to receive, and all in the congregation have been ready to exclaim, in the language of the Patriarch, “How dreadful is this place! this is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven;” leaving the spot as though they had just come from a visit to the world of spirits, and were entering upon a fuller preparation for their final departure from the present.

It must not be concealed, that the fame which he has acquired, is not altogether the legitimate consequence of his deeds or his talents—though, as it will have been perceived, there is no disposition to detract from either; but has, as in the case of another eminent man, we mean Sir James Mackintosh, arisen partly out of the opinions of his friends and associates, and from the expectations they have all along

engendered of some great work yet to be performed, by which he will live as an author to posterity. "Adair," says the statesman, "introduced me to a woman of considerable talents, Madame de Chatenay, who asked me the very severe question, 'What were the works by which I had gained so high a reputation?' I was obliged, as usual, to have recourse to my projects." Let the secret of the private admiration, and exalted anticipation of coming labours, remain unexplained, and the record of the reputation of the subject in hand, with the Wesleyan public, will be little more than an enigma to succeeding generations. But in this case, we are among the few who fear, that even "projects" are wanting, glad as we should be—from the two or three specimens before the public, to see his pen employed.

To conclude; though we have adverted to the difficulty of attaining such perfection in preaching; yet of all men we know, there is no one upon whom we would sooner fix as a PULPIT MODEL for general imitation. He is one who may be imitated without danger; and the only difficulty to surmount is the charming, divine, and apostolic simplicity of his manner. It is not a perfection to which men have generally to rise, but it is that to which they stoop, and against which their mistaken notions of dignity and public speaking, together with the inflexibility of their nature, will rebel. He has no characteristic peculiarities to offend—none to excite conflicting feelings and sentiments—none which have a promineney over others—none in which an imitator of ordinary prudence and sagacity would be likely to miscarry, by rendering himself obnoxious to some and ridiculous to others—none, in fine, but what is more fitting for the many, being so simple and natural, than any other

model at present before the public. Good speaking in him is, to appearance, as we have intimated, one of the easiest things in the world. He is just what a speaker ought to be; and if it were possible to marshal the whole of the priesthood, like a line of infantry, on an extensive plain, ready to unlearn some of their old, and to adopt more new and appropriate evolutions, we would place this gentleman in the fore-front, where he might be seen and heard by all from right to left, and would at once say, Reap instruction! Many eminent men might be exhibited as models; but this is a style in perfection which is the most approachable. It is by forcing grafts upon simple nature, that we see so many highly gifted men, and even good preachers, spoiled. Here is one whose character, as a preacher, we would sum up, in the language originally applied by Pindar to Hiero, King of Syracuse, though in a somewhat different sense, by styling him a man—

δρεπων μεν

Κορυφας αρετῶν απο πασῶν.—OLYMP. i. v. 21.*

*The Rev. C. A. Wheelwright, Prebendary of Lincoln, whose translation, as a whole, we prefer to that of West, has rendered the passage,—

"Culling the pride of every flower,
That blooms in Virtue's hallowed bower,
A wreath of highest praise."

In our accommodation of the passage to the preacher, we should, in plain prose, have substituted *excellence* for "pride," and *wisdom* for "Virtue," and should have been happy, provided the measure and poetry had admitted of it.

Po. H.

BRAMWELL.

"Ye gentle theologians, of calmer kind!
 Whose constitution dictates to your pen,
 Who, cold yourselves, think ardour comes from hell!"

YOUNG.

ZEAL is admissible in almost every thing except religion. A general may enter the field, and, fired with zeal, mow down his thousands;—an admiral, enflamed with the same passion, may shade the ocean with unnumbered sails, and blow the navy of an enemy to atoms;—a literary character, or a man of mechanical genius, may pursue the arts and sciences with ardour;—the merchant may indulge his business habits to the abridgment of his hours for natural repose;—the comedian and tragedian may be impassioned, nay, may stare and stamp in a frenzy, on the stage: but the moment a man becomes animated by the same feeling in promoting the present and eternal interests of the soul, that instant he is considered "beside himself," by Agrippa, though the latter may be equally zealous in supporting the

dignity and extending the conquests of Claudius and of Nero, —that instant he is branded by the world as a madman ; and should the fire of his zeal be heated to intensity, he will even stand rebuked among his brethren, who are desirous of an apology for their own comparative indifference. In the outset of a man's Christian career, he is transformed by the grace of God into a flaming seraph, and is inspired with holy zeal. But is this feeling to be in operation only in the infancy of the Christian life? and then to be toned down into a state of indifference, as age advances, and grace becomes matured? St. Paul was as zealous at the close, as at the commencement of his career ; so also were the other Apostles. Zeal has been very properly defined—a mixed passion, composed of love and anger ; the soul running out, like an impetuous torrent, in purest love to God, and anger, or holy indignation, against every insult offered to his law. The heart is somewhat like the hearth-stone ; the affections are the warm, or “live coals,” deposited within it ; and zeal is the flame which breaks forth—bickering—blazing—crackling—and exhibiting itself to all around. Every good man is favoured—or at least ought to be, with a double baptism,—a baptism of water and a baptism of fire. Phineas comes shining through the darkness of intervening ages, like a lighted torch, crowned with this honour—“He was zealous for the Lord.” The Psalmist, nearly parched to death with the fire within, gives utterance to his feelings in this extraordinary language—“My zeal hath consumed me.” Our Lord, in flogging the buyers and sellers out of the temple, exclaims, “The zeal of thy house hath eaten me up.” St. Paul, in speaking of Epaphras, says “I bear him record that he hath a great zeal for you ;” while to Christians

generally, he observes, "It is good to be zealously affected always in a good thing;" not forgetting that, to make us "zealous of good works," was one of the objects which Christ had in view in the redemption of the world by his death. But as there is a preternatural heat, which bears a strong resemblance to zeal, though still not the thing itself,—just as a meteor may resemble a star, it is necessary to discriminate between that which is genuine, and that which is fictitious.

In WILLIAM BRAMWELL, a native of Preston, in Lancashire, who entered the itinerant life in 1786, and died suddenly at Leeds, in 1818, we have one of the most illustrious examples of fervid zeal, which Methodism has to exhibit among its many burning brands. He stood about five feet nine or ten inches; was naturally inclined to feed, but kept his body under. The legs were the least proportionate part of the frame; and though neat, were somewhat like pillars too slender for the superstructure to rest upon. His complexion was dark—his hair black—his features, though not large, strong—the face inclined to round—a hard grip about the mouth, with a slight pout in the under lip—and an eye like a dagger, dark and searching. It was impossible to forget the form and expression of the countenance when once beheld; leaving an impression upon the mind, like the stamp of a seal—bold—minute—and well defined.

The Life of this excellent man fell into weak, injudicious hands; the compiler being more enamoured with the warmth of his zeal, than its genuineness, and utterly incapable of forming a proper estimate of his genius and character. He brought to the work all the feverish warmth of friendship,

without the ability to execute the task assigned him—exhibiting his hero as a perfect model for all Wesleyan Ministers, and indulging a feeling amounting to disrespect towards those of them who aimed at any thing short of the standard proposed. There is too great a love of the marvellous, which is sought for, believed in, and cherished, but not always supported. Mr. Bramwell himself might partly lead the way to this, as he entertained a leaning towards it, and professed to be a discerner of spirits; in the latter of which exercises, he was distinguished for several lucky hits, arising in some cases probably, from his knowledge of physiognomy, and the habits and character of the party—though in others he was egregiously mistaken. But this is a mere speck, and no more affects the moral and intellectual being, than the hesitancy of Johnson, which foot to turn first to the door on certain days, can lower his essential dignity, or a spot can affect the splendour of the noon-day orb.

Charity and fidelity attended Bramwell in all his steps,—stripping even the garments from off his person to give to the poor,—and bearing down upon sin, in high and low, in public and private, in the church and in the world, with the withering effect of a flash of fire from heaven. Few men—for the length of his race, have been more distinguished than himself in modern times for the conversion of souls. He was, in the strictest sense, a revivalist; but generally conducted the work—and that too, at the very moment he was heaping fresh fuel upon the fire, with great discretion, himself—as the instrument under God, being absolute monarch in its management. Persons spoke, or prayed, or sang, or were mute at his bidding. Like most revivalists,

he had, wherever he moved, a coterie of his own, not constituting a party, in the improper sense of that term, nor yet formed through design; but certain zealous persons, who made him their rallying point, and who found while they acted conscientiously, countenance, support, and employment. The less sensible and scrupulous of these would form themselves occasionally into parties, and would trumpet up Paul, Apollos, or Cephas; but not with his sanction, or in his hearing.

He was rigorous, so far as he himself was concerned, to the point of asceticism—scrupulous to a fault; and would make all bend to him, like the forest yielding to the motion of the passing gale. Though naturally positive, dogmatic, and possessed of strong passions, he would never stand to contest the point with others, either in public or private. While all was hushed within by the grace of God, all was subdued from without by the spirit and practice of prayer—sometimes dropping on his knees in the midst of an argument in a Leaders' meeting, and pronouncing the blessing as its close. He was the subject of severe temptation; Luther himself never had more dreadful combats with invisible powers; but he was always uppermost in the struggle—and seemed, like the primitive teachers of Christianity, to be a man of one business—that of saving his own soul, and the souls of others. Time was valuable; and, as an early riser, he redeemed much from sleep, which he consecrated to study and to prayer. He has been known to have four or five rounds in prayer with a friend before five o'clock in a morning,—the latter complaining of a want of matter, physical weakness, and aching knees. His faith, on some occasions, was so strong and commanding, that he

only appeared to ask and to have ; and there was generally a power in prayer ; that brought those around him into more immediate communion with God,—the parties feeling as though they were breathing in another atmosphere,—all being ventilated by the pure breath of heaven. Being the subject of sudden impulses and impressions, it was no wonder that he should be found occasionally incorrect ; but there was often a something connected with them, like the infallibility of instinct.

His reading, like his library, was not extensive, but select—and always directed to the useful. In fact, he studied more than he read, and prayed more than he studied. His house was emphatically a house of prayer, and every house he entered was transformed into the same. He had some knowledge of the Greek, and was conversant with the French ; from the latter of which he translated a work on preaching, entitled “ The Salvation Preacher,” well calculated to rouse slumbering teachers and a torpid auditory.

It was his deep piety that induced the habit of spiritualizing, and led to such views, and to such a manner of illustrating different portions of the Bible, as could only be accounted for in connection with the fact of a mind deeply imbued with the Spirit of God ; and he gave ample proof, that, had he cultivated the faculty, he would have risen to considerable eminence in the allegorical art ; but he had too much good sense to indulge in it. He could have delineated the Christian in his difficulties, temptations, and ultimate triumph, with as much skill and poetical effect as Bunyan in his Pilgrim, and would have arrested the attention of an audience in the same way that the latter is known to do his readers ; or, in a manner somewhat similar—only on

subjects the most serious and important, to the fixed attention of children, when engaged with a book that interests them—with a subject perhaps fictitious in itself, but with an admirable moral, and written for their amusement and profit. The slightest motion, or noise, or contrary look, caught his eagle eye, and called forth remark,—not so much on his own account, in being disturbed by it, but lest it should distract the attention of others, and prevent their profiting. Never did a mother watch with deeper feeling the slumbers of her infant in the cradle, lest foot, or hand, or voice, should break its repose, than did he the profound attention of a congregation, which he never failed to secure from the least disturbance that might be likely to occur, either from within or from without.

Perhaps there was too great a disposition to accommodate his style, particularly in the relation of an anecdote, to the taste of the common people, at the expense of the habits and thinkings of persons in polished society. Still, in those stoopings, when he consented to become a fool for the purpose of reaching the less instructed of his auditors, and when he was never otherwise than useful, the style and subject were not altogether for persons who were but just beginning to hear, and who, like the readers of Sir Roger L' Estrange, could relish nothing but the meanest ideas, presented in the meanest language,—but something more elevated; and though not exactly fitted for the acceptance, yet not at all calculated to excite the displeasure, of the educated portions of the community. Few men could tell an anecdote with finer effect in the pulpit than himself, or make a more appropriate selection for the subject—not even Dr. Dodd in his “Sermons to Young Men.” He could imitate,

especially in cases of tenderness, the feeling, the language, the manner, and the sentiment, so exactly, that he seemed for the moment identified with the parties—at once fixing attention, and awakening the sympathies of his hearers to tears; not only impressing them with some moral truth, and depositing in the recollection some useful maxim, but preserving the interest which had been excited, to enable them to accompany him through the remainder of the discourse.

There was great sweetness, clearness, power, and flexibility in his voice; employing in public speaking, as in singing, the counter, the tenor, and the base,—alternately pouring into the ear the soft windings of the lute, and the roar of the lion; now evincing the melting, winning tenderness of the mother over her children, and then the fierceness of a West Indian tornado, sweeping all before it. It was exquisitely fitted to strains of serious earnestness, with amazing compass; and, in addition to softness, adapted to express scorn, indignation,—in short, all the passions; and of amazing pathos—free from all harshness and monotony.

His command over the passions was absolute; he could wind them at will,—joy, suspense, terror, admiration,—all flickering or settling upon the countenances of his hearers, like clouds or patches of sunshine across the harvest-field,—himself the while, full of hope in reference to the yellow grain waving beneath his eye. To sinners especially, he was a son of thunder; and his feelings, and thoughts, and language, being often highly poetical, he would sometimes run on with a number of bold, brief, yet harmonious sentences, full of fire and imagery,—falling on the ear like blank verse,—increasing in strength of thought and volume

of voice,—now rolling like a swelling flood, or dashing downward, from steep to steep,—breaking down every embankment,—and carrying away trees, cattle, houses, and inhabitants; or, perhaps, more properly—though still under figure, like a fire, first attacking by its ravages a single house—then increasing in fury—spreading from street to street, till the whole city, like another Moscow, seemed enveloped in flame—timbers crackling—roof after roof giving way—the reflection gleaming afar through the midnight heavens. In “the terrors of the Lord,” on the horrors of hell, we rarely ever—unless in the case of Benson in his *Sermons on the Second Coming of Christ*—heard his equal. The whole was so graphic, accompanied with such earnestness—such downright earnestness, that it rarely failed to rouse the sinner, and had such an effect upon the imagination, as to give an air of reality to what was otherwise only employed for illustration. He showered down upon meanness, lukewarmness, hypocrisy, vice in every form, a pitiless storm of the most fierce invective. With a transition as sudden, in manner, language, subject, and feeling, he would, like a blink of sunshine, have issued from the tempest of passion he had raised, and would have placed salvation within the immediate reach of the sinner, like a rope, ladder, or other instrument of escape, to save from flood or fire; and with a winning affection and anxiety, have charmed the penitent into instant faith in Christ.

Though he had considerable imagination, and indulged it freely, it was always for a beneficial purpose: nor did he, in his attempts to spiritualize, as already noticed, indulge in the fancifulness of Keatch; but all his expositions displayed, not only warm devotional feeling, but great seriousness, and

his texts were invariably well selected. He was in truth, a man of a somewhat masculine understanding, of great decision of character, and indomitable energy of mind; and if he had enjoyed the benefits of a superior education, he would have taken a respectable stand in the literary world. It is true, his mind was not of the first order, yet it was, as has just been stated, strong; and we add, acute, inventive, and searching. There was no aptitude for the subtleties of metaphysics; though in all his thinkings, there was a habit of connecting cause and effect. He was distinguished for strength and condensation, rather than for the wire-drawings of thought. The text was always permitted to speak for itself. His plans were varied, his divisions and sub-divisions often numerous; yet never embarrassing, either to himself or the hearer; always clear; remarkable for unity of design,—causing one part of the sermon to tell upon another,—occasionally throwing back, and bringing up the materials in hand, with amazing dexterity, and making them chime in with each other like a peal of bells. Still, much ingenuity, dove-tailing, and contrivance as appeared in his sermons, and admirably as one part aided and bore upon another, he was incapable of “forging the long, compacted, and massive chain of demonstration.”

In fine, what the celebrated Dr. Chalmers, who has characterised Methodism, as “Christianity in Earnest,” once said of another Methodist Preacher—the excellent George Thompson,—“I never saw a man go about the work of saving souls, in such a business-like manner, in all my life,” will apply equally well in the present instance. We have heard some persons talk of Bramwell, as if he were a weak, zealous, well-meaning man—themselves without a tithe of

either his piety or his intelligence ; but we take the liberty of dissenting from them, and declare, that we know not a single sentence that is more expressive of his character, than the one employed to delineate the character of the Baptist—"A BURNING AND A SHINING LIGHT."

No. III.

* * * * *

Isaac Keeling

" We coolly pause for thee."

* * * * *

" Therein he was as calm as virtue "

* * * * *

" Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal."

SHAKESPEARE.

THERE is not a greater diversity in the form of the leaves of the oak—and no two were ever found exactly alike, than there is among human beings, as it regards intellectual character and physical form and expression. The gentleman now beheld, assumes as distinctive a character from the whole group we have selected, as any two, however different, that can be brought into juxtaposition with each other. Though neither sickly in his appearance, nor delicate in his texture, he is nevertheless slender in his figure; but then, we are reminded, on looking at him, of the wire, the sinew, and the hempen thread, rather than the cotton or the worsted. He is somewhere about midway between the low and the tall; and as he is erect in his gait, he loses nothing

through the flatness of chest which he presents, and which would incline the form of weaker persons a little forward. His face exhibits a touch of the small-pox ; and in its hue, there is a mingling of the pale, the sallow, and the brown,—the two latter, in their lighter tints, prevailing the general form. The hair, too, which is brown, thin, short, and silky, leads to the suspicion of a false top ; yet the whole is so admirably adjusted and in keeping, that we are left in doubt how to decide. The lips are thin, though the mouth is respectable for expansion, and distinguished by a slight scar on the side. Perhaps the forehead and the eyes are as much calculated to win applause as any part of the face ; the former being white, inclined to the broad and upright, and suitable for the study of a phrenologist ; the latter being of a soft light grey, and invested with the power of a dazzling, quick expression. But take the face as a whole, and it will be generally found to sustain the quality of quiet, yet stern intelligence. There is no flexibility of muscle, no benignity, no snatch of the smiling, or agreeable. We are impressed with the notion of a face—in some particular moods, carved out of a piece of wood ; and when a smile is forced upon it—for it does not seem to rise out of it, it would appear to be in opposition to some established law of nature. It is, in short, one of those countenances, which would lead a stranger to doubt whether an approach to the person of its possessor would not be too great a liberty to be indulged ; and which you would look for on the shoulders of a philosopher.

The same want of play in the features of the face, is perceptible in the other members of the body, whether in or out of the pulpit. He is more the representative of a

person pinioned hand and foot, than one at perfect liberty. When a movement takes place, it affects the whole frame, but never influences the uprightness of his attitude,—consisting chiefly in a gentle, cautious turn, comprising nearly the twentieth part of the circle of the body, but with feet unmoved, as if afraid of discomposing the adjustment of his attire, or disturbing a bandage: and when the head is inclined to veer a little to any particular point of the compass, in order to help the eye to some object of which it is in quest, it is still done with the deliberation which a person would manifest, who was afraid of altering the position of his neckcloth. The lips, the pulse, the lungs, the tongue, are the principal parts of the system that betray the action of life. Were it not for the sound of the voice, persons at a distance, or persons defective in vision, might mistake him for a statue. There is sometimes the glance of the eye to a side, without even the inclination of the head. Had we been engaged on subjects of still life, rather than portraits of living characters, we might—anomalous as it might appear, have exercised our skill upon him, and placed him among the productions of Rycarts, and others of the same school, for the inspection of connoisseurs. The face has been justly characterised as an epitome of the whole man, and the eye as the epitome of the face; but if Theophrastus were present, and the stage the scene, he would be tempted to denominate the speaker before us, an absent actor, as he designated the person who rehearsed his speech with his eyes fixed; while Tully, who termed the arm, by a strong figure, the orator's weapon, would conclude him but ill equipped for the field.

One of the causes of this want of animation may be

fairly traced to the plan which he adopted in the more early part of his ministerial history, furnishing, as to appearance, a perfect specimen of the art of memoriter preaching; though we are inclined to believe, that, notwithstanding the impression it has left upon his manner, it is not rigidly adhered to in the present day. There is a wide difference between this gentleman, and another whose portrait is to be found in this collection. Though both have been educated in the Academy of Memory, yet it is here, as with pupils under the same tuition, where the difference is to be found in the scholar rather than the school,—in the character and construction of the mind, and the temperament of the outward man, rather than in the system pursued. The one is under the incessant influence of fear, which hurries him on with impetuosity towards the goal; the other is the subject of hope—cool—calculating—and of deliberate aim. The one is the subject of doubt, the other of confidence; the one goes to his work certain of achieving his purpose, the other fearful of being baffled in the attempt; the nervous temperament of the one verges a little towards the freezing point, that of the other is blood heat. In the personage before us, all is like the bosom of the unruffled deep—never discomposed—no apparent anxiety: his motto might be—“None of these things move me.” He knows from experience, that he shall succeed; and though a good deal dependant on memory, there is less the appearance of recital than in many others who are its slaves. He never trips—is never hurried. His plan lies before the eye of the mind like a map; every district is defined, though uncoloured—each halting place marked—the milage taken—catch-words, like guide-posts, erected at every point, each with its hand

and inscription. It is of no moment what he may meet with on the road, when he is on his intellectual travels ; all is as even as a fine-spun thread ; be the subject instructive, impressive, sarcastic, controversial, affirmatory, or what else—all is the same. To the less intellectual, it is light without heat ; and to the more impassioned, it is mind without heart. The lips open and close, in the distance, as if partially glued together,—something in the slow way that the gold fish are observed to open the mouth, when deliberately taking in the animalculæ, after the glass globe has been replenished with fresh water ;—or, more properly, like a leathern valve, gently opening and closing through the action of the air.

When he enters upon a discourse, he does it as though he were going to make a conversational remark or two before he enters upon his subject. The hearer, however, on turning back, finds that it has to be taken into the general account, and makes up his mind to go on with the speaker. The key-note to which the voice is raised at first, is the pitch which accompanies him through the sermon, and it is thrown out so as to be heard by persons the most remote from the pulpit, aware that if the furthest find him audible, the intermediate portions of the audience will be within his reach, and at his command. Though he is not loud, he is never low ; and monotonous as is his voice, in its general use and management, yet he contrives to throw in an occasional cadence with good effect. It can neither be pronounced disagreeable, nor yet pleasing, though there is a nearer approach to the latter than the former. It is not quite the dry, grating, and sepulchral ; nor yet the variedly harmonious and melodious ; but whatever be the character of its intonations, it never loses its distinctness, which, with

the matter he has to convey, renders it admirably adapted as a medium for communicating subjects purely didactic. The face rarely, if ever, varies its expression; "the light of the countenance" is a figure of speech which will never apply; and when the eye, through some internal emotion unknown to the auditory, shoots forth a ray extraordinary, it is so completely surrounded by the sombre and the grave, by every thing unlike itself, that it resembles a sunbeam struggling its way through a cloudy sky.

His style is evidently formed on the model of Blair; though neither Johnson in the *Rambler*, nor Addison and Steel in the *Spectator*, are forgotten in the construction of some of his sentences; and his attachment to the former, accounts, in some measure, for the latitude in which he is generally found,—somewhere between the northern part of our Island and the Arctic regions; and the season in which he delights—that of autumn, and near its close, rather than in the buds and blossoms of spring, or the warmth of summer. But then—we require every season to make up the English year, and in the variety of these we find our food, our health, and our safety: nor do we consider the eulogium a mean one, which we wish to convey, and which will be found couched under the figurative terms employed. To constitute a part of the richest, though not the gayest, season of the year, is a high honour.

So rigid is he in reference to style, that every word seems weighed; the balances would never appear to be out of his hand, while in his study; every sentence is turned as upon a lathe, and worked by a skilful mechanic;—time, sense, place, have each their proper share of attention. The sermon that issues from the study, is equally as ready for the

press as the pulpit. We might change our allusion, and instead of the scales, say, that in composition, the rule, the square, and the compasses, are all employed ; every sentence and every paragraph, is moddled with the utmost care and precision ; size, quality, and fitness, are beheld with the eye of an architect ;—the whole is contemplated, when finished, with the feeling of a person entering upon a neat, commodious house, which he has reared agreeably to his own plan, and at his own expense ; and such is the character of his mind, that it is doubtful, whether he has any thing like second thoughts—whether, by examining a subject afterwards, he could add any thing to it, without injuring its general effect. He seems in most cases, to see a thing—not at once, but at one sitting ; and to see his way to it steadily, though not quickly ; and so critically correct is he, that it has been stated, if he were going to be executed, he would request permission to go back to examine whether his sentence were correctly worded.

He is one of those men who believe, that defective preaching is a reflection on the pulpit ; that a person may preach long, and yet preach but little, in consequence of the poverty of his matter ; that divinity, like a princess, should be arrayed in the best attire ; and that an ambassador of God, who is the Fountain of wisdom, and the Author of the first and best language, should never deliver his message in any other than that which comports with propriety, dignity, simplicity, and purity. One of his maxims is,—Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well ; and this enters the texture of every sentence he utters, and every word he pens.

What he advances is sure to be theologically sound and

correct; yet, if the distinction may be allowed—and we hope our meaning will be perceived, it is not so scriptural, as it is accordant with scripture; he walks more frequently by the side of the Bible, than mounts its phraseology; and through an occasional paucity of scripture language and scripture metaphor, his sermons want that impress of authority, which would greatly improve them, as well as shew that the beautiful simplicity with which the truth of God is clothed, was properly estimated and relished. The Bible is far from absent, but it is not sufficiently present. There is a greater concern apparently, how a sentence or a sermon will be taken, or will appear before the public, than as to the amount of public good to be effected by it;—greater attention paid to the form, than to the edge of the blade—to its polish, than its temper—to the ornamental part of the haft, than its execution in the field—or, in other words, to the understanding, than the heart. We say, there is this appearance; we have no objection—for the sake of the hearer, to be found in error. Far, indeed, are we from indulging the least suspicion, that he is indifferent to the immortal interests of his fellow-men; but still, there is a want of earnestness. He has more intent—if such an epithet as intent can be applied to his manner, respecting the light he can impart, than the heat he can raise—more interested about the head than the heart,—would rather have credit for wisdom than zeal—would be content to be a shining, rather than a burning light—would sooner employ the silver trumpet than the ram's horn—would more readily receive the applause of the intelligent few, than become a fool for the sake of the untutored many—would find it more difficult to descend the

hill thou climb its height—would much rather, in short, appear in his regimentals, with his stiffener on, and ready for the drill, than appear unwashed, unshaven, unaccoutered, running with a bucket of water in his hand, to quench a fire in a room adjoining the barracks. To be caught in his undress, would much sooner discompose him, than to be summoned into the presence of royalty at a levee: and why? Having placed himself in the drill, and knowing every movement and evolution, he is always ready. It is no trouble to him to compose a sermon, and it would be marvellous to see him otherwise than composed over it; but an unpleasant feeling might be experienced in the absence of an opportunity to deliver one, at the right time, and in the right place. His toil seems to terminate with its composition in the study, and his pleasure—we mean satisfaction, commences in the pulpit, or more properly, when he turns the key of his study door, where every thing in the shape of exercise remains locked up till his return. He is on the road to a place, where he is going to exhibit materials—a kind of sacred merchandise, which he is certain ought to please—if it do not; and may profit—if people are so disposed; and relative to which, he can conscientiously say to his customers, “Buy the Truth!”—and once bought, can with equal integrity of heart advise them to “sell it not.” Still, the customers are free agents; it is optional to take it or not; if received, they are the gainers; if not, he is clear; but he will not appear too urgent in pressing the bargain. Here seems to be the defect; and we are confident, if this were remedied,—to employ another commercial term, “a greater stroke of business would be done.”

Let us, however, not be misunderstood. We repeat it,

—the indifference is more apparent than real ; it is partly constitutional, and partly owing to certain prepossessions, not unworthy a man of God, and maintained by men of the highest order of intellect—though perhaps sufficient allowance is not made for the utter repugnance of the human heart towards every thing sacred, and which requires a mighty energy to rouse it to action, and enlist it on the side of religion. Nature never intended him for a Boanerges—never warmed him with her hidden fires—never imparted to him the impetuosity which characterises some of her sons. Hence, it becomes—with such excellent materials—with so much mind—a subject of regret rather than of blame. Our language, therefore, is not that of complaint or of fault-finding—and this we wish to be understood in other cases, but of description—TAKING men simply as they appear to us. We would take up any other creature of God in the same way, to whose interior we could only find access by means of external signs, and describe it as Buffon, or any other naturalist, would do the irrational tribes ;—we would assign to Moses his meekness and slowness of speech, to Samson his strength, to Solomon his wisdom, to Job his patience, to Jonah his peevishness, to Martha her haste and her care, to Peter his zeal, to Paul his “labours more abundant,” and to John his love,—and to no one should we consider ourselves as doing an injury, by pointing out the peculiarities of their separate characters,—the impressive stamp which Nature made, when she affixed her seal to each, and turned them from her hands upon the world. We are, in fact, taking the liberty which Robinson, which the gentleman himself, and which every preacher of the gospel takes, in his attempts to delineate “Scripture characters,”

as well as human character in general—living and dead—both in the mass and in the detail.

But we gave an intimation respecting prepossessions, as well as temperament. It would be an easy thing for any person of great equanimity of mind, any person of philosophical indifference, any person of stoical apathy, logically to reason himself into the persuasion, that it is beneath the dignity of a man of sense to employ any thing like oratorical artifice—for so they seem to consider it, to trick men into a profession of religion. But we should deny such persons the right to speak on the subject, unless they possessed the power of shaking heaven and earth,—unless they could thunder, lighten, dazzle, astonish, enrapture, terrify, overwhelm. Without this, their remarks might be deemed only an apology for themselves—a justification of their own peculiar manner. Still we are bound to respect the sincerity of a man, who maintains—and maintains it as the conviction of his mind,—That truth ought to stand on its own merits—that it ought to be received for its own sake, abstracted from the manner of the speaker—that men ought to be treated as rational creatures, and the appeal made, not to the passions of the heart, but to the understanding; under which circumstances, the self-same truth is likely to be the most sincerely embraced, the most faithfully defended, the most illustriously professed, the most permanently sustained. Be it so; still, man is the creature of feeling—the sacred writers are more frequently engaged in digging around the heart, than in assailing the head—and the way to the understanding of the untutored is generally through the passions. Hence, it is conjectured, that both Orpheus and Amphion were poetical legislators, like the legislators

among almost all barbarous people, whose laws were chanted, with a view to charm and captivate the subject, whose reason was addressed through the medium of the imagination. The fact is, that the head is much sooner won over to the side of truth—in its theory, than the heart to virtue ; there is, in the one instance, only a thin veil to be removed ; in the other, a “horrible pit of mire and clay” to be dug and cleaned out. If truth be so desirable—so beautifully transparent, virtue so lovely, how comes it to pass, that, on their first exhibition, the human family do not fall in love with them? There is an opposing barrier in human nature ; force must be employed ; stroke after stroke must be given till it is shivered in pieces, and a pathway is made, by the holy violence of apostolical preaching, for the triumphant entrance of truth and righteousness.

Some persons would be disposed to pronounce him a dull preacher ; we are of an opposite opinion. Dulness, in the estimation of such persons, bears a striking analogy to Sir Isaac Newton’s *vis inertiae*, which that celebrated philosopher so emphatically ascribes to matter ; something between a property and no property, a negativo-positive quality, or half one and half the other. Dulness is an actively inactive quality, or an operosely indolent and lazy one. It is so heavy, as not to be perfectly stupid ; and it is so stupid, as not to be quite sensible. In dulness, the understanding is in a dozed state, as it regards science ; and the passions, in a composed or indolent state, as it regards happiness. But here, it is the reverse : the understanding is in all its activity and strength, and the heart—though it manifests no ripple on the surface, is in a state of deep and solemn feeling ; we should, therefore, be inclined to

pronounce him a grave, rather than a dull preacher. In dulness, there is sameness and insipidity ; here, there is taste, and—as far as matter goes, a teeming and instructive variety—especially on the proverbs of Solomon.

Abstracted from his manner, which, though not calculated to compel men to come into the house of the Lord, in order that it may be filled, the instances would be rare indeed, in which persons of intelligence could go to hear him, and not reap a harvest of solid instruction ; and although he might not allure men to the temple, he is one of those preachers that will be certain to keep them there, and constitute them its pillars, for ornament and support. He will never be popular—taking that term in its downright maddening and outrageous sense, but, he will always be useful and highly respected. The world will never run mad after him, but he will keep them sober—and there is much need of it. No one will die out of sheer love of him as a preacher ; but he will always be respected for his moral and religious worth, and will have his admirers, defenders, and applauders, as a man of intellect : and foreign as his manner may be to what the Wesleyans are generally accustomed to—taking them up into the cold attics, without even a fire-place or hearth-stone, when they expect to be seated by a rosie fire in the kitchen,—yet many of them want their upper chambers furnished, and for this purpose he supplies a very important station in the church. Methodism, indeed, requires a few men of this stamp, to curb it in its extravagances, in reference to a few of its preachers. Light and warmth must go hand in hand ; and if they cannot be found in the same being, it is well when they are found combined in two persons in the same place and employ. If there be one defect

in Wesleyan Methodism more obvious than another, it is a want of varied knowledge. Let the members of the body add to the laudable attention they pay to hearing, that of reading, and they will become the most glorious luminaries of the militant church.

To come more immediately to the character of his mind, he has but a small share of genius—no play of fancy—very little imagination; and though occasionally figurative, the figures employed seem to want the freshness and novelty of originality. They are select, appropriate, and sometimes beautiful; but they are met with the feeling with which one person meets another, whom he has seen before, though time and place cannot be distinctly recollected. His style is truly classical and chaste, as already hinted, though occasionally deficient in ease. His pronunciation is less correct.* The severity of his thoughts would enable him to succeed, if not excel, as a satirist; both his grain and cast of mind lead him that way; though he would never go beyond commonplace as a humourist. But all is kept in proper subjection by the grace of God. As a sermoniser, he is more than respectable—he is excellent; as a controvertist,—for he has appeared in both characters, he is like a fretted por-

* As ap for up	and for hand	femilies for families
ware for where	arken for hearken	sey for see
e for he	hend for hand	enswered for answered
ear for here	sarvant for servant	beind for behind
ad for had	parson for person	wen for when
cam for come	san for son	fat for foot
urt for hurt	desparse for disperse	

These are merely selected from hearing him read one of the Lessons. Hence, "He laid his hand upon them, and healed them," would be, "e laid is and upon them, and ealed them."

cupine. He has written two or three pieces of poetry, one or two of which shew deep pathetic feeling, and touch with a tenderness not to be felt in his prose. In the latter, his pattern is formed—one for all—and he is more fastidious about the fit of the clothes, and the particular costume his subject wears, than the precise figure and shape he sustains : not that he is inattentive to the latter ; he has too much good sense to be indifferent ; but his mind will sooner perceive and decide on a truth, than he can satisfy himself with the drapery in which it is to appear. He is never so high as to be out of sight, or like the lark which appears but a speck in the beam of the morning ; and never so low as to grovel ; his diction is always elevated, his thought pure and dignified ; in both, he is more generally above, than below the middle regions. He thinks steadily, soberly, clearly, devoutly, gravely, but never rapturously. He is the creature of thought more than of feeling. He would never do as a leader, but would prove a powerful auxiliary in cases which required pure, unbending, unsophisticated intellect, and integrity of heart. He is an invaluable appendage, rather than a glittering ornament to the Wesleyan body ; will serve as a still, deep, blue expanse of water, to occupy the place of a mirror, in which persons may view themselves, through the variety and accuracy of his descriptions, rather than as a beautiful landscape to enrapture the mind and regale the senses. He has the power of classification, rather than of invention ; and his severely disciplined mind will suffer nothing to pass which will not support his intellectual dignity under the strictest scrutiny, whether it regards the matter, or, to employ a mercantile phrase, the manner of “ getting it up ; ” while his deep piety will admit of nothing

but the solid and the useful. The full extent of his worth to the connexion is only appreciated by the few ; the feverish many are too fond of excitement to perceive it.

Though purely sentimental,—yet it is not cold sentimentality. This has led some persons—his sentimentalism—to conclude him destitute of sensibility ; but the truth is, such persons mistake his self-control for coldness ; and there cannot be a greater mistake. No man is more alive to the nicest points of feeling. His sense of honour,—to which may be added, ministerial dignity, is most keen : nor is he less sensitive as a father and a husband.

No. IV.

CLARKE.

Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna.---HORACE.

WE have met with a sketch of this eminent man, so much to our mind, taken by one who appears not only to have been familiar with him, but to have made him a study, that we feel disposed to give it in full, interweaving it, nevertheless, with such remarks, as may occur to us, and as may appear necessary to complete the character : remarks which we believe the writer himself—as our views seem to harmonize with his own, would not object to introduce.

ADAM CLARKE was born in an obscure village called Moybeg, in the county of Londonderry, Ireland, some time about 1760. His father studied successively at Edinburgh and Glasgow, where he proceeded M. A., and afterwards entered as a Sizer in Trinity College, Dublin. Having formed a proper estimate of the value of learning, he gave his son, Adam, a classical education. But as it is not our object to furnish a Life of any of our subjects, we refer to

the Memoirs published of him by the Family for everything in the shape of narrative.

On any one throwing the mind back on the first sixteen years of the life of "little Adam Clarke," as he was then designated, who is at all acquainted with it, he will soon find, by selecting a few incidents, that, when concentrated in him, they form so many scattered rays of light brought into a focus, all contributing either less or more to point him out as a luminary emerging from obscurity, and destined for something beyond a dimly-discerned satellite—destined to shine beautifully bright with other stars, either singly or amid that galaxy, streaming with light along the sky, and which contributes to the splendour of the midnight heavens. There was scarcely anything ordinary in his movements, in ordinary cases and circumstances. His parents, though dignified in ancestry, and respectably connected with the living, were in a comparatively humble situation in life, in consequence of which he laboured under many disadvantages. They, nevertheless, directed their attention to the cultivation of his mind and of his morals,—the father severely intent upon the improvement of the former, and the mother sedulously engaged in grounding and perfecting the latter. But however well qualified for their separate tasks, they found, that while their tyro manifested good moral feeling, and amazing precocity for other things, he evinced, till some time after other children have made considerable progress in letters and figures, an utter inaptitude to take in the commonest elementary principles of an initiatory education. All of a sudden, a change took place, when about seven or eight years of age—a change somewhat analagous in letters to that which is styled "a new creation" in religion, after

which he strode along the path of knowledge, like Asahel over the plains and mountains of Judea, who "was as light of foot as a wild roe." When traced through the several gradations of childhood, boyhood, and youth, till entered into his teens, several unobtrusive intimations will be found of something extraordinary in character. He was inured to hardness, so as to become almost impervious to cold;—industry and early rising settled down into the fixed form of a habit;—amusement was generally indulged only so far as it connected itself with the harmless in juvenile pastimes;—he had a nature possessed of exquisite tenderness and sensibility, and though liberal in the extreme, was so much the economist as to sigh and mourn over needless indulgence in his parents;—blessed with tolerable regularity of conduct, and a regard for the ordinances of religion, he preserved a rigid attention to moral, while ignorant of evangelical truth;—favoured with a buoyancy of spirit that might have proved fatal to others, he was preserved in the midst of its indulgence from incessant intoxication at the fountain of human delight;—an insatiate thirst after knowledge was ever perceived by those around, often seeking to satisfy himself in the profound and mysterious, being especially inquisitive respecting everything that seemed to link itself to the invisible world and the soul of man, subjecting himself to pain, and fear, and inconvenience in its acquisition;—a taste for the Greek and Latin classics was acquired;—judgment commenced its decisions in passing sentence upon, and in attempting to improve the literary defects of others;—improvements were grafted on experience with the wisdom of age;—a memory was discernible which, when he had stooped to pick up the smallest particle of an incident,

a conversation, or a passing event, could bear about the whole through every changing scene of life;—early prejudices were seen to strike their roots, which were afterwards found to be not only serviceable to himself, but to constitute some of the peculiarities and excellences of his manhood;—a partiality to the antique was visible at a period when a love of novelty is the predominant passion;—books were prized above rubies;—not satisfied with philosophizing on natural objects beneath his feet, he elevated his eye to heaven and was enamoured with the pure azure and the host of stars over his head;—and all this before he escaped from youth, and before his conversion to God! Here were stirring some of the elements, the peculiarities, and characteristics of genius; and there is scarcely anything allied to the useful, the excellent, and the good in the great man, in which he did not excel. As the sapling oak virtually possesses the trunk, the foliage, and the acorn-fruit of the old tree, towards which it is perpetually growing and putting forth its strength, and at which, if its vegetable life is spared, it will actually arrive;—so, Adam the younger bid fair to be all that was actually beheld and admired in Adam the elder, being the subject of a special providence, as if spared for important public purposes, in the accomplishment of which he was to flourish and tower above many of his fellows.

Passing on to his conversion to God while yet a youth, his call to the ministry, and the fruit and extent of his labours as a public teacher, to the latter of which some slight allusion has been made, and there—what is beheld? In an agony, on account of sin, as if hell had rid itself of part of its misery, and poured like a deluge its fiery stream

into his soul, he went to his Maker in prayer, fixed, in the open fields near Coleraine, in Ireland, his steadfast eye of faith upon Him who was crucified, and upon whose head it was afterwards his ambition to place the diadem; when, sudden as light from heaven, mercy, flashing from the throne of God, fell upon his spirit, with evidence clear, irresistible, and unspeakably joyous. From that moment he rose a renovated being, and others, seeing the grace of God in him, were glad. He then appeared no longer a distinct being, localized to one place, but seemed to have multiplied into so many different persons, diffusing himself in his labours over a wide tract of country; where, from the frequency of his visits, and the productiveness of his public addresses, he produced the effect of possessing all, while all in their turn seemed to be in the constant enjoyment of himself. Like Timothy, he not only knew the Scriptures, but expounded them, if not in the letter, at least in the spirit. A light like this was never intended to be placed under a bushel; a city like this never to be erected any where but on a hill. The venerable Wesley, like Paul the aged, heard of this youthful Timothy, laid his hand upon him, and sent him unfettered into the vineyard, where he toiled, and suffered, and attended to the culture of the branches of the True Vine. Home was too confined a sphere of labour; he visited England, and England being too circumscribed, he visited "the islands of the sea." His missionary zeal continued to burn, and at an age when first fires are often extinguished in others, he went forth with his life in his hands, to brave the tempests that rave around Thule's barren islands, to look, to think, to speak, to act for himself,—to satisfy himself of

the genuineness of the work in Zetland,—to bear up the hands of those whom he had been the instrument of sending out and supporting, among the northern breakers; and thus showing them, that he would not place them in a situation of peril, from which he himself would for a moment even seem to shrink.

Thrice elevated to the highest official dignity Wesleyan Methodism had to confer, he stood at his death in this respect without a compeer. He was one of those instances of a person who, never seeking for honour, was closely pursued by it; and there is this peculiarity in honour, that when pursued for her own sake, she is so coy as to flee, and so swift of foot as never to be overtaken; while, on the other hand, those who endeavour to evade her, are sure to be followed by her, as she is ever to be found in the wake of unassuming merit. Envy, in his case, might have laboured in vain in the work of detraction; for whatever degree of influence she might have exercised on her own baneful few, he still remained the child of the public—a public ever zealous in promoting the honours of its children, and equally jealous lest any should pluck them out of its hand. Congregations were obtained which few other men could command, collections were secured which no other man could raise. These are facts, and, eulogistic as may be the strain of them, are founded on statements which have been publicly made, the statements themselves only constituting a title of what might be adduced in support of the respective subjects; and the unbought, unbiassed, and unsophisticated testimony of the multitude has only to be asked, in order to be granted, in attestation of their truth. Leaving, however, more general ground, and fixing

attention, just like the eye, on a piece of Grecian sculpture, redolent of everything but life, upon what more immediately constitutes form and character, a more correct estimate may be formed of the man, by entering a little into detail.

Dr. Clarke's figure, which was rather tall, and towards the close of life, a little inclined to corpulency; his ruddy complexion, in beautiful contrast with his silver locks, which were thrown back, and gave additional openness to his countenance; his dignified apostolical appearance, and his firm step, might appear suitable for the present occasion, as subjects for amplification, and necessary for those to be told, who never saw him walk as a messenger of the churches.

In looking at Dr. Clarke's published Sermons, and comparing them not only with each other, but with what we have heard from his lips, it is impossible for posterity properly to understand his character as a Preacher and Sermoniser, without attending to the distinction pointed out in the sketch referred to, between his oral and his published Discourses. The truth is, in one class of sermons the excellent author was seated in his study; in another, he was found occupying the pulpit; and it is only in the latter case that a person, who never had the privilege of hearing him, can come at his real character as an apostle of God, or satisfactorily discriminate between the student and the preacher. This was a point which, during life, his stated hearers could easily decide, by comparing his printed with his oral discourses; and this will account sufficiently for any either real or apparent inequality between some of the earlier and some of the later of his published discourses; the former having been expressly prepared for the press,

and the latter being intended simply for present use and a limited circle, as food for the affections and intelligences of his auditory. When he wrote, he wrote not only for the generation moving around him, but for posterity. When he preached, he assumed more of the character of a person standing by the highway, who, on seeing the multitudes pass along, many of whom he might never see again, was anxious to give them a word of wholesome advice, to aid them during the remainder of their journey. Hence, in the one case, fewer appeals to classical authority, less painstaking, less formality, and more frequent addresses to the hearer; in the other, direct addresses to the reader, accompanied frequently with those quotations, with those references, and with that kind of matter, which is more adapted to the retirement of the closet, and for research, than for the momentary pause of a hearer from the bustle of life,—never forgetting, in either instance, the holy and the useful. He was so completely transformed from the student into the preacher, that he seemed to combine two persons in one, leaving the one in the study, and bringing the other into the house of God, full of holy fervour, simplicity, and heavenly wisdom. In this consisted the charm of his ministry as a learned man, and in this was to be found the advantage of his hearers.

Though he had a plan in the pulpit, and that plan was perceptible, in most instances, to the more intelligent part of his hearers, it was rarely ever announced with the formality of a division and sub-division; and never with the jingle and parade which distinguish many modern pulpit discourses. The plan was unfolded by degrees, in the execution of the several parts. The whole was loose, free,

easy, and yet not careless; all being poured forth like one unbroken stream, with here and there a powerful rush, setting all around on the move; deep, yet simple as the element itself, clear and refreshing, and without any apparent effort. In cases where order was the least perceptible, the fine flow of thought and of feeling in which he indulged, was invariably taking within its vast and sweeping motion, whatever of the useful came in its way on its route to the ocean of eternity, whither he was always after due preparation here, conducting his hearers. Numerous as might be the windings of an argument through which he conducted his auditors, it was still, like the same stream, working out its own natural bed amidst the mountains and over the plains, coming, as it were, from the heights of the understanding, and finally settling down into the heart, in fixed and steady purpose. To one plan he never could be confined, and was disposed to ridicule the system of "button making," as the great Robert Hall denominated the modern manufacture of a sermon,—a term also employed by John Newton, and which the doctor himself, in his "Letter to a Preacher," notices in the expressive but sarcastic language of "three heads and a conclusion." He generally pursued the track which the subject seemed to suggest, or to require; and, loose as he occasionally might appear, it was the looseness of exuberance,—a rich tree, untrained to the wall, with its branches bending with fruit, instead of running along, at the bidding of the gardener, in straight horizontal lines; the negligence, in short, of ease and of wealth. There was nothing to remind the hearer of a person deformed in his shape, or stunted in his growth, being indebted to mere show or

appearance, to exhibit himself to the best advantage; nothing like a neat outline without filling,—a mere skeleton in the case of a surgeon, to look at, without either substance to make it comely, or life to give it feeling and motion; the MAN, the entire man was there, both in feeling and in intellect.

With his plan, he was still the pure child of nature, ranging at liberty; hence, he was not only discursive, but occasionally excursive: but then his excursions as a preacher of the gospel were, in theology, what those of Wordsworth are in poetry, in his poem under that title; they were always in place, always in keeping with the subject, and left a charm which would have led to a regret of their omission, in a rehearsal of their companion thoughts. He had too much good sense, and too little self-denial, not to give utterance to a useful thought that might cross his way, and which was calculated to tell at the time, because of its adaptation to another place, another page, or another occasion. And although this might be sometimes found in alliance with the momentary indulgence of imagination, it was still found associated with truth and with fact, and sustained the character of a delightful ramble from the beaten track. Not a little of this is to be perceived in his sermon entitled, "The High Commission." The fact is; he never fixed his mind exclusively upon his text; and so, like the fly, confined to the spot on which it alights, and with limited vision, seemed capable only of taking in one object at a time, and that object immediately before him; nor did he, though neither text nor context were disregarded, confine himself to the connecting passages; sufficient attention was paid, if not ample justice done, to

both ; the whole BIBLE was his book, and the mind of God in that book, from beginning to end, in reference to man, was one, as to the restoration of man to the divine image. He often took up some broad, general truths, and showed the bearing of one part of God's word and God's economy of grace upon another, and the relation of each part to the whole ; the one answering the other like an echo, only less powerful, because more distant ; and then, after having ranged, like the bird of the sun, along the broad expanse of heaven, he would have dropped down upon the text, like the same bird upon its food,—would have dissected it with the finest discrimination, and have handed round suitable portions to the varied characters and conditions of his hearers ; and all, with a freedom and grace not to be found in any of his writings, except in some letters on religious subjects written in early life to his Mary, when he was under the influence of the tender passion of love—a passion which enables even the feathered tribes to warble out their sweetest lays in the spring of the year.

His plan was mostly expository ; and this, of all others, without great care and great labour, will lead to a certain stiffness and abruptness in manner. But though Dr. Clarke was in an eminent degree an expounder of God's word, he was, as just stated, at the most remote distance from anything like inflexibility in the pulpit. With great compass and reach of mind, enlarging and bringing remote objects near, like the instruments adapted to the solar system, there was nevertheless very often a great deal of closely webbed and microscopic thought,—a great deal of minute criticism, one thought very often thrown back upon another, each dependant upon the other, and the whole brought up

again with the combined effect of a piece of beautiful mechanism to the eye,—though still the mechanism of nature rather than of art, after the audience had been let into the secret of its several parts. Not a word of importance escaped notice, or was permitted to pass without explanation; instances of which may be seen in his sermon on “Life, the Gift of the Gospel; the Law, the Ministration of death,” &c.; and yet, as will be perceived there, without the hesitancy, dryness, and balancing mood of a lexicographer, preparing a work for the press. He spoke from his general knowledge, as well as from a knowledge of the original of the particular text under discussion; and while the one aided him in the different shades of meaning attached to the same word in different connexions, the other, like a fountain, was constantly welling forth of its abundance, refreshing and enriching the vineyard of the Lord. His biblical knowledge, his oriental researches, and his skill in criticism, were always apparent, but so sanctified by piety, and so unostentatiously employed in the house of God, that his more acquired accomplishments appeared natural,—so natural indeed, as to resemble shoots from a parent stock, rich in native fruit.

In his regular preaching, as in the sermons presented to the public, several of ~~the same~~ truths would occasionally turn up in his remarks on different texts. But as he was not in the habit of hackneying the same text from place to place, and had no fixed spot on paper for certain views, by writing upon every passage on which he preached, it was impossible, in every instance, to recollect what had been advanced; and hence, truths which had taken up their abode in the mind, rather than their residence upon paper,

would have issued forth, not at stated seasons, but casually ; or like a person from his dwelling, as occasion required. There were great leading truths which occupied his mind, and which run through the Bible, linking themselves to the present and eternal destinies of man ; and some of these were employed as servants of all-work, because of their adaptation to sacred purposes. But even these were varied in expression ; and not only so, but, like so many orbs revolving on their axes, were presenting the auditory with new views,—new, as occasioned by the unusual shinings forth of his own mind, and the more than ordinary influence of the Spirit of God at the time ; as well as new in their use to the hearers, and in their application to other subjects ; and perfectly aware of repetition, a reference in some instances was made to preceding observations, and reasons assigned for still further discussion and investigation. This, however, instead of palling, was a refreshment to the memory ; and an old thought, brought to a new text, brought with it so many new companions, that, like an old friend, it was welcomed the more on account of its associates,—never failing to yield variety and life to the whole. Even in cases where a quotation was repeated, on the same subject from the same author, as the one from Shakspeare, in his sermon on “ The Decalogue,” and in that on the “ Two Important Questions,” the accompanying remarks, though referring to the same topic, differ in their general complexion. While to the scholar, he called to mind ancient facts and things sufficiently known, he did it in such a manner—not by the charm of his eloquence, but by certain illustrations and embellishments of thought—still adding something new to the old, something entirely his own, as already hinted, to

the labours of others. He placed his pictures, so to speak, in a good light, and made them appear, if not with unusual elegance,—and uncommon beauty, for he was plain rather than otherwise,—yet so as to please those who had studied them before.

When Dr. Clarke did preach more than once on the same text, as John iii. 16, and Matt. vi. 33, 34, instances of which will be found in his sermons on “The Love of God to a Lost World,” and on “The Doctrine of Providence,” he never pursued the same path; but, though going to the same place, took his hearers to it by a different line of road. Part of the secret of this has been explained, in what has been stated on his rarely writing in the way of preparation for the pulpit; and a further explanation will be found in the length of time which must necessarily have elapsed before he came round to the same text, in the regular course of his reading, to which reading there is a reference in his sermon on “The Christian Race.” It is stated, that he had a large oblong volume, called his text book, in which there were divisions for dates, the lessons for the day, together with book, chapter, and verse. Each chapter, having been previously examined, had the verse or verses distinctly marked, which offered themselves as candidates to his notice as texts. This plan cost him a great deal of labour and close attention; but when completed, as he informed a friend, it amply rewarded him; for by adopting it, he was never without a text on any day during the year; while his general knowledge of the sacred writings, and an application of the mind to the selected passage, soon furnished him with a sermon, or such a portion of instruction or spiritual food, as was calculated to feed the flock of God.

Such a plan secures something in the shape of certainty to the preacher. A minister may be placed in circumstances in which he may find himself at a loss for a text ; and when the mind is left at large, with the fingers turning over the sacred pages, it is like a vessel at sea, with the pilot undetermined, not even knowing by what point of the compass to steer. But on adverting—say to the three chapters for the day, which, by doubling a few of the shorter, will take a person through the Bible in the course of a year ; and whence from one to sometimes eight or ten texts have been already selected, all of which have previously impressed the mind as capable, through reflections arising out of them, together with their connexions, of furnishing a sufficient quantum of suitable instruction for a service, it will rarely be the case, that one or other of such chosen portions of truth will not fasten upon the mind, and the mind upon them, resting like a bark, easy and at anchor. Something in the shape of variety, too, is secured to the people. As there will generally be found a greater number of texts than can be preached on in the course of the same day, as there is not divine service every day, and as the calendar of the year is shifting from the same day of the week, there will be an almost constant change ; years will roll on before the whole of the texts can be discussed ; pages omitted on the non-preaching days at one period, will (and especially in the constant whirl of an itinerant ministry) occupy a place in another. Hence, another advantage ; it conducts a preacher of the gospel, like a commentator, through the whole Bible, and thus familiarizes the mind, not only with the sacred text, but with the labours of the best biblical scholars. . There is one objection to the plan ; it may give

rise to a desultory mode of preaching, and the people will, in consequence, be in danger of being presented with undigested matter. This will depend a good deal on the mind that is brought to work it, and the matter with which that mind is furnished. A novice could not be expected to be fully prepared for it, though he might in the course of time grow into it; and the mere memoriter preacher would be as deficient in daring, as the other would be defective in materials. Still, the plan has numerous and important advantages, and was peculiarly adapted to the genius that struck it out. Dr. Clarke, favoured with ready utterance and an extensive vocabulary, both in his own tongue and that of others, and a mind stored withal with biblical and general knowledge, could have strewed—if not flowers, a goodly portion of fruit, along any path in which he was disposed to walk. His internal resources are especially visible in the thirty-second sermon of his collection, published, on “Divine Revelation,” in a “Postscript” to which, he states to his readers, that he had “no authorities at hand” on its delivery, and had “consulted none” on committing it to paper and to the press; and yet there—in the Zetland Isles, remote from his literary workshop, his study and his library—there he is seen moving, and is read by the islanders, like a portable Cyclopædia.

As he never wrote an entire sermon with a view to deliver it, so, when he did write, which was extremely rare, it was little more than a mere outline. When he had preached on a text, and found unusual enlargement in the delivery, he was then induced sometimes to commit it to paper. And such was the case with some of the more elaborate discourses presented to the public. He did not carry his sermon as a

whole from the study to the pulpit, but often, in the reverse way, brought his sermon out of the pulpit into the study. This is by no means to be understood as insinuating a want of preparation; but only so far as previous preparation proceeded, the mind was much more concerned than the pen—more attention was paid to thoughts than to words. He helped himself in his study, but still left a vacancy for God to work in, while in the pulpit; and when assisted in an extraordinary manner there, he returned with the holy suggestions as so many valuable appendages, or more properly, treasures, and added to his own what God had thus given him in the exercise of his sacred office.

It was subsequent to the labour of the pulpit, too, when induced to write at length, that he strengthened his various positions, occasionally entered upon a new plot of ground, on which time, place, occasion, or people, would not allow him to point a foot, and appealed to the chapter and verse of his authorities. Had his regular pulpit addresses possessed the same literary character, and been adorned with the philosophy of some of his written discourses, he would not only have manifested a want of judgment, but in that want would have deviated from the path of usefulness, as the minister of a plain and unlettered people. But he stooped from his heights in his ordinary sermons, some of which, as has been already intimated, are to be found towards the close of his collection, in order to accommodate himself to his hearers. The sermon "On the Being and Attributes of God," which commences the collection, and the same "Being and Attributes" as exhibited in other sermons, rarely ever embraced a discourse in the pulpit, except once, before a Sheffield conference, at the request of

the president; and even then, or on other occasions, the planetary system, as sometimes exhibited, never entered the chapel. The sermon on "The Plan of Human Redemption," had been taken to the pulpit, and back from the pulpit to the study, as already described, and finally sent to the press. The text, however, turned up again in the course of Scripture reading, and the venerable preacher was induced, as reported, to take it at Whitby, when there, in connexion with his second voyage to the Zetland Isles; but though only a few months after the original had been put into the hands of the printer, it was, though in the leading points the same, perfectly dissimilar from the one in print, and more generally adapted to the capacities and state of Christians in humble life, who have little time for reading, and are anxious chiefly for the every-day bread which cometh down from heaven; the preacher, apparently, withholding more erudite matter, and filling up, though in perfect harmony with his subject, with such remarks as were on a level with the thinkings of the lowest of his congregation.

The practice of enlarging in the laboratory, on his retirement from the pulpit, will also account for the unusual length of some of his published sermons, as those "On the Decalogue, or Ten Commandments," "The Lord's Prayer," "The Nature and Design of the Holy Eucharist," &c., &c. He was rarely long, and never tedious. This after-work is referred to by himself in the advertisement to his sermon on "Christ Crucified:" "The substance of the following discourse," he remarks, "was preached at the opening of a chapel in the country, in the year 1825. Not only the substance but the plan is the same; but several of

the points are considerably expanded, as I wished to speak more in detail on subjects of a nature entirely analagous to those in the text, and which I could not well introduce in an occasional sermon."

It was one of his fixed principles, that every particle of useful knowledge should, by a Christian minister, when at all within the rules of propriety, be brought to bear upon his pulpit labours, for the benefit of his hearers, in the elucidation and enforcement of scriptural truth. And even in the latter instance, he was teaching his auditors, like pupils, to learn from everything. For this, he has an example in one of the creations of one of the noblest poets, whose character is said to have

" Found tongues in trees, books in running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

To persons familiar with Dr. Clarke's Commentary on the Scriptures, it will be perceived that he never hesitates to quote from himself. But as there is often the honesty of acknowledgment, as every man has a right to eat the fruit of his own labours, and as it is not to be supposed that a man who had carefully examined the meaning of every passage, was likely to have conflicting views on the same subject, it is only what may be expected, that the same definitions will often occur, while the reader is amply remunerated in these, by the preacher expatiating at large on each separate topic.

As a preacher, his action was far from varied, and not, perhaps, in every instance, graceful to fastidious taste ; but it was rarely ever otherwise than chaste, and always appropriate. His voice, though not round and melodious, was

strong and clear ; and though unable at all times to manage its tones, which rendered it in the more logical parts of his discourse a little monotonous, yet when the argument was brought to a close, and the people were wound up to conviction by it, there were outbreakings in the voice, as well as outpourings among the people, rarely heard and rarely witnessed, except from himself, and under his own ministry. It was like the wand of Moses smiting the rock ; the heart was touched, and the eyes were instantly suffused with tears ; or like the children of Israel, when, as with one voice, they exclaimed, " The Lord our God will we serve, and his voice will we obey." One instance, among many, may be noticed, as related by one who heard him, and which can never be forgotten. The doctor was preaching on the occasion of opening a new chapel. His text led him to dwell on the love of God to man—his favourite theme. After having established the doctrine of universal redemption by a process of reasoning equally original, powerful, and conclusive, and the hearers had apparently brought their hearts and their understandings to the subject—feeling and perceiving more and more the possibility, the certainty of present, personal salvation, he gave a sweep to his arm, drawing it towards himself, and grasping his hand as though he had collected in it several objects of value, and then throwing them, like alms, in the full bounty of his soul among the people—" Here," he exclaimed at the close, in a strain of impassioned feeling, and with one of those sudden and peculiar elevations of voice for which he was remarkable, frequently melting the whole congregation to tears,— " Here," said he, " take the arguments among you—make the best of them for your salvation—I will vouch for their

validity—I will stake my credit for intellect upon them: yes, if it were possible to collect them into one, and suspend them as you would suspend a weight on a single hair of this grey head (elevating his hand and pointing to his locks the while); that very hair would be found to be so firmly fastened to the throne of the all-merciful God, that all the devils in hell, and all the sophistry of the world, might be defied to cut it in two.” It is an expression, the force of which can only be felt by those who are in possession of the previous reasoning—reasoning like that employed in his sermon on “The Love of God to a Lost World,” and to the truth of which there was a sudden burst of responsive triumph from the lips of the auditory, similar to a burst of applause in a political assembly; which, however, was restrained within due bounds, because of the sanctity of the place, and the hallowed influence which accompanied the words.

Persons who knew him not, might say, he never rose to eloquence; that imagination was dead within him—that his manner was dry and scholastic—and that his sermons, though argumentative, logical, and acute, and therefore chiefly addressed to the judgment, were calculated to please only the scholar and the mathematician, but not to interest the majority of mankind; persons, it is repeated, who knew him not, might talk and write thus. But he had something more than imagination—and of that he had more than he dared to indulge; he had energies allied to real genius, if genius be what a writer states it to be, “strong feeling and judgment,” or in two words, “impassioned wisdom.” He blended, too, with the wisdom of Solomon, the simplicity of a child. Confessed as it has been, that he was always at home when combatting the subtle objections of infidelity—

establishing the truth of Christianity—demonstrating the immateriality of the human soul, and expounding the Scriptures; yet it ought not to be forgotten, that he was equally happy when soaring to the heights, or diving into the profounder depths of Christian experience; accommodating himself equally—as will be perceived in his sermons—to the babe, to the young man, and to the father in Christ. Though he exercised the talents of a master in the field of legitimate argument, and wielded with mighty energy the weapons of truth, he never failed, while taking with him the head of the scholar, to take along with him the heart of the humble, uneducated Christian; no, not even when he seemed filled with the inspired glimpses of the seer, reaching deep into the domain of experimental religion, and the hidden regions of future blessedness. The Bible appeared like a new book in his hands; the Divine Being seemed to give him a key, and to let him further into its meaning—to give him a clearer and fuller insight into it than most other men. Not only does his Commentary, but all his pulpit expositions bear a stamp of their own. While some ministers enter their studies, commence with a text that seems to impress them, examine it on every side, load it with a number of parallel passages, bring every other text and subject to bear upon it, till there is nothing more to be said upon it by themselves, or left to be said by others; and then, without the loss of a thought or expression previously brought together, by intense application in the closet, deliver the whole in set form to the congregation; the doctor, as will have been perceived by preceding remarks, pursued a plan perfectly dissimilar. Though never loose and declamatory, still there was thought without its appa-

rent labour. The whole had the breath of a morning in May, rather than the staleness of materials that had lost their flavour and sweetness by long and constant exposure. His mind was like an immense mine, as well—as has been intimated, as an ever and an overflowing stream; he seemed to have read all, to have known all; and from the inexhaustible treasures within, was perpetually giving forth from his fulness. Still, to change the metaphor, it was not a mere forest of thought, tedious and oppressive to the hearer from the multiplicity apparent, always saying everything that *could* be said, instead of *what* should be said; he never appeared to exhaust a subject, but when he had preached one hour, seemed as though he could preach another, leaving his hearers always desirous of more, and wondering that he should finish so soon, as well as himself latitude to descant on the same text, with equal richness and variety, at another period.

Many men were to be found with more elegantly formed minds than Dr. Clarke, but with that elegance, at an immeasurable distance from him in learning and critical acumen. Persons were to be found too, with finer voices, and who had cultivated the art of public speaking, with all its prettinesses, much his superior; but without a ray of his genius; without any of his depth, compass, originality, or wealth of thought. His mind—though in the strictest sense of the term, not an elegant one, was sufficiently elegant to preserve him from offending; his voice sufficiently tuned to please; his speaking sufficiently engaging to attract; and his diction, though remote from the ornate, partly through choice, has generally had the character of being remarkable for its simplicity, its purity, its strength, and its

perspicuity. Except in his younger days, he never appears to have paused to turn a period: and with this we are the more surprised; for so far as the Ancient Classics are concerned, both Greek and Roman, he appears to have taken the advice of Horace in our motto, agreeably to the translation of Francis—"Read them by day, and study them by night;"—an assiduous attention to which is so much calculated to form the taste, nourish the genius, and improve the style. Profound and elevated as were his thoughts very often, he was never "hard to be understood." One of the finest compliments ever paid to a great man, is said to have been unintentionally paid to him by a poor woman in the Zetland Isles. The aged matron referred to, had, with others, heard of his celebrity, and went to hear him preach at Lerwick. On her return home, she remarked with great simplicity, "They say that Dr. Clarke is a learned man, and I expected to find him such; but he is only like another man, for I could understand every word he said." This is too plain to require comment; and if learning and obscurity are synonymous with the vulgar, Dr. Clarke was a happy exception.

His memory, already alluded to, was more than ordinarily strong; and it was accurate as it was capacious. He could not, it is true, like Dr. Fuller, a distant relation of Wesley, repeat five hundred unconnected words after hearing them, only twice, or give an account of all the tradesmen's signs in the city of London, after passing through it; but still it was a rarity. He seemed to be a complete walking library; capable on the shortest notice, figuratively speaking, of stepping up and taking down from the shelves of the library of his own mind, volume after volume, and of dealing out

at length on almost any topic connected with English or foreign literature. The very first letter he ever received from the divine founder of Methodism, had this sentence in it: "Never forget anything you have learned." The propriety of the advice can only be seen in connexion with the fact that he had, being young, been endeavouring, as far as such a thing is possible, to forget, through neglect, some things which he had learned in classical knowledge, under the mistaken notion that he might become vain of his attainments. Never was man more faithful to instruction imparted; his stores continued to accumulate to the close of life. It was not barely a subject in the mass that he could grasp and retain, but in its minutest details, recollecting, in many instances, the identical words in which several sentences might be expressed, with the intonations of the voice, the point, and particular bearings of those words both in his native tongue, and in foreign languages. The subjects never assumed the appearance of objects at a distance, seen through a kind of haze, without the possibility of being able distinctly to perceive colour or form; everything seemed to be at hand, ready to take up, and suitable for the occasion. The mist of years appeared to have no influence; there was no dreamy recollection in his relations or remarks; he had a daylight of his own, in which he lived and moved—and the sun being up, he was furnished with both light and shade through its shining, though it was on the former he particularly loved to expatiate.

It was a maxim of his, with Bacon, that knowledge is power; but if so, ignorance is weakness. Yet Bacon unfortunately shewed in his life, that there might be great

knowledge without power, having been found guilty of bribery as Lord Chancellor by Parliament, for the infamous purpose of perverting justice, and thus was inferior to many humbler men in practical virtue. Adam Clark was superior to anything mean. He agreed that knowledge was what Bacon described it, but only when combined with moral excellence, which, though apt to be favoured and improved by knowledge, is not always found in its society. In his lighter writings—and these are sparing, he has, as he had in conversation, many shrewd, with some amusing remarks. Like Robert Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, he manifested great and varied learning, giving quotations from curious and scarce books; but still it was not with the pedantry of Sir Thomas Brown, who occasionally sparkles, and who, though not refined, is far from rude, but owes his popularity to a kind of shapeless elegance, a great deal of miscellaneous matter, an intermixture of agreeable tales and illustrations, with considerable piety of feeling. Many of his tracts are replete with learning, and display in many instances no small share of good sense. But the subject of the present sketch, though miscellaneous, and sometimes diffuse, never leaves his judgment behind.

Whatever knowledge could be gained by human industry, by the most extensive enquiry and observation, he laboured to attain. Thus it was, that the priests of Egypt, in effect, unfolded to him their mysteries and their learning. The magi of Persia contributed their share, in those higher parts of science in which they were distinguished, in astronomy and the system of the universe, as far as they knew. The laws of moral life, and the institutions of civil society, with their excellences and defects, he found in Greece, in its

estates and establishments ; and with these stores, as well as stores from various other quarters, he was viewed as a prodigy by the illiterate, who sometimes paid him greater veneration than they did to still more learned men ; while he scarcely obtained sufficient credit from the pedant, and a few of the better educated of his brethren, who were nevertheless his inferiors both in wisdom and learning—nibbling like minims at typographical errors and detached parts of his writings, though—with prejudice apart, otherwise respectable in their way. Physical science, or a knowledge of nature, was cultivated with great success by him ; so as to elevate him to the rank of a Boyle and a Newton among Methodist Preachers,—not, observe, compared with others, but with his brethren, from the few who dived into these things. A Sutcliffe or a Beal, might stray into the geological empire ; and so, with others, in other departments ; but generally they have other work, and other names. They must be viewed as divines rather than philosophers, as speakers rather than writers,—pointing the living the way to heaven, rather than writing for future generations. He entered the domains of Science, as extending itself through ages ; taking Nature and Art, both in their rise and development ; and these were regions which he occasionally traversed with unwearied wing : and whatever treasures he collected in his long excursive flights, he brought home, and made tell in the pulpit or in his Commentary on the Bible.

One thing was especially to be admired and valued in him, and that was the masculine grasp with which he laid hold of the essentials of religion ; supporting the stately cedar by a strength of argument to which those were unequal who were meddling with minor twigs—the best

adapted very often to their capacities and attainments, as though he had not taken equal care of these, and prevented them from yielding, in every instance, the fruit expected. All his learning, as just observed, was made subservient to the illustration and support of Scripture; and his notes upon the Bible are at once his monument and his eulogy.* His knowledge was formed in a circle around it, as well as around the cross of Christ—increasing and expanding as he moved; never for a moment losing sight of the sun of truth in the centre, to which, after all, his learning was only beheld by himself as the halo round its disk—dim in the comparison, and yet derived from itself, and therefore glorious in its degree.

Let us not be misunderstood, as to the Doctor's claims to our attention as a learned man. We wish to be as correct here, as we are in reference to the purpose to which his knowledge was applied. We do not wish to consider him

* We cannot but observe the contrast between the pursuits of Adam Clarke in this respect, and those of some of our mighty geniuses. We meet, for instance, in the "Characteristics of Goethe," translated from the German of Falk, Von Müller, by Mrs. Austen, with such passages as the following; Goethe once said, "Religion and politics are a troubled element of Art; I have always kept myself aloof from them as much as possible:"—"Even Virtue, laboriously and painfully acquired, was distasteful to him:" Again, "He could not love to make a kind of business of morality." This is a melancholy aspect in which to view such a genius—a being destined for eternity! Adam Clarke—politics apart, made Religion the business of his life. He could say with St. Paul, "This one thing I do." Virtue was represented by the ancients as placed on the summit of a high hill, of difficult ascent—not to be obtained without toil. And as to Morality, it ought to be the regular business of the day—entering into every action between man and man, and between God and the man himself—doing to others as we would that others should do unto us.—It is also stated, that "With questions concerning time, space, mind, matter, God, immortality, and the like, Goethe occupied himself little." (Vol. I. p. 18, 30, 33.) What! not with God and Immortality?

as profound in his scientific attainments. His mind was perhaps too much spread, not to be partially superficial. Human life is too short, and the human powers are too limited, to admit, at the same time, of extension and perfection. Knowledge, which is extensive and varied, is rarely profound. Of that kind of knowledge, however, which is essential to the interpretation of Scripture—and no work requires greater talents and more extensive learning, he possessed more than an ordinary share. He was well versed in the Hebrew, Chaldean, and Greek tongues, together with others. Add to this, he was well acquainted with ancient history, sacred and profane, and chiefly that of the oriental nations,—with the geography of the several countries of the east, the fathers,—ecclesiastical writers,—chronologists,—the rabbins,—ancient commentators,—with the physical sciences, as pertaining to plants, precious stones, animals, &c., noticed in the Oracles of Truth; and had such skill in criticism, as to lead him through the labyrinths of the various readings of the sacred text: the whole being accompanied with good natural talents,—penetration to enable him to dive into the depths of secret meanings,—discernment to select the best of various senses and opinions,—moderation and prudence to guard against mere probabilities and appearances,—and a modest, yet steady resolution, to resist the weight of authority, when unsupported by argument. He had none of that poetical genius about him—at least, in which he indulged, except in rare instances, which led him to take excursive travels into the regions of merely the possible. He clung to the actual: “The mysterious, the sibylline, the incoherent,” had no place either in social converse or in the pulpit.

When assailed by a number of pamphleteers, and a few of the periodicals of the day, there was work in his hand, and a dignity in his port, which never allowed him to stoop from his high place, except once, in the *Classical Journal*, because a strictly classical subject, which involved literary character and credibility, to give a reply; and on that occasion, he entered the field like a giant mailed, with a shield impenetrable to the shafts of the enemy, and with weapons not to be resisted by the opposing force at that time against him; while in his bosom there was resident an unoffending spirit, which, from its calmness, its meekness, enabled him, uncomplaining, to go out and come in before the people of God like a weaned child. While such attacks were a proof, as in Dr. Johnson's case, that he was worth combatting; his silence, as in the case of Erasmus, prevented the assailants from receiving the honour, which there was no likelihood of some of them ever otherwise attaining, of being handed down to posterity, and so living in his reply. These observations, however, are not to be interpreted into an approval, on our part, of every article in Dr. Clarke's theological creed. While we regret the petty annoyances which were experienced—say on the doctrine of the "Sonship," as it was denominated, yet the doctor had prudence sufficient not to suffer it to form a feature in his oral discourses; prudence sufficient not to force it upon others in his correspondence and conversations; and honesty enough to inform the candidates for the ministry, that the doctrine was not strictly Wesleyan, and that it was not his place, as President of the Methodist Conference, to make his views the standard of appeal, but the notes and sermons of Mr. Wesley. The result of this was, that the

doctrine passed off as one of his own theological peculiarities ; two or three good pamphlets were bequeathed to the connexion as legacies in the discussion, and the Conference protected itself against the spread of the doctrine among the preachers.

With all Dr. Clarke's learning, he was perfectly exempt from parade—shunning, rather than courting, public gaze. It was partly owing to this, that a positive promise could rarely be abstracted from him to preach out of his regular place, till near the time ; and of two chapels that have required a supply on ordinary occasions, he has selected the least, and gone into the country when it appeared to others that he ought to preach in the town. Now and then, it seemed to take the form of a secret pleasure, in disappointing gadders abroad, who ought to make it a point of conscience to attend their own places of worship. The crowd however, after all, which has an element of its own, and which seems to be the only situation in which some men can breathe and support existence, was, of all others, the situation in which he appeared incapable of living ; its gaze, in which some men delight to float and bask, was insufferable. He preferred the home of his own thoughts to that of living abroad in the thoughts and feelings of others. When he stirred from retirement, a sense of duty was the prompter, public good the object ; and then, he retired to re-appear in public in another form—in the presence of his readers, through the medium of his writings, and through which he will continue to walk the earth, scattering the seed of eternal truth into every furrow turned up in the soul of the reader by the Spirit of God. It must be ceded, that the same sense of duty leads other

men to stir abroad more frequently ; and were it not for the ministrations of these laborious and self-denying men, so far as Wesleyan Methodism goes, much less good would be done than is at present presented to the religious eye : and if their presence were not as welcome as the return of spring, they would cease to be invited so often to the same place, as they would cease to be invited at all, if their popularity were not based on piety, talents, and usefulness.

He had his peculiarities ; but where is the objector that has not his own ; and, though blind to them, that does not appear more singular—not to say ridiculous to others, than those of the deceased did to himself ? And where are the objectors that have an equal claim to peculiarities either of opinion or manner, from possessing equal ability to examine and to act for themselves ? Persons of very inferior minds may object ; but as they have their price, and cannot raise themselves one inch higher in intellect than the public, who have a general knowledge of their standard value in the market—will allow, their remarks will go for nothing. And after all, to what does it often amount, more than this ; that *his* peculiarity was not *mine* : but what does this imply, but that both have them, and from our personal inferiority, our own is the least conspicuous of the two ; and as to the ground of right to entertain them, perhaps the one is as tenable as the other. His peculiarities of conduct were the result of order, and only appeared when brought to bear upon the irregularities of others, and when separated from the reasons upon which they were founded. And yet, though he was a man of order, it was that kind of order which was more felt than seen ; never regulating his life and conversation with measured steps.

His peculiarities of opinion were generally the result of learning, research, and experience. But even the peculiarities of great men, when harmless, are entitled to be treated with deference. They may have reasons for them beyond the ken of humbler minds, and may not deem it necessary to declare to every obtruder what those reasons are. But whatever may have been the peculiarities of Dr. Adam Clarke, he goes through the world without a stain upon his moral character, without any shiftings in his professions and principles; and with all the essentials of Christianity in his creed. Even his occasional dogmatisms, sometimes more apparent than real, were the dogmatisms of a settled conviction of the truth, and arose from the importance of the subject, and the virulence with which that subject was often opposed. And though there might be the occasional appearance of literary display, as in the "Advertisement" to his sermon on "Salvation by Faith;" yet that will be found less in the spirit of Hezekiah than at first might appear; done, not so much with a view to display his treasures, as to inspire the confidence of his readers. Like Pythagoras, he would—if left to himself, have declined the title of WISE MAN, and selected that of a LOVER OF WISDOM.

Possessed of a greatness which, in some men, would have collected around itself a degree of awe, he was nevertheless accessible to all. There was no appearance of the magistrate on the bench, no affected reserve; he lived, not in the fear, but in the affection of his brethren. Nor had he, in reference to the people, in consequence either of his spirit or his manner, ever to complain that their sun had set upon him, or, through any partial eclipse, had ever

to make up lost ground. His favour in the eyes of the preachers and of the people was invariably on the increase ; which would not have been the case, if he had been a mere partisan,—attacking or defending, either openly or covertly, the opinions, actions, or characters of particular parties. The sun of their approbation was nearer its meridian altitude at the close of life—at the last Conference he attended, which was in the month on which he died—and shone more brightly upon him and around him than at any former given period : and it is not too much to state, that when otherwise, there is some radical defect ; something objectionable in those who, as they advance in influence, whether in civil or religious society, diminish in glory. Real merit will always command its price in Methodism ; and though it may be called to pass through the cloud and through the storm, it will come out the same in substance as it entered ; or, to change the allusion, if the person is seen, like a sea-bird, dipping for awhile under water ; so, with the same bird, re-appearing in another quarter, shaking its silver plumage, he too will anon be seen, gay, unsullied, and in his proper place and position, skimming along the smooth expanse of water, where all is serenity below, and all is sunshine above. Instances of this are too recent, and too notorious, to render specifications necessary.

Yet honoured as Dr. Clarke was, at home and abroad, from colleges and elsewhere, his honours, like his real literary acquirements, sat upon him with an ease and grace, as if they had been created only for himself ; and there was an agreement between those honours and public feeling, which is not always the case with persons receiving them—being unable to appeal to the documents of published works

or extraordinary attainments; and thus provoking the laugh of the learned, or the sneer of the crowd, owing to a want of suitability between the decorations and the wearers. His honours were not the result of favour, but of merit; the public saw, and heard, and felt; and, like the laurels that entwine the brow of the victor, they only excited the plaudits of the multitude. Based on genuine worth in the outset, his works were ever afterwards equal to the highest honours conferred. He reflected back as much light by his literary exertions, as could possibly have been derived from what colleges and instituted societies could impart, inasmuch as they receive their very existence from the labours of such men: and he could say in the midst of all, "None of these things move me." He was unchanged in his spirit and demeanour; the same humble, affable, courteous being as before, whether to poverty in rags, or childhood in the arms. In this respect, he passed on his way, like a person gorgeously apparelled, without being sensible of it; like one of the celestial intelligences arrayed in the borrowed costume of earth, whose nature, whose bright interior, so far surpasses anything that earth can yield, that the drapery, if felt at all, is only felt as laid on rather than required, having without it achieved everything equal to that exalted nature, and worthy of the superior order of beings to which he belongs.

No man was more extensively known out of the pale of the church to which he belonged than Dr. Clarke. To the character and writings of no man is Wesleyan Methodism more indebted for the respectability it has attained, and for the influence it has exercised upon the mass of mankind, than to the productions of his pen. In no instance, since

the days and the decease of the venerated Wesley, had a death in the body excited more interest, or awakened a more general public sympathy. He was a man whose society was courted by the learned; with whom a prince of the House of Brunswick delighted to associate;* to whose pen the translations of the British and Foreign Bible Society were indebted; and in whose labours that society gloried; of whose aid the British government stood in need for the purpose of decyphering and arranging its records; and one who, in the opinion of that government, entered upon its own imperishable pages, will be handed down to posterity—the writer employs the precise words, as “A man of **EXTENSIVE LEARNING AND INDEFATIGABLE INDUSTRY**,” his theological works exhibiting him meanwhile to successive generations, as an exalted **CHRISTIAN**, and an able **DIVINE**. “Indefatigable industry!” Never was a compliment better bestowed. If Labour is considered the high duty and condition of life, and Art its purifier, consolator, and charm, few men have had a greater stroke of the former than the subject of this sketch; and fewer still have been known to indulge less than he did in the pampering of the flesh. The benevolence of his heart gave strength and enlargement to his mind, and made it powerful in its grasp, and consistent in its purpose. The same quality, under God, impelled it forward in the right pursuit of right objects, and left no vacancy unfilled—always labouring for the public good.

In the minutes of Conference for 1833, and in the Wesleyan Magazine of the same year, for September, the opinion of the ministers assembled is expressed in no

* The Duke of Sussex.

ordinary language respecting this great man. Glad of the opportunity of not only giving publicity to their own sentiments, but of giving wider circulation to those of the founder of Methodism, they remark: "Mr. Wesley, who was an admirable judge of character, hesitated not to affirm, 'Adam Clarke is doubtless an extraordinary young man, and capable of doing much good.'" They then proceed, "For nearly half a century did he continue to perform the most important labours as the servant of God and of mankind, in various departments of the vineyard of the church, with great integrity, and with an industry which perhaps has never been surpassed. The natural strength of his mind, and the range of his literary and biblical acquirements, were, in the opinion of competent judges, far beyond the common standard even of those who have attained considerable rank among men of learning and research. Without at all presuming that he was free from defects, either as a man, a preacher, or a writer, we may yet safely place him, in all these characters, among the great men of his age. He was highly distinguished by his extraordinary attainments in oriental literature, which appears to have been one of the most favourite studies of his life, and by means of which he has often shed a new and profitable light upon the sacred text. Of his writings in general, it may be confidently said, they have added largely to the valuable literary and biblical stores of the country. The ability and fervent zeal with which for so many years he preached the gospel of the grace of God to enraptured thousands, in almost every part of the united kingdom, will long be remembered with the liveliest gratitude to their divine Redeemer, by multitudes to whom his labours were

greatly blessed, both as to the means of their conversion, and of their general edification. No man, in any age of the church, was ever known for so long a period to have attracted larger audiences; no herald of salvation ever sounded forth his message with greater faithfulness or fervour,—the fervour of love to Christ and to the souls of perishing sinners; and few ministers of the gospel in modern times have been more honoured by the extraordinary unction of the Holy Spirit in their ministrations. To this unction chiefly, though associated with uncommon talents, must be attributed the wonderful success and popularity of his discourses. In preaching he had the happy art of combining great originality and depth of subject, with the utmost plainness of speech and manner. Nor was this simplicity at all destroyed, but rather augmented, by the glow and animation of his soul when applying the offer of salvation to all within the sound of his voice, and reasoning strongly on the vital doctrines of the gospel. The ardent feeling which in others sometimes leads to a rapid invention of elegant or pompous language, in him was confined to the increased accumulation of great and noble sentiments. His favourite and most successful subjects in the pulpit were, the love of God to fallen man, the atonement, repentance, faith in Christ as the grand principle of spiritual life and of practical holiness, together with the undoubted assurance of adoption by the direct witness of the Holy Spirit in the heart of the believer. On these subjects he would often rise to the genuine grandeur of evangelical preaching, pouring forth like a torrent the unostentatious eloquence of a benevolent and loving heart. Energy, indeed, was one very peculiar characteristic of his

mind. Nor was he less remarkable for sensibility, and all the tenderness and sympathy of an affectionate disposition. He could be 'gentle,' even as a nurse cherisheth her children; yet when environed with great difficulties in the prosecution of his noble objects, he seemed, from the extraordinary vigour and determined purpose of his soul, to conquer them with ease. His moral character was above all suspicion, and above all praise. In this particular, no cloud, no speck was ever seen to darken the horizon of his life. In prayer he was simple, spiritual, devout, and sometimes singularly ardent. His piety was sincere and deep, and eminently practical; the very reverse of that sensitive but unsound feeling which loves to flourish on the subject of experience, but serves not God in a conscientious obedience to all the precepts of the gospel. He was almost a perfect model of diligence in duty. The ingenuity and energy with which he husbanded his time, and carried forward the arduous plans of usefulness in which he was constantly employed, formed one of the most distinguished features of his admirable character. He was a warm-hearted, faithful, affectionate, and constant friend. And in all the relations of domestic life, as a husband, a father, and a master, he was true to the duties which belong to them,—most indulgent, kind, and sympathizing; always happy in the bosom of his family, and always labouring, by every art in his power, to make them also happy. He was uniformly a firm, attached, and zealous Methodist; and in promoting the interests of our great cause, may be said to have been 'in labours more abundant.' "

Such, in this extract,—penned by one, since laid low—himself one of the mighty—the Rev. David Mc'Nicol,—

such is the estimate of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference of the character of Dr. Adam Clarke, and it is here brought forward in support of several of the preceding remarks—remarks grounded on opinions not hastily formed, nor yet without the means of forming them.

It is not necessary to place him at the head, as fulsome Methodistic feeling would occasionally lead us. Yielding to that kind of feeling, is like yielding to nationality, which, as some would say, would make a Racine a Sophocles—the Lincoln Fens an Arabia Felix—the Ayrshire ploughman an Apollo—and an Andrew Jackson a Julius Cæsar. Adam Clarke was a great man without that,—though less than some others in their peculiar way. We wish to view him as he actually was, and to cede no more to him than that to which he was justly entitled. Before he rose, with the exception of only about half a dozen—namely, the Wesleys, Fletcher, Benson, and Olivers, there were no writers of criticism, biography, history, or miscellaneous literature in the body; at least, none of real note. The circuits being wide, and pulpit toil incessant, there was then less leisure for preachers—except in a small way, to transform their thoughts into print; and therefore, when two or three—like a Sutcliffe, an Edmondson, and a Townley, thought of becoming authors, they deemed it prudent to tarry till they should be able to present to the public a book of some importance. It was Adam Clarke who gave a spring and a tone to the literature of the Wesleyan body about 1800; and the body has been on the advance ever since. He did for the literature what Watson did for the pulpit of Methodism—placed it on a more respectable basis. It was when Clarke was in his prime, that the operations of the mind

and of the press began to display more alacrity, and there arose a few men of talent—Drew, Hare, Isaac, Bunting, and others, who maintained the intellectual character of the community. Apart from his other writings, the Doctor embodied a great deal of information in his *Bibliographical Dictionary and Miscellany*, which otherwise had been lost; and with the exception of the writings of Arminius, Osterwald, Saurin, &c., there are few translations in Methodism, up to this time, that have not proceeded from his pen.

Like Wesley himself, whom he next to adored, he cultivated the sciences, but took a somewhat wider stride in their pursuit. Both in Manchester and in Liverpool, he became the centre of a little circle of friends, who preferred seeking their own instruction and that of their fellow-creatures in scientific enquiries, in connexion with the higher claims of religion. And it is not too much to say, that he outshone all his brethren in science, and shewed, like Boyle, Barrow, and Sir Isaac Newton—each an eminent cultivator of natural science, and a writer on religious subjects, that Christianity and Science are reconcilable.

If we might indulge for a moment in comparative merit, and peculiar tact, between the founder of Methodism, and this his son in the gospel, we should feel inclined to observe, that while Wesley had an eminently practical and ruling mind, which would have secured him an ascendancy in any other line of life, Adam Clarke was remarkable for worldly simplicity, and a want of that faculty of systematizing which would have led to a managing share in the concerns of an important sect. A want of that faculty—we mean in its more perfect form, and a taste for literary pursuits, kept him back from the mere business, so to speak, of the Con-

nexion ; while the business itself—had he lent himself to it, would have interfered with his more delightful studies. But in this, the Wesleyan body sustained no loss, as it has never failed to furnish minds and hands for each department.

Wesleyan Methodism has produced many rare men. These, like good seed sown in good ground, have taken deep and permanent root, and lifting their lofty heads to the skies, have yielded an abundance of rich and wholesome fruit,—extending their wide-spreading branches for the shelter and repose of the volant, bright-plumaged birds of heaven. They are men whose names are written, not on the sand of the sea-shore or of the desert, to be effaced by the first wind, or washed away by the first returning wave, but engraven on the rock, as are the names of the holy and useful of every age, and of every section of the Christian church : and the name of ADAM CLARKE will be seen and read, like some of the classic inscriptions of Greece and of Rome, for generations to come. He is one of those, the recollection even of whose private virtues will ever be green in the memory of the blessed in the records of the militant church ; one of those gone to join the church triumphant ; gone, fresh as a rose—though in age, newly plucked from the soil of Sharon, to breathe in balm and in bloom on the banks of that river, whose streams make glad the city of God.*

*The reader is reminded of the "Recommendations" of the "TAKINGS" preceding the title-page, where it is stated, that all the Sketches are written in the same spirit of candour, and on the same principle of fairness *as this*, and that this is affirmed by the Editors of the Wesleyan Methodist Magazine, 1835, p. 851, to be "a just eulogium upon Dr. Clarke's powerful and efficient ministry." The Sketch presented here is chiefly taken from the Dr's. "Miscellaneous Works;" and we borrowed the materials from a conviction of their *justice*, and an equal conviction that nothing better could proceed from our pen on the subject.

No. V.

James Bromley
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" Were man to live coeval with the sun,
 The patriarch pupil would be learning still :
 Yet, dying, leave his lesson half-unlearn't ! "

YOUNG.

THE difficulty experienced in taking a correct likeness, is as often found to lie in the subject to be taken, as in the professed artist, who attempts to transfer it to the canvass. Five or six spirited lines from the tool of Cruikshank, will effect more in the way of " hitting off " a likeness, in particular cases, than the labour of a day on others, though the pencil were in the hand of Jackson—portrait painter to the Wesleyan Conference, or the presiding genius of a Lawrence were at the easel. It so happens, that the portrait in hand, is so extremely easy to secure, that a child—if even the glasses were removed from his eyes, might know for whom it is intended: But we proceed, craving our usual indulgence, and pass from the painting to the person. Listen to him in the social circle—for we have been allowed to enter the drawing-room, as well as the tabernacle.

By some persons, he would be deemed a little loquacious ; but by no one, impertinently so. There is in his mind a slight leaning to the objective—though not, in a moral sense, to the accusative case. But this arises from a noble independance of mind, which will never allow him to accept a theory or a proposition without its argumentative accompaniaments, and with whom an argument is esteemed of more solid worth than a high sounding name appended to a naked assertion. This may subject him, with the superficial and self-opinionated, to the charge of seeing things by halves, or of thinking as nature, in some of her freaks, has taught those persons to look, who have the misfortune to squint—an imperfection, by the way, which is now remedied ; but such a reflection would be a piece of flagrant injustice to his intellectual character ; and those who could hazard it, would be as incompetent to the task of analyzing his mind, as they would be to appreciate his real value. It is true, the small-sieve would be no inappropriate emblem, as a device for his crest, being rarely seen either at home or abroad without it ; but his anxiety to sift everything to the bottom, is only a proof of his solicitude to come at truth. If he be subject to doubt, the value of that is, both to himself and to society, the promotion of serious investigation ; his doubts rendering him desirous to make the thing itself perfect of which those very scruples are entertained. He does not in every instance attempt to repair or perfect a subject on his own responsibility ; but he takes the several parts of which it is composed in pieces, when ill put together, in order to furnish those around him with an opportunity of re-modelling it agreeably to their taste and judgment. Partial to useful and rational discourse, he loves

not only to talk himself, but to draw others into conversation for mutual instruction ; and to promote it, his interrogatories are as varied, novel, curious, and pleasing, as if he had a pack of conversation cards in his hand ; some of them, nevertheless, a little studied in the form of expression, and the occasional offspring of subjects which have for some time occupied the mind, and relative to which he is on the quiet look out for further information, as well as desirous—according to the company, of ascertaining in what aspect they will be viewed by others. Conversation, owing to this, becomes not only varied, but spirited ; and is often prolonged beyond expectation, though never beyond endurance.

Two agreeable features in his conversational character, and especially when polemically exercised, must be perceptible to all ; the one is the profound respect which he pays to the speaker, and the other is, the good temper he displays in a contest. Numbers of persons will, through the impetuosity of their feelings, and the natural warmth of their temper, be incessantly dogging a speaker on the adverse side of a question with various impertinent remarks : but this, either from prudence, policy, good-breeding, or from possessing a cooler temperament, he invariably avoids, —sitting, the while, with his arms at full stretch, and his hands clasped around one of his knees, which is sometimes bridled so tight as to raise the foot from the ground ; or with his arms folded, and his body either partially bent forward, or on the move from back to front. This yielding of the body, and a few graceful congees, would sometimes indicate a bowing to the force of conviction, or a gentle assent of the mind, to persons unacquainted with his habits. When, however, he fairly gains his equilibrium, after having

rustled himself up to an erect posture, and the speaker has closed, on the tip-toe of expectation of having enlisted him into his cause or his views ; he often finds to his cost, that the nod was not one of assent, but on the contrary ; one of those pleasurable movements occasioned by what lawyers, in their forensic views, would denominate “ a flaw in the indictment ;” and that during the whole of the time he was poising, balancing, measuring every particular, and absolutely preparing ammunition for the prolongation of the engagement,—breaking upon the ear with his accustomed—“ Well, Sir,”—“ Very well,”—“ Now, Sir,” and the like. Should a second attack terminate in a discomfiture, he will manifest the most amiable spirit, and award to the conversational victor the well-earned palm. But should he, on the contrary, be only partially disabled, and merely have a little of his rigging shattered, he will return to the contest with a smile,—with grace in every action—benignity irradiating the face—with calm, earnest, convincing intonations of voice—the whole excelling, even in the midst of conflict, the vaunted honey of Hybla and Hymettus for native sweetness ; and through sheer dexterity in the handling of an inferior weapon, or some new mode of warfare, as in the military tactics of Napoleon, will oust an opponent from the field, and so terminate a contest, which, if protracted, might have closed with his own defeat. To those, therefore, who have narrowly watched him, there has often been found, in the midst of his gracious noddings and inclinations of the body—when on other occasions, the ancle of one leg has been placed on the knee belonging to the other, forming a kind of triangle, with the palms of the hands firmly clasping the elevated shin,—there has been

found, we repeat, some rather threatening indications ; such as a significant toss of the head, a curvature of the brow, an upward turning of the eye—though remote from that which is said to be in

“ Fine frenzy rolling,”—

a smack of the lips, and a puckering about the mouth,—all betraying unusual internal emotion, and certain shinings of the understanding, expressive of a determination to keep up the contest with a keenness unfelt before. He looks at the objective side of a question, as some men would look through a tunnel ; and though he cannot perceive, in every instance, the diminutive speck of day-light in the distance, yet he can often see, by means of a torch, or a lighted brand of some kind, a great deal further than those around him ; and he generally rests satisfied, that there is an opening somewhere—probably at the further end, notwithstanding its invisibility—occasionally, by the way, risking his limbs to reach it. The right of private judgment is equally claimed and ceded ; and sincerity is respected, when, in his view, the judgment is defective,—a point not always granted to himself by his opponents. Nor would it be doing him justice, to omit his tenderness of absent character ; not only observing silence, when persons have been named who have treated him uncourteously, but discouraging severity of remark when their conduct towards himself has been the subject of animadversion. This is a “ model deed,” which his opponents would do well to imitate, and settle their conduct on.

His exuberant ingenuity carries him, now and then, to a love of paradox. He finds that a good deal may be said on an untenable position ; much more, indeed, than, at first

sight appears possible to himself. This induces him to bear with the erroneous dogma in the first instance; and he next adopts it, like those, of whom it is said,

“They first endure, then pity, then embrace.”

There is something wrong which tinges his opinions; fallacies often in his arguments of which he is not aware, till told of them by an opposite speaker in Conference, or by the public press, or by the resolutions of a District Committee at Manchester, or elsewhere. He is apt from the generosity of his nature, and the strength of his friendship, to become a warm partisan, and to make party principle a rule of conduct, in the teeth of a rule of Conference; and to view truths and proceedings through this distorting and discolouring medium: hence, a jealousy of, and shyness with, the ruling powers.

His mind, like most of a metaphysical cast, is not easily satisfied. Proof, as has been intimated, is always necessary: but though logical in his enquiries and statements, he is not like those logicians who spin the long and even thread; nor is he to be classed with the more sober and sedate—his style being that of the more inflated metaphysical school—and his delineations occasionally such as would lead us to conclude that he wishes to represent a superior sort of human nature and Christianity. He combines a portion of genius, real genius, with his metaphysics, which relieves them of all that is dry and tedious. But he ought never to be left alone, or to plume his wing for unexplored regions,—not being possessed of sufficient “PRESCIENCE”—he knows what we mean, to see from the beginning to the end, or to calculate on the more remote consequences of any untried theory. In public

discourse, he frequently dazzles—is sometimes brilliant—and occasionally captivates. There is a raciness and novelty often in what he advances, whether in public or in private, which is sure to tell on the feelings and intelligence of the hearer. It is not the old beaten track on which he condescends to walk—and here is his danger; or if he should, by accident, happen to point his foot upon it, he is sure—as by instinct, to incline to the macadamized side—avoiding, as much as possible, for the sake of the feet, the rough, jolting stones—gliding smoothly along—and seemingly delighted with it, because of its evenness. This, by the way, shews that he is rather friendly than otherwise to improvement. His sermons are well arranged; and though without the semblance of manufacture, and “the smell of the lamp,” evidently cost him much thought. They display a good deal of varied reading,—are decorated very often with bold, rich, and lofty imagery,—and, with considerable intervals between, present a hearer of taste and intellect with great beauties,—not forgetting occasional extravagances. In the back-ground, there is evidently a wish—though perceived perhaps only by the few, as among our dramatists, to surprise the auditory into some new region of thought, or some unbeaten track. It is his delight, therefore, as we have just hinted, to take people to some particular regions of the promised land they have not visited before; or to some of the ancient parts of the holy city. There is no change, observe, in the substance—for that would be a “new thing under the sun;” it is an old thing in a new form; but though all the essentialities remain, whether in the land or the building, the mouldings, turnings, and embossings, vary as much as the

figures we allow ourselves to employ. Apart from the higher and holier inspiration, which accompanies the word of life, another is sometimes felt to be present—that is, the feeling of poetry, with a few of its sensibilities, but without its accompanying music and simplicity. He is often climacterical both in his language and sentiments; and, in this, displays not a little of the master.

As to his diction, it is generally chaste, and has in it a spice of the attic, though not without glitter and inflation. It is never low or grovelling. Even common truths, are usually well expressed—sometimes elegantly. He is, upon the whole, too ornate to be neat,—too exuberant for condensation,—and too extravagant and turgid, to be grave. But this leads us to another view of the subject, in which both good sense and good taste, are implicated. In some of his eulogistic moods, he lays on the unctuous material to overloading—till it becomes nauseously fulsome. It is true, when it is intended as a precursor to rebuke, in cases in which some good thing remains in the persons to whom it is to be administered, his object is not only to render the contrast more palpable to the observer, but the rebuke more supportable to the interested party; but even then, if pressed down, heaped up, and running over,—if not dealt out judiciously, its effect will, to a certain extent, prove injurious. He is led to this apparently, from an itching after display, during the indulgence of which, rhetorical figures and phraseology are carried to excess; and much management as may appear on the face of it, yet being misplaced, it oftener provokes the smile than wins applause. This passion for tickling has rendered the practice easy, next

to sincere. There are a few other things which seem to indicate a want of prudence ; but he generally means well.

Look at him—we do not say in the street, for he squares his toes a little too much for us ; but look at him in the pulpit, A child has already detected the glasses, without being told of them by the optician. His features are regularly formed—the face round—rather handsome—a touch of the rose—a tolerable forehead—partially bald—slender—gentlemanly in his manners—just turned five feet ten inches. With such a figure, what may we not expect, with even a redundancy of action, provided it be natural? But is it so? We can at once affirm it to be varied, and sometimes graceful. Here we must pause, and request every man to look for himself. See him there ;—you have the full sweep of the arm, like the mower in the hay-field, under a burning sun,—then, the same arm stretched forth, with the fore-finger pointed out—but stretched forth, observe, not like the distended branch of a stunted tree, stiff and lifeless, but of one which is green and supple, alive to every breath of heaven, rising and falling, and gently swinging again to its balance. There is, it is true, the rapid motion of the silver-smith's hammer, towards the close ; but this is only occasional, and corresponds with the significant shake of the school-master, when he has caught hold of something in a boy of which he does not approve, and intends much more than the action expresses. It means, in short, when translated into plain English,—“ I see you, and shall be at you just now.” Let it not be supposed, that we have forgotten the bending of the body, and consequent raising of the back ; that, it were impossible to omit ; there is

something so mercantile in it—as if leaning over the counter to examine an article on sale. Some of the gentlemen who take upon themselves the office of forming and issuing rules for the guidance of every other human being, would probably be led to say, that action is carried to excess; but for our part, we love to see a man in earnest, both in body and soul; and though the occasional twisting of the frame, might remind us of the use of the flail, rather than of the “new sharp thrashing instrument, having teeth;” it is of little importance to us, provided the person is a “workman that needeth not to be ashamed,” and the grain turns out freely, and sound from the husk.

We come to our confessions, when we state, that the voice falls upon the ear now and then, as if it were cracked; at all events, as if affected, and as his manner sometimes appears to the eye. He is one of those preachers respecting whom there will ever exist a great difference of opinion, and whose manner will excite the two extreme feelings of approbation or dislike—who will either be lauded to the clouds, or debased beneath the rank to which they are entitled. His manner alone will constitute the moving cause, to approve of which, it is almost necessary, with the fastidious at least, to serve an apprenticeship, because of its being of that character, which, of all others, is most exposed to the charge of affectation. Let a hearer only acquit him of this, and he may be pronounced in a fair way of bestowing upon him the approving smile. But previous to this, there will exist in some minds, much to reconcile, many little hostilities to conquer. Opposition will at first be irrepressible—next, the manner

will be supportable—then custom will close the business with terms of reconciliation; but rarely, indeed, will applause be prompt and universal.

He will always appear to greater advantage alone, than in a company of public speakers on a platform; for though he will add greatly to the variety, yet if a Cicero or a Demosthenes were at hand, his characteristic peculiarities will be rendered still more distinctive, and he will drop, as in another case alluded to, below his average value in the market. It is because of this, as well as of some other peculiarities, that he would never be suitable as a model to work after. He may serve as a kind of original—to stand alone—to stand his day—but not to be copied—not to be handed down to posterity by successive imitators, when the original shall be mouldering in the dust. In his day, he fills up a very important, though not a splendid niche.

In reverting to his voice—though we thought we had ceased to hear it, it should seem as if either from habit, or with a view to render its better and fuller tones more audibly effective, that nature is not allowed to have her perfect work. At the commencement of a discourse, speech, paragraph, or particular, the hearer is next to annoyed with a screeching, grating, wheezing, rough whisper—an articulate sound to which we scarcely know how to give a name, for not any, not even all the terms employed, are exact representatives of what we wish to convey, while there remains a fulness behind, which ought at once to have been brought into partial exercise;—something, shall we say? like a wind instrument half inflated, and slowly advancing to a full swell. This

often approaches the disagreeable, because of evident suppression. When he permits it to give out its fullest notes, it falls with amazing effect upon the ear of an audience. Though some of the lower tones are seriously defective, the imperfection is considerably increased by bad management; while the effect of the higher notes, by the same management, is much improved. Such is the difference between them, that it has the effect of two distinct persons, playing on two widely different instruments. He can even thunder; but then, the man who can afford a loud, long, and distinct peal, should never be allowed to whisper in a pulpit. If what a speaker has to say, is worth hearing, because of its interest to the people, it ought to be audible to the ear of every one, who is sufficiently respectful to lend attention, which is not the case; and this is a fair gage to the eye, when he sees persons in the remoter parts of the chapel placing the hand behind the ear, and stretching themselves over the backs of the seats before them, in order to give the sound the meeting, should it reach so far. Besides, a man is not to talk into his chest; the word is one of which it ought to be said, that it "goeth forth out of the mouth." The defect of which we complain, is occasioned by an attempt to graft the scion of art upon nature,—an attempt to reach something for which nature has afforded him no qualification,—an attempt, in short, to be the orator which he is not, and which he cannot be. And where is the wisdom, where the use of it? He needs it not; he only has to let nature have fair play—to allow what he has to come out freely and fully, in order to raise him to a higher

point of elevation on the Alps upon which he already stands, and whence he is even now seen from afar in the Wesleyan body.

It is not, however, in new situations, or on particular occasions, that an estimate is to be formed of the value of his ministry; but it is by following him from week to week, and especially during the ordinary days of the week, that we come at his real character,—when he is dealing out the regular, savoury, substantial, every-day meals of the people of God. On special occasions, there is the appearance of decoration—a pressing invitation to “come up higher;” but in the ordinary course of his ministry, the multitudes are beheld seated upon the grass—the basket is handed round, with no other viands than “loaves and fishes,”—but all partake—all “eat their meat with gladness and singleness of heart,”—return, and again relish the repast—closing each service with, “ever more give us this bread,” and that too,—which is the highest compliment that can be paid to any minister,—from the lips of the poorest of the poor. With few exceptions, and barring a few eccentric and unnecessary “Advertisements,” which usher in a few of them, his **SERMONS**, twenty-five in number, published in one octavo volume, cannot be read by a devout person, without profiting both head and heart; and if we might select any one from the mass, as a specimen of his week-day and sabbath-morning “Exercises,” in which the humble Christian would feel more than usually interested, it would be the one, entitled “The Family that Jesus Loved.”

No. VI.

WATSON.

Αἰὲν ἀρισεύειν, καὶ ὑπεύροχον ἔμμεναι ἄλλων.

HOMER.

RICHARD, of course; for though there are several Watsons on the Wesleyan roll of Preachers, there is but one of that name: a man, who, like Montgomery of Sheffield, among the Montgomerys of other times and other places, is destined to shine as “the greater light to rule the day.” Lincolnshire, which presented the world with a Sir Isaac Newton,—the Church with a Dr. Henry Moore and the Wesleys,—and Methodism with an Isaac and an Hannah, conferred another boon on the latter in the person of Richard Watson: yes, RICHARD WATSON—the simple, unadorned name, as it stands in the Parish Register of Baptisms, as it appears in the Register of Deaths, and as it will be seen in the Book of Life; beautiful in its simplicity; without a single letter taken from it, or a diplomatic honour appended to it—though worthy of the highest,—the man himself

standing among men, like God's own Adam in the midst of the garden, surrounded with trees, flowers, fruit,—birds singing the tenderest airs of paradise, and animals gambolling in innocence at his feet;—and yet, eye and ear, however entranced and captivated, drawn away from each, and fixed as by fascination, the moment he appears, and his name is announced. We mean no offence to any one;—but who would not prefer Robert, to Dr. Hall,—Richard, to Dr.—aye, to Bishop Watson? These are cases in which we prefer names to titles—names that will never die. Here, we may remark in passing, that situations as little favoured by nature as the Lincolnshire bogs, have often given birth to Alpine genius. Chæronea, noted for the tameness and servility of its inhabitants, and its truly heavy, Bœotian air, produced a Plutarch, and Wrington a Locke; cases not a little at variance with the creed of those who philosophise on situations favourable to genius.

Richard Watson put his hand to the gospel plough in 1796, when only in his teens, and withdrew his hold in 1833; at a period when Methodism received shock after shock, like the successive throes of an earthquake,—the Angel of Death smiting to the ground, within the brief space of only about two years, in addition to the subject of this sketch, John Storey, John Slack, Thomas Stanley, Adam Clarke, John James, David M^c Nicoll, and Daniel Isaac—each a cedar—we mean in his own peculiar character, on the heights of Lebanon. At no other period, during the whole history of the body, could Methodism and the Methodists more appropriately adopt the sentiment—the “feller is come up against us.”

The portrait taken of Mr. Watson by Jackson, in the larger prints, is by far the most successful, and impresses us with what was in the original—something of the melancholy of genius in the expression of the face. Though the “effigie”—to employ an antiquated term, in the Wesleyan Magazine for January, 1827, is not to our taste either for expression or execution, yet in that representation of the man, we have—whether as a holiday treat for a physiognomist or a phrenologist, or both, what is not to be found in any other portrait, amidst the crowd of portraits published in that periodical; excluding, of course, from the list, those in the early volumes—properly the ouran-outang age—when the engraver outraged not only every expression, but almost every feature, of the human face. But oh! to drop the eye from the head to the chest downward—and to look at the tall, slender, six feet one or two inch figure—especially before trousers constituted a part of his habiliments—with the two long, thin legs, rolling round the interior of a pair of wide, two-third boots—what a falling off! Not that there was anything disproportionate, or ill-shaped, in the several parts; but the whole figure—especially when the forehead was covered with a hat, gave—with the partially lengthened chin and sunken jaw, the appearance of a skeleton habited in ordinary attire. Yet, there was something dignified, even majestic, in his gait and manner; and the moment the head was bared, the outbeamings of intelligence—nay more, something like the home of Genius broke upon the eye, and a kind of mysterious awe was felt,—a consciousness of the presence of a superior being.

Let it not be supposed—high as our admiration of the man may seem, that our sketch is to be in every point according to the *eclat* hitherto attached to him; in some instances, we shall soar much higher, and in others, perhaps, descend much lower; but our object is a kind of summary critique on the more recondite bearings of several notable points of intellectual character and pulpit labour. Some men are always eminent in their several professions, as Bacon—confining our remark to our own countrymen, among men of wisdom, . Newton among astronomers, Milton and Shakspeare among poets, Handel among musicians, Flaxman among sculptors, Wren—notwithstanding his low classic style, among architects, and Watson—we mean, in Methodism, among preachers. The want of popularity in the body, prevented him from being as generally known by the public, and as highly prized, as Chatham, Pitt, or Fox; as the still greater want of popularity in the New Connexion—the few years he was with that community, kept him still further in the background; in which Connexion he was like an object in the dim distance of a common-place landscape, instead of a prominent figure in some of the pieces of our old masters, distinguished for delicacy of colouring and harmony of proportion, and where he might have lived and died, without the world having known—twenty years after his exit, that such a being had ever existed. When we speak of Chatham, Pitt, and Fox, we do not mean to insinuate, that he would have been more natural than any of them, but we believe he would have been equally finished. But there are two or three points to be touched, before we enter upon his qualifications as a public speaker.

With the sciences, he was but imperfectly acquainted. Some of these, indeed, he used to treat—at least so we have thought, with the neglect, if not the contempt, which ignorance might rather account for than excuse. Theology was his principal study; and whether in the employment of the pen or of the tongue, he invariably excelled in giving expression to its statements. Like many others, he entered public life too early to be well grounded in general science; and he afterwards squandered away too much time in politics, when editor of a public journal, in Liverpool, to increase in that kind of knowledge. In science, therefore, he was a mere child by the side of Adam Clarke; nor had he, when compared with the latter, much more than passed his boyhood of general reading;—Clarke, on the other hand, was immensely his inferior for occasional magnificence, and for real elegance. There was another advantage which Watson had, so far as the remark concerns himself,—his mighty powers generally threw the defect of his early education into the shade, which was in a great measure compensated by close application in after life; while Clarke invariably maintained on all disputed points, the character and dignity of the scholar.

In adverting for a moment to the “Institutes,” it is impossible not to perceive great eloquence and great shrewdness—with occasional borrowed learning, in exposing the erroneous sources of many commonly received opinions. His writings display much of the sublime and ethereal spirit of the man himself,—eloquence, richness, and dignity of language, and may be referred to for passages of great poetical beauty and excellence. There is very often great intellectual opulence; and his

preaching bore the same character. He wrote, as he preached, with good sense and great grace, though not with vivacity; and writing and preaching for the first time in Methodism in a tone peculiar to persons in the higher walks of literature, and upon subjects always interesting to the religious public, he naturally figured as the most accomplished preacher, and made the wild, luxuriant, humble sweetness of others—men, till then, in many instances popular, appear rude and untutored in the comparison. Still, there were those around him, who, each in his own line, possessed extraordinary powers. But Bradburn's sun had just set, and Benson sat over his lamp in his study; of others, we say nothing here, as they will be found elsewhere.

As to the more distinguished of Mr. Watson's tastes, he seemed, like Jenner, so far as botany was concerned, to have been born a naturalist; for his love in this respect was all founded in his affections. It was not a mere catalogue of names, an arranged *Hortus siccus*, the *caput mortuum* of a science; but a theory of living, moving nature, in all its relations and bearings, such as is only attainable by that personal contact with the objects, which a true love of them can produce. He would take up a flower, dilate on its peculiarities, till its beauty and its value seemed enhanced by his remarks, and it was beheld with new eyes by the spectator, who looked upon it in his hand like a conscious being, which had come out of itself to display its colours,—colours which had never been before witnessed. There seemed to be as great a difference between the flower in its native bed and in his hand, to an ordinary observer of nature, as between the Venus de

Medicis, and a beautiful female ; the one never returning a single smile, and the other full of expression ; for while he turned its pensile stem in his hand, pointing the finger to its several parts, and ever-varying tints, it appeared like animated nature to the eye, clothed with a thousand additional charms, though snapped from its parent stem, and on its way to the tomb. But this was a recreation, not a study—taken up as a person will pluck a hedge-rose as he passes along the road.

He had a keen perception of the ludicrous, as well as the beautiful, and would sometimes descend to the jocose. He was not one of those men, who have been compared to a comb—all tooth and back ; nor yet one whose brow, and smile, and look, indulges in a cold, sardonic, and contemptuous criticism on everything around ; but one who could enjoy the pleasures of social life, and who delighted to impart happiness and instruction to others. Equally remote was he from the burlesque and painful, which has been very properly compared to the smiles of a corpse upon a gibbet ; and if there appeared a snatch of the extraordinary, it never at any time, as others would say, looked like sunlight on a thunder cloud, or a rose rising in its beauty between the stones of a sepulchre. In approaching the light and the playful, he was certain, in some part of the conversation to temper, to shade, and to vary its tone, by throwing in a strong dash of something like constitutional melancholy, mingled with an occasional touch of pathos and sentiment.

In directing our attention more immediately to the pulpit—and it is with this, we confess, we are chiefly concerned, we there behold him canopied and upon his

throne. He had a fine imagination; but in speaking of this, as an attribute of preaching, we are almost as much afraid of its application in the pulpit, as we are of our own in reference to the subject in hand. An unregulated and perverted fancy is always degrading to the ministerial character, by mixing with it such wildness and such a charlatanerie, that imagination appears—owing to its abuse, more like a foe than a friend to truth. Yet, as it has been remarked, in reference to scientific investigations—and few men can indulge in a finer play of imagination than Professor Sédgwick in Sectional discussions—we mean during the Annual Meetings of the British Association, so it may be said of religious truth, that the most rigorously correct imagination must occasionally act in advance of reason, to illumine its path and direct its march. Hence, it is contended by some writers, that great truths ought to be occasionally anticipated by public speakers, and as it were, divined, in order to become subjects for examination. Butler has clearly shewn in his admirable treatise, that a fanciful analogy is the frequent clue that leads to the perception, or the elimination of a fact, or a law. There is indeed, almost as much imagination in the Newtonian system of the universe, or in Dr. Dalton's atomic theory, as in the epics of Homer or of Milton. The natural temperament of Richard Watson was poetic. His mental vision ranged freely and delightfully over nature, dwelling with fondness, though never rapturously, upon everything that is beauteous and harmonious, as well in the physical as in the moral world. His ordinary conversation, already alluded to, as well as his preaching, was what has been

said of another genius, eminently suggestive ; and a word casually dropped, or a portion of scripture—particularly the poetic part, would have led him through long trains of ingenious observation, or luminous details, concerning some law of nature, or some fundamental truth—some point of criticism—some fact to be established—or some doubt to be obviated ; closing occasionally, with “ Well, what is the moral to be deduced from this ? ”

The impression made upon the mind of Montgomery on first hearing him preach, on a public occasion in Sheffield, will be recognized by many as their own experience, but for the utterance of which they had to wait, till the bard clothed it in his own beautiful language on the platform, while pouring forth some mournful strains on the ravages of death. “ Another Prince,” said he, “ hath fallen in your Israel ; another light has been put out in darkness. If Adam Clarke came to his grave in full age, ‘ like as a shock of corn cometh in, in his season,’ Richard Watson was earlier removed ; in the midst of life he consumed away, like incense upon the altar, burning bright and diffusing fragrance, till not a residue can be seen. I am reminded by the presence of an honoured minister and friend on my left—the Rev. Jabez Bunting,—that it is nearly twenty years, on a dreary chill November day, in an assembly far thinner and less animated than the present, the Missionary Association for this district was established. I had the privilege to take a share in the proceedings, and to assist with my feebleness in laying the foundation of this evangelical institution.—I then first saw and heard Mr. Watson ; but, while my expectations, from reported speeches

in the newspapers, had been highly raised, they were not entirely met, there was so much temperance in the tone, and so little ardour in the delivery of his sentiments; yet even then, they made a deeper impression than I was aware of at the time;—they recurred to me again and again in solitude. Mr. Watson, in fact, was a man, that neither a first nor a second sight or hearing of him gave you half the idea of his peculiar powers, which seemed to enlarge and improve with every fresh trial of their influence on our understanding and affections;—and though I have often listened to strains of oratory more rousing and resistless, at the time, from strong utterance and impassioned language,—I remember none that left a deeper or a longer impression. It was indeed the character of his great mind to communicate its own power and facility of comprehension to all minds that came under his influence; he so wholly possessed us with his spirit, that, during his progress through regions of intellect or mazes of argument, we were not aware of the speed at which we were carried, or the elevation to which he had borne us beyond ourselves, till some mighty thought came rushing by, like a roll of thunder beneath the car of an aeronaut, reminding him that he is far above the clouds; or the instantaneous glimpse, or sudden appearance, of two trains of carriages on the newly-invented rail-roads, which come and are gone, before the passengers in either can recover from their amazement; and are thus made to understand that while they seem to be almost sitting still, they are wheeling along with a velocity too potent to be felt."

This, we repeat, was the experience of the more

intelligent, imaginative, and sensitive portion of Mr. Watson's hearers. Elegance was one of his characteristics; nor was he less—to employ the exquisite tribute of Montgomery to a northern minstrel,

“The swan, in majesty and grace.”

Though dignity and harmony invariably distinguished his pulpit exercises, yet he excelled more in description and occasional declamation, than in the forcible utterance of the heart, or in giving character the warm colouring of passion. Conversing with him one day on the subject of memoriter preaching, and giving it as our opinion, that a man might pace the floor of his study, and work a sermon into his mind, to a single letter, without committing a scrap to paper, and then deliver it verbatim, as fully as though every word had been penned, he admitted the fact, but intimated that he himself could submit to neither. And in this will be found the secret of his generally free, natural, and graceful manner of speaking. There was no constraint; the thought was there, the drapery was at hand—and it was instantly apparelled, as suitably, naturally, and gracefully, as if made for it a month before. He brought to every subject the most profound impressions in his heart, and hence arose the most elevated and awful precepts of the mind. We say profound impressions of the heart,—for though we disclaim all belief in its forcible utterance, and anything like the colouring of passion, still there was deep feeling—not earnest—not enthusiastic—but the sober soul of passion, touched with all the poetry of his own nature, and the hallowed character of his piety. It was not the intense and overwhelming feeling before which all others

sink into nothingness, but such a feeling as might be supposed to have been brought into existence by Milton, on rehearsing his own poetry to an auditory capable of appreciating its merit and yielding to its power. His preaching seemed to exercise the same influence upon his hearers, that the lectures of Plutarch produced upon Aurelenus Rusticus at Rome, who, on receiving a letter on matters of state, refused to open it till the lecture was closed, out of a profound veneration of the lecturer.

Some of the fine touches embodied in Dryden's Ode to Mrs. Anne Killigrew, might be transplanted, and applied to him—and with much greater propriety; for he really seemed to be waving in triumph “palms, new pluck'd from paradise”—to be “rich with immortal greens above” his compeers—to move above all others “with heaven-majestic pace”—to tread “with seraphim the vast abyss”—to lift up, as it were, the veil, and favour his auditory with a gleam of ineffable bliss: and though he soared high, he was never out of sight. It was not the mist and haziness of metaphysics; but it was the sun in the heavens—though distant—still seen and felt amid the splendour, quiet, and softness of a summer evening. It is not too much to say, that he gave a new, brilliant, and beautiful phase to the art of public speaking in the Wesleyan body; and though it may give place to something different, yet it will occasionally come round into sight and admiration again, in proportion as cultivated minds bear the sway—though perhaps less natural than others. How far the Theological Institution will aid or impede it, time will tell: in the first instance, men were beguiled into it—won by admiration; in the second,

young men—the example not being present, must be reasoned into it, and read into it by his sermons.

There was often either the thing itself, or the apparent consciousness of superiority,—that which a man feels who knows he has adequate strength and skill for his work ; and yet he wore his plume with inexpressible grace, and tossed it—we still think we see the majestic roll of the head, with superior air,—never for a moment forgetting, that sovran art has nobler adornments than a garish feather. He diminished the lustre of reputation in some of the lower departments of public speaking ; and stars of no ordinary magnitude were nearly extinguished, through the fuller daylight which he spread around him. That he gave the model, few will be found to deny ; but whether those who beheld him in his glory, or those who shall hear of it, shall have genius enough to rear a monument as perfect as his idea of public speaking was aspiring, is doubtful : for genius, after all, must be there ; models and rules without it, are like music to the deaf—sculpture and painting to the blind. He uttered sentiments, and described Christian character and virtue, and occasionally painted external nature, with luxuriant negligence and freedom, only to be met with in a master, and which it would be folly in any but a master to attempt.

A critic, in analysing the poetical character of Milton, observes, that he had “ sublimity in the highest degree ; beauty in an equal degree ; pathos next to the highest ; perfect character in the conception of Satan, Adam and Eve ; fancy, learning, vividness of description, stateliness, decorum. His style was elaborate and powerful, and his

versification, with occasional harshness and affectation, superior in variety and harmony to all other blank verse: it has the effect of a piece of fine music." We could not, on reading this passage, refrain from placing Richard Watson by the side of it, and of testing him by the claims which it embodies on behalf of the blind bard. Watson had sublimity—but not the highest; his beauties were numerous and varied; as a speaker, there was not much pathos, though a great deal of sober, deep, chastised, feeling; he was—though fair, defective in the conception of varied character; stately, not vivid; his learning, as we have already had occasion to state, was often borrowed; never elaborate—but often powerful; had no harshness or affectation; there was a rich, easy, negligence,—heightening the effect in the different members of a sentence, and bringing, with a roll of majesty—as to matter, manner, and voice, his period to a triumphant close. The effect of this sometimes upon an audience—we mean in some of his more climacterical passages, has been like that produced in the crowd, when gazing upon a Roman general returning from the field in triumph—elevated on his car—crowned with laurels—moving onward to the gates of the city—the feeling of the populace heightening at every step—certain, meanwhile, of the glorious issue—and triumphing in the hero whom they can claim as their own—participating, in short, in the joys of the conquest.

When Richard Watson and Jabez Bunting appeared, a new era in Methodism commenced: the pulpit was more closely and correctly studied—taste and refinement were on the advance. We do not mean to say, that

there was less of truth, or that Methodism was not sensibly and powerfully affected by preceding influences, under Benson, Clarke, Bradburn, and others, operating most potently in expanding the intellect of the priesthood; but we mean to affirm, that, with two or three exceptions, there were now better models of thought and style—a better taste was excited for elegant reading, and that too, among those who had not before felt the genial influence of letters—giving new directions to the thoughts of the more literary and studious. The Book-room was swept of many of its stale materials—the Magazine assumed a more literary character—District Meetings became more cautious as to native and acquired talent—and the misnamed simplicity, which had taught some to despise different departments of elegant literature, was put to shame. There is no disposition to deny, that much credit was due to others, as coadjutors in the “great work:” but still, on listening to the several operations of an army, in which there are officers—numerous—daring—and effective, we cannot refrain from turning the eye to the Commander, and reiterating his name. Thus, Wellington and Waterloo are heard, when thousands who hastened the triumphs of the day, are even forgotten, and other fields are not once named.

But though the subject of this sketch produced a great change, and made considerable advance among the junior preachers, in flexibility, grace, and ease; and though the study of the *belles lettres* was in some measure identified with the pursuits of the more intellectual, owing to a more enlightened and liberal spirit; yet it is not to be disputed, that the platform essentially aided this new era.

It was soon found, in this novel theatre of action, that Methodist preachers outstripped all others; the clergy were haffling and timid—the dissenters were stiff and studied—while the Wesleyans were easy, bold, and varied, perhaps too jocose in the outset—a defect which was soon toned down. The platform speakers, however, belonging to other communities have, since then, been gradually improving. Mr. Watson—which is not often the case, excelled equally on the platform and in the pulpit. Montgomery, in the speech already quoted, observes: “One thing on the occasion alluded to, left an indelible memorial of his person, his manners, and the fact which he described. By that subtle and complex process of mind, wherewith we sometimes seem to exist in distant times and different places, at the same instant, without the consciousness of present reality,—I know that I am just now in this chapel, at this meeting; yet in retrospect I am in this same chapel at another meeting twenty years back; while again in imagination, I am under the roof of a poor widow near Wakefield, who deserves what Mr. Watson then related should be ‘told as a memorial of her,’ through many generations. He mentioned that this aged matron having heard of the new thing in Methodism, which was then so much talked of in the West Riding of Yorkshire, grew anxious to have a hand in it herself, and to contribute out of her deep poverty, something towards sending the religion of Jesus Christ, which she by experience had found so precious, to the heathen perishing for lack of it. Through hard, slow labour, indifferently paid, she earned a scanty subsistence by worsted spinning. She resolved, however, to spin an extra hank

a week, and throw the two mites which she should receive for it into the Missionary treasury. What she so generously resolved, she painfully accomplished, by sacrificing no inconsiderable portion of her brief leisure and spare strength, in this work of faith and labour of love. I have Mr. Watson in my eye, at this moment;—the picture is perfect in my remembrance as he stood on the bench before me, while realizing the scene; as though we had all been with him in the widow's cottage, he pointed to the single hank, suspended from the rafters of the ceiling. I can never forget his attitude, or his look.—‘She hath done what she could!’ was the feeling of every one of his audience. But while the eloquent advocate expatiated on the value of such an offering in singleness of heart to the Lord, neither he nor his hearers, nor the humble contributor herself, were at the time aware of its value in influence, as an example of what others, in imitation, would be stirred up to do in the same way; for I believe this was the first precedent of innumerable instances, in which the poorest, the weakest, and the meanest in outward respects, have taxed their ingenuity as well as their industry, to find out means whereby they could aid the same blessed cause. Indeed, their devices have been so frequently and so successfully practised—each in their turn operating as an incentive and encouragement to others, that even in a pecuniary sense, the poor widow's two mites have produced a talent of gold in the Missionary fund.”

We are not surprised at Montgomery being struck with the attitude of Mr. Watson on the platform, nor of his being pleased—as a poet, with the charm which

the genius of the speaker threw around the different subjects he took up: nor are we surprised to find this further compliment paid in the same speech, by the poet, as to the influence of his talents in another quarter, when he says: "The zeal, perseverance and right-mindedness, of Mr. Watson, in behalf of the oppressed negro, deserve particular acknowledgement at this time. Of his triumphant defence of the Wesleyan Missionaries in the West Indies, and his assertion of the slave's claim to all the rights of humanity, when persecution would have hindered the former from administering the consolations of the gospel to the latter—it is hardly too much to say, that whether the yoke of servile bondage in those islands be broken sooner or later, the day of deliverance was hastened by his interference. For that bold and unanswerable appeal, not only roused the whole body of Christians to which the writer belonged, and moved many others of different denominations, to take decisive steps in their religious capacity towards effecting the abolition of the atrocious system,—but in reference to the misery of the negroe's condition, and the injustice of holding him in it, that publication threw such light into the minds of statesmen themselves, that thenceforward they pursued their plans of colonial policy with more decided respect to the morality of the subject. The circumstances which have so rapidly conducted to the very crisis (spoken Ap. 22, 1833,) at which the question is now arrived, and which must inevitably issue in the early, utter, everlasting extinction of West Indian slavery, may be said to have originated from the day when your great champion took the field. That meditated vindication

of Christian and human liberty, as due to those from whom both were withheld, I heard Mr. Watson himself deliver, in its first rudiments, in this place, one Good Friday at a Missionary Anniversary."

There is scarcely a circumstance connected with human character in Methodism, in which the providence of God is more strongly and distinctly marked, than Mr. Watson's return to its home, which, in an evil hour he had left,—than his emerging out of the comparative obscurity of the New into the daylight of the Old Connexion, where his value could be felt—his genius could take a more extensive range—and just at the time too, when the Missionary cause was, by means of public meetings, about to be more immediately brought before the Christian world; a cause in which his whole soul was engaged—which he was so well qualified to aid—and which was destined, in the order of the same providence, to exercise a destructive influence upon the slavery which his soul abhorred. It is to be regretted, with his range of intellect, his powers of discrimination, his intimate acquaintance with the Missionary field, his talent for classification, and the opportunities which the materials would have offered for the exercise of his genius, as well as the charm which his eloquence and imagination would have thrown over the whole, that he did not employ the time on a History of the Wesleyan Missions, which he devoted to his Theological Dictionary. Calmet, and others, to whom he was so deeply indebted, would have served the purpose of the student, in the absence of his own work; but a History of the Missions, to be executed as he would have done it, must remain a desideratum, till

another Richard Watson shall appear in the church of God: nor is it less to be regretted, when it is to be feared that his dissolution was hastened by fagging at the pen—fagging at that, which, however productive in the shape of pounds, shillings, and pence, to Methodism at home, was less calculated than a good History of the Missions, to benefit the Methodism of distant lands.

It was not till the projection of Missionary Meetings, that his great capacity for public affairs shone forth, and that he gave substantial and long-continued proof of an indefatigable official industry, which neither his preparations for the pulpit, nor literary pursuits, could either interrupt or relax. To his literary labours, we repeat our belief, that at last he became a martyr; and we cannot but regret, independent of a History of the Missions, that a man so capable of original composition, should have hastened his dissolution by a mere compilation. His Missionary Reports will support a comparison with the best that have been penned on the same subject, whether it regards the profundity and enlargement of the general views embodied in them, or the style in which they are written; and may be considered compositions of the greatest merit, for clearness and extent.

Though Methodism has been steadily on the advance with the times, the ability to write with several of the preachers seemed to have been suddenly created only about this period; and the whole world of character, of imagery and sentiment, as well as information and philosophy, which lay before them, and of the use of which they seemed to avail themselves, some of them appropriated largely to their several purposes. After

making every deduction, we may fix from 1800 to 1830, as the brightest era of Methodism, as well as the mightiest for intellect and capacity, and equally so for piety and usefulness; not forgetting that Richard Watson lifts his head above those around him, like an Alpine height, enwreathed with rainbows and crowned with sunbeams; and that, if he had lived ten years longer, he would probably have formed a school of preachers. His rules were not numerous, though more difficult to attain than his manner would indicate; and he certainly, as has been sufficiently attested, advanced the style of the Wesleyan pulpit, in refinement, both in structure and pronunciation.

We had intended to advert to his management of the Apostrophe, many fine examples of which we have in the Sacred Writings, and in the ancient and modern productions of our poets and orators;* and in which he excelled beyond any public speaker that ever came under our observation in modern times: but we forbear.

Hitherto, we have occupied new ground in sketching the character before us; but there are a few points which we have purposely left untouched, because done to our hand in a former sketch, to which we now turn, and which points appear to be necessary to complete the picture. In that sketch he was supposed to be

“In the pulpit, and in the act of opening the service. How solemn and impressive his manner of giving out the

* Psalm cxxxvii. 4—6; Ezek. xxi. 28; ix. 10; Isaiah xxxiv. 6; Jer. xlvii. 6, 7; Isaiah xiv. 4—19; Baruch v. 1—4;—Virgil in the case of Pantheus; Ossian weeping over the maid of Inistore, Fingal, B. i.; Quintilian deploring the death of his son, B. vi.; Demosthenes calling up the manes of those heroes who fell in the battle of Marathon and Plataea; and Cicero imploring and obtesting the Alban hills and groves in his Oration for Milo.

hymn, and with what grace and power the words used to fall through our ear into our heart! We honestly confess, though we had often heard the hymn before, we never, until then, suspected there was so much in its matter and composition, to awaken those deep and stirring emotions which were created by it. In his prayer also, there was a delightful combination of simplicity with dignity; we do not mean dignity of feeling, but of language. The spirit of the man was evidently awed to a most reverent and profound humility, by an overwhelming sense of the exceeding majesty and greatness of the Being whom he was addressing; but for the same reason, he was not hasty to utter with his lips anything before God, but what was really befitting the solemnity of the occasion. We would that his example in this respect were generally followed, and that there were always such gravity and dignity, and Scriptural propriety of language, in those who are the mouth of the people unto God, as in the specimen before us.

“The same majestic dignity, which characterised his general appearance and his prayer, continued unimpaired in his discourse. It was impossible for any one who heard him not to perceive, his sermons were methodically constructed; but the ‘heads,’—or, as modern phraseology will have it, the ‘divisions’—were eminently natural and simple; and the form of their enunciation shewed that he was far above the paltry ambition, by which some preachers are so strangely captivated, of tuning the terms in which they are expressed, so as to sound in jingling harmony with one another. In short, they were generally such as any man of plain discourse, and moderately good

understanding, would be prompted to adopt. And we liked them the better, for the straight-forward and unforced character they sustained. We thus escaped, so far, the mischief of having our attention diverted from the importance of the subject to the ingenuity of the speaker; and the things to be discoursed on began in the very outset of the sermon, from the simple, and consequently truth-like form in which they were proposed to our attention, to recommend themselves to our belief and acceptance. Still, though simple in their general outline and structure, his discourses were so regular, and so exactly in accordance with the best principles of rhetorical compositions, that, if elaborated *ad verbum* in the study, which we believe was very far from being the case, they could not, in general, either in the arrangement or filling up, be more complete and perfect than they actually were. An ear well practised to fastidious criticism might sometimes detect a certain negligence and looseness in his compositions. But we are not quite certain that in pulpit compositions this should be considered as a fault. The fault of many modern preachers is, that they are too correct; and that, for fear of violating the rules of composition, they fail to give to their discourses that freedom and power, which otherwise they might possess. Even admitting that, in the preacher now in view, there were occasional traces of a redundancy and negligence, amounting to a positive fault, we cannot deal harshly with it. A genius so rich and copious as his, must be excused, if it take leave, at intervals, to overflow its banks.

“As he proceeded in his discourse, we were powerfully

struck with the flashes, which ever and anon appeared, of new light upon old subjects; and with the unexpected, yet most happy introduction, of various scriptural phrases and allusions, which hide themselves, as it would seem, from ordinary preachers, but before the magic wand of this enchanter came forth in spontaneous profusion, and sparkled in his speech like diamonds. It is most evident, that in a literary sense, as well as otherwise, he had 'read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested, all Holy Scripture,' for his thinkings and his phraseology were eminently scriptural, and the savour of 'words which the Holy Ghost teacheth,' might be perceived in almost every sentence. There were, however, indications of his having rambled extensively in other gardens than those of Paradise, and his speech was sometimes graced with flowers not of Eden. We should rather say, with the odour of those flowers; for his compositions were constructed, as to the ornamental part of them, on the just and elegant principles, that flowers in discourses should be smelled rather than seen, and that their real use, like that of flowers in nature, is rather to charm us with their fragrance, than to surprise us with their glare. It was one of his peculiar excellences, to touch a metaphor just as the dragon-fly kisses the honey-suckle; a moment's rest upon it—and having sipped its sweetness, and imbued his wings with its odoriferous *pollen*, away he flies. And it was in this, as well as in certain other things, that he displayed his vast superiority over ordinary men; for, as Aristotle has somewhere remarked, the skilful employment of metaphor, more than any other ornament of language, may be regarded as a mark of genius.

“His intellect, we do not hesitate to say, was of the highest order; and, in one class of his capabilities, it exhibited an approximation to ‘the image of God,’ such as has rarely been vouchsafed to man. We now refer particularly to the faculty with which he was endowed of discerning things microscopically small, as well as things vastly great; and to the fact that his powers were so versatile and elastic that he could, with apparently equal ease, employ them in the purest and most indefinite abstraction, or expand them into the widest and most comprehensive generalization. If there were a preponderance either way, it was perhaps in favour of the latter faculty. On giving him a fact or proposition, in a moment he found out, as if by instinct, a clue by which he was at once conducted to some general principle, just as the immortal Newton, from the simple circumstance of having noticed the descent of an apple to the earth, found his way to the universal law of gravitation. We have sometimes thought that ‘his mind’s eye’ must have been furnished with a sort of iris, somewhat similar in its use to that which is well known to answer so important a purpose in corporeal vision. If the object of his contemplation had been one which, from its own nature, or from the circumstances under which it was contemplated, was involved in comparative obscurity, he seemed to have the power of dilating the organs of his intellectual vision, so as to take in the full effect of every ray of light which was reflected from it; and he thus acquired an idea of it as clear and perfect as the nature and circumstances of the case allowed. On the other hand, if the subject on which his mind desired

to occupy itself, had been one of those subjects which are 'dark with excessive bright,' he could contract his intellectual pupil, so as to perceive it, without being overpowered or dazzled into blindness 'through the abundance of the revelation.'

"His hearers would often be disposed to compare him to the eagle, for the lofty, and majestic, and heavenward bearing of his flight; and he was like the eagle in his vision too. He could look at the sun, if need were, without blinking; and he could also, at the same time, apprehend, with telescopic observation, the speck which, at the distance of many a mile was moving on the extremest verge of the horizon. The misfortune sometimes is, that although he was not dazzled in his vision, nor bewildered in his course, yet those who watched his flight grew weary with looking upwards to the glorious heights and 'heavenly places' in which he was expatiating. For we have no other way of accounting for the fact, that, with all the charms arising from commanding intellect, and brilliant genius, and a style of discourse which, besides being richly evangelical, was often elegant to downright fascination, he was not very eminently, in the popular sense of the expression, popular. On extraordinary occasions, it is true, the announcement of his name was sure to attract an overwhelming congregation; for on such occasions, it seemed to be expected as a thing of course, that he would come forth 'as the sun when he shineth in his strength, or as the moon when she walketh in brightness.' But in his ordinary ministrations, though perhaps scarcely, if at all, inferior in sterling interest and value to his more public and

notorious services, there was no such 'gathering of the people' as the celebrity of his name would have led one to expect; and very frequently, on such occasions, if his congregation had been a good one, it was for the quality, rather than for the number, of the persons who composed it.

"We have occasionally heard it said, that his style of preaching, with all the excellences usually admitted to belong to it, was still faulty on the whole, as being of too lofty and abstract a character, and as involving illustrations and allusions too remote from vulgar knowledge to be adapted, as it ought to have been, to the general edification of the hearers. If this objection were well-founded, it would constitute a very serious abatement from his real value as a preacher. But we are not inclined at present, nor shall we be easily persuaded to admit, that the objection can be fairly and reasonably made. It does not follow that, because a preacher's style and reasoning are suited to persons of refined and cultivated taste, they must therefore needs be totally unsuited to persons of plainer intellectual character and habits. The rainbow which so frequently appears to span our sky, is not more an object of delight to the philosopher who understands the *rationale* of the brilliant phenomenon, and who scrutinizes the precise number and the relative quantities of its constituent colours, than to the clown, who, never dreaming that the rainbow which he seems to see is really in his own eye, (and not, as he supposes, in the heavens above him,) runs forward to obtain a nearer view, and, if possible, to touch it: and the degree of moral instruction conveyed to the mind

of the latter is perhaps, in general, quite equal to that acquired by the former. With respect to those of his hearers 'who obeyed the truth,' we do not see what they could reasonably have hoped to gain by the descent of the preacher from that ethereal and holy elevation, in which, as a preacher, he lived, and moved, and had his being. We are humbly of opinion that, instead of coming down to the people, it much more beseemed his character, and beyond all doubt was much more for the advantage of the people, that he should by all means have invited and won them to come up to him.

"There is another particular in which he seemed to us to be singularly excellent. We now allude to his management of emphasis. The importance of this in elocution, is generally felt and acknowledged; every body knowing that much of the effect of public speaking depends on the proper distribution of emphasis; as the effect of painting depends, in a great measure, on the right management of light and shade. But the art itself is one of rare attainment, there being few public speakers who do not err, either in the quantity or the location of their emphasis, in almost every sentence which they utter. It is, refreshing, therefore, to find as in the case before us, an instance in which an art so important, and at the same time so rare, has been actually acquired. He had a voice which, from its flexibility and compass, was capable of an extensive range of intonations; and the player was worthy of the instrument. We hold it to be no mean skill and taste in rhetoric, to be able to distribute emphasis in right places, and in due proportion, throughout a single sentence. But this man had

a system of emphasis, so comprehensive, and yet so full and perfect, that, in his distribution of it, he took into his account whole paragraphs at once; and each successive sentence, as well as each word of every sentence, received its just and legal modicum of emphasis and intonation, with an effect as delightful as the exactness was surprising. We travelled with him through his sentences and paragraphs with a sense of that combination of variety and ease, which is the proper medium between dull monotony and violently-distorted emphasis.

“We do not pretend to speak for others, on this matter, but, to us, it was really a musical, as well as an intellectual treat, to listen to him through one of his larger paragraphs, and especially to hear the energetic and impassioned roll of sound which bursted on the concluding sentence, where the force of the preceding sentences, was, as it were, concentrated, and made to fall upon the ear and upon the spirit of his auditory with a break like that of thunder,—the violence of the clap, or, as the author of the ‘*Prosodia Rationalis*’ would have called it, ‘the explosive force,’ resting not on the very last words of the sentence, but on one or more of the words immediately preceding. As he approached the middle of the sentence, out flashed some brilliant and dazzling coruscation of genius, sudden and vivid as the lightning, and the thunder-clap immediately followed,—its roar gradually dying away in words pronounced in a tone of voice so low, as by the remoter part of the congregation scarcely to be heard at all.

“On the whole, it will be generally acknowledged, that his style of composition and his delivery were in

most admirable keeping with each other. Tradition says it was not always so, and would lead us to conclude that the latter had in a considerable degree been moulded by the former. In his earlier years, as we are informed, his delivery was, like that of many other young and unpractised speakers, ungracefully hurried and impetuous, and in a strain approaching to vociferation. But his grave and truly dignified speech had put its rein upon the tongue that uttered it, and the 'member,' once 'unruly,' was afterwards managed with perfect ease, and with consummate skill. And as his delivery was slow and solemn, so his sentences were often short; and, when they were lengthy, the pronunciation of them was relieved by the frequent intervention of becoming pauses. He was thus never out of breath; and his hearers had time, as he proceeded, to take in the full meaning and impression of all that was delivered.

"One circumstance which greatly tended, in conjunction with others, to confer an air of originality on his discourses, was, that many of them were founded on texts of Scripture which had rarely been 'handled' before. But in thus deviating from the common track, he had too much good sense and taste to fall into those quaint and affected singularities which have sometimes disgraced the pulpit. His text never appeared to be chosen, merely because it was short or uncommon, but as containing some great and interesting doctrinal truth, or as illustrating some general principles which stood in vital connexion with the all-important matters of experimental or practical godliness. Such, at least, was our observation of his preaching.

“Those who often heard him must have noticed, that, in his theological reasoning and discourse, there was a very marked anxiety, to maintain a humble and devout submission to the authority of Holy Writ, and to acknowledge that authority, not only by an implicit acceptance of its teaching on matters of positive revelation, but also by a religious abstinence from presumptuous and blind enquiry into those mysteries which the Scripture veils in silence. We half suspect that at some former period in his history, he was more daring and excursive in his range, and that his later horror of presumption in matters of theological dispute arose partly from a retrospect of the peril which himself, perhaps, once ventured to approach too nearly, and into which he might have fallen, but that—ere he became irrecoverably mazy with looking over the scanty battlement, which fenced the precipitous verge of lawful prejudices—he was rescued by the intervention of a celestial power.

“His usefulness, perhaps, was less in the detail than in the gross, and it was rather felt than seen. And yet there were occasions when his usefulness was eminently seen as well as felt.

“To a spectator not acquainted with him, his aspect gave the idea of something austere and supercilious. If in his general temper and habit he was really otherwise, and if by those who had the honour of a nearer acquaintance he was justly said to be affable and condescending, we can only say that, according to our judgment, the virtue was in his case doubly virtuous, as having been acquired by hard-earned victory over an opposite propensity; and we cannot but cordially congratulate

him on a triumph which adds so great a lustre to his character. In other respects, as must appear from the preceding observations, he had 'profited above many his equals;' and if in this respect also, he out-stripped some others of his brethren, he justly challenges our affectionate esteem, as well as our unfeigned admiration,—

• Victor ducum, victor et ipse sui. ”

No. VII.

William Atherton
* * * * *

"Multum sudavit." HORACE.

IN continuing our walks through the WESLEYAN GALLERY, and looking over the immense number of portraits that adorn it, a kind of bewildering feeling takes possession of the breast, till the eye reposes on a favoured few, and selects them as studies. Among those that admit of more than a passing glance, and the living originals of which are still in recollection, imagination is left to employ itself both on the substance and on the shadow, and to indulge its powers by alternately moulding a painting into a man, and metamorphosing a man into a painting.

To proceed, then, with the work of criticism and personification, the amateur is politely and modestly invited to look upon this picture—by no means perfect, yet singular in its kind. An objection may be taken against the situation; but it is impossible, in a collection

so large, to give to each portrait the same prominence—to dispose of it so as to admit of the same light: some will be sure to suffer in the arrangement; nor will even the colouring—abstracted from the size and merit of the work, justify, in every instance, a full glare of sunshine. In speaking of merit, however, our arrangement is not to be understood as including any graduated scale of character, directing public attention first to the most exalted, and then proceeding downward, by so many regular steps, to the lowest; but after inspecting a Reubens, a Rembrandt, and a Vandyke or two, to dash into the crowd, and take them up promiscuously. The portrait under contemplation—though a little in the shade, is nevertheless in a situation that suits it; every feature, every touch of the pencil, is distinct to the eye; while all that is harsh or liney, is softened and subdued, like hills in the distance. Of this we may rest assured, that as it is in providence, so it is in a variety of other arrangements—there is a greater adaptation between persons and offices, things and situations, than we are often prepared to admit.

On taking an estimate of the man, whose image this is,—in height, width, and weight, we should pronounce him to be five feet nine inches, and a proper person to fill an intermediate place between the “lean,” and the “fat and well-favoured” of his species; sufficiently removed from each, to prevent him from being suspected of dying of plethora, or mistaken for a shadow. Looking at him in the detail, a slight rotundity about the shoulder will be perceived, though far from unseemly, or appearing to lower the chin upon the breast as its resting place.

A certain spring in the toes imparts a lightness to the step, and aids the work of itinerancy, which vies, in some particulars—and especially in poor and rambling circuits, with the less respectable profession of a pedestrian. The cravat and straight-breasted coat, are indicative of moderation, and give us a peep at ancient times; but while they evince a disposition to shake hands with the sleeker followers of George Fox, the trowsers connect him with men of modern date. Though not distinguished by any general external attractions, it is impossible on passing him, not to observe a little sly, sarcastic humour lurking in the face, and an eye—of a light grey, inclined towards the ear, as if prepared to laugh outright on the first symptom of a failing or infirmity in a fellow-mortal; with a touch of vanity; while a keenness of grip about the mouth, betrays the power not only of taking hold, but of maintaining hold with biting severity. His grey hair, which is cut extremely short, and has a bristly appearance, scarcely affords a sufficient coating for the ground beneath, and admits of a fair proportion of bare scalp on each side of the forehead, running up towards the crown, like two small inlets of the sea, or more properly, like two narrow pathways on either side of a hill. The head itself is comparatively small, and the forehead narrow; the latter inclined to rise, till, on the ascent of an inch or so, it takes a gradual turn backward, and like a subject slowly and modestly retiring from the face of majesty, assumes the form of a gentle slope, rather than the broad and abruptly precipitous appearance of Matlock High Tor. Yet, there is withal, a certain compactness in the appearance, which leaves an

impression of solidity. The nose, as to appearance, is, perhaps, the least proportionate feature of the face, and seems to meet death about half way: it becomes unusually indented towards the nostril, during a partially suppressed laugh, at which time the crow's foot is in full play about the eye, curving its way upward between the eye and the ear—the former remaining nearly enclosed by its lids. As to the general contour, the face can neither be pronounced round nor square, long nor triangular, but something between the oblong and the circular, though a little inclined to dip. The general hue is that which might be produced by a palish yellow, with a slight touch of brown, but without a single tint of carnation on cheek or lip; and the surface—though far from assuming the form of the honey-comb, is nevertheless slightly disfigured and cicatrized by the small-pox. There is, however, no indication of a want of health—though often the subject of headache; and it may just be remarked in passing, that the eyebrows—on the most friendly terms, are on their march across the nose to give each other the meeting—bristled in the centre like the head-piece of some of the parrot tribe.

He appears to be one of those men, who, in the onset, would be considered dry, severe, and repulsive;—one who would prefer knowing his company, before he could submit to treat them as companions;—one who is not overstocked with the bland ingredient of courtesy, and who would be as much disposed to chill obtrusion, as to remand curiosity, and send it back without its meal of gratification;—one, in short, who is more studious than talkative. A casual observer would chalk him down

for a person about sixty years of age ; report affirms him to be of Lancashire extraction ; and he ranks eminently among those, who, in the language of Hawkins Brown—

“for pleasure smoke ;”

and with the pipe in his mouth, would not hesitate to ask—

“Can he

Who scorns the leaf of knowledge, love the tree ?”

Some physicians have taken the liberty of recommending the narcotic “leaf,” despite of Mr. Wesley’s skill in “Primitive Physic ;” and should the gentleman before us,—without the sanction of one of the sons of *Æsculapius*, and therefore in defiance of Wesleyan rule, continue “to smoke” for sheer “pleasure,” or in the hope, that he will ere long be able to see his way to the “tree” upon which “knowledge” is suspended in clusters, through the clouds that envelope him—and which will ever envelope him while he applies the fire to the pipe, we can only say, that we wish him success in his pursuits. Milton indulged in the luxury of smoking ; and many of the evenings of George Wither, in Newgate, when weary with numbering his steps, or telling the panes of glass, were solaced in “meditations over a pipe,” not without a grateful acknowledgment of the mercy of God in thus wrapping up a “blessing in a weed.” Nor must we forget the great Robert Hall.

But as it is not so much with the outer, as with the “inner man,” we profess to be concerned, we turn more immediately to his ministerial qualifications, and the manner in which he acquits himself in the pulpit—glancing, of course, at such parts of the exterior, as refer to action.

As a public speaker, then—and here, as in other cases, whatever may be the charge to which we subject ourselves as it regards incongruity, we must be allowed to take him from the canvas, and, by a certain plastic power of which authors are possessed, “make a man of him;”—as a public speaker, we would observe, his voice, though neither harmonious, melodious, nor varied, is far from being harsh or disagreeable. It is rather dry and husky, than full and mellow;—is more in want of clearness than strength;—is more substantial, than rich. Perhaps a german flute, that requires a little moisture, will convey no inadequate notion of what is wished to be understood. The speaker is rarely without the power to elevate and strengthen it, but he cannot throw it out in sweet and varied tones. He never, while ascending, approaches the melodious; it is only a fuller breath on the same note; and although every word is distinctly uttered, still it is with the distinctive air of the cuckoo, rather than the variation and prodigality of the thrush. Music, in short, appears to be the principal thing that is lacking. But the man is not to blame; nor are we noticing it as a fault in training, but a defect in nature;—nature, who has constructed the instrument, and who—as resident in all her children, cannot for a moment object to its giving utterance to her own tones,—any more than she can reasonably find fault with the wood-lark for not enrapturing the ear like the nightingale. The bugle-horn bears as much the stamp of perfection as the well-toned organ;—both are perfect in their kind;—they can both be made to harmonize;—and it is only in the presence of the one that we are less delighted

with the other. One compliment due to the gentleman, is, that in whatsoever class of instruments his own may be placed, and by whatsoever name it may be designated, he is not without skill in its use. Can we say more?

His delivery, it is true, is rapid; but it is the rapidity of the coming tide,—not the confused noise of a shower, or the whirl of a watchman's rattle. If we combine with his delivery, his action—if action it may be called, we shall find that both are in part effects of the same cause. His head, while in the pulpit, reminds us, from its vibratory movements, of the image of a Chinese mandarin, in the window of a tea-dealer,—going backward and forward, as if partially beating time to fixed sentences, and necessary to their delivery; his hands, meanwhile, determinately grasping each side of the pulpit, or the board on which the Bible and cushion are placed, as if afraid of being precipitated over the front, or losing his balance. As he increases in ardour, he becomes more firm and tenacious in his grasp. The habit is the same on the platform. If a chair be within reach, so much the better. He takes his stand behind its back, as erst in cottage-preaching; and clutching the upper bar, his arms remain at length, like the cables of a vessel riding at anchor, swinging from stem to stern, under a varied swell. It is rare indeed that he looks either to the right or left; the eye is generally directed to the front, with the face turned upward as far as the vibratory motion referred to will allow, as if chiefly concerned in the edification of the people towards the highest part of the front gallery. This, by the way, reminds us of an excellent "Letter," written by a senior

to a junior Wesleyan Preacher, in which he cautions his young friend against the practice of idly and irreverently staring about upon the congregation, reminding him at the same time, that respect from the minister is due to all—to rich and poor, young and old. It is by no means insinuated, however, that the gentleman we are attempting to delineate, is deficient in respect. This habit must be traced to another cause. He is so completely occupied on the things that are within—from whence arises a distressing anxiety to deliver them in the exact order and manner in which they have been mentally disposed, that, to the things and persons from without, he is comparatively a stranger. It is owing to this, that the eye is more frequently turned inward upon what is to come, than outward upon the auditory, with whom it should converse in its own language, and in reference to whom it should be on the look out, in order to see the effects produced by that which has just crossed the threshold of the lips. But, in this respect, it scarcely ever seems to follow the word,—looking truth, so to speak—not impudently, but piercingly, into all the corners, avenues, and depths of the hearer's soul. This, with him, alas, is dead loss; and as to effective expression, he might as well be without vision,—nay, more so, on the part of the congregation, as an inmate of the “Blind Asylum” would rise in popularity, in proportion to the compassion and wonder his infirmity might awaken.

We are not aware, that we are offering any violence to the sanctity of the pulpit, or to the meekness and modesty of the Christian ministry, when we affirm, that

the eye of a public speaker should resemble a keen animal in full chase,—racing after thought to make it tell; or like a dagger, pointed to widen the wound after the incision has been made by the word that has fallen upon the ear; producing the double effect, of not only sounding, but looking, as has just been remarked, the word of life into all the secret recesses of the human heart. When eye meets eye, the application becomes personal. We do not here refer to the use which Dr. Parr made of his eyes in social life, and of which he was in the habit of priding himself, when he inflicted the punishment of a certain penetrating, steadfast look, upon a person who might enter his presence, and against whom he might have conceived a prejudice—giving himself, by the way, more credit perhaps for the effects in this way, than actually followed; no, no, it is far otherwise; it is wide of all self-consequence, tyranny, and trick; it is nature and truth entering into a conspiracy against sin and error,—the one outfacing, and the other stripping it of its audacity and its power. There is a language in the eye which the heart alone can understand. But whatever may be said of its power in others, in giving eloquence to silence by its beauty, in transforming contradiction to assent by its kindness, and rendering beauty itself a piece of deformity by its rage, we cannot here adopt the language of Virgil,—

“Erranti, passimque oculus per cuncta ferenti;”

for instead of exploring every place with either curious or anxious eyes, they are nearly as stationary as a pair composed of glass, and fixed in a figure of wax; and

as dumb, as to any tidings they bring home of what is doing abroad, as a person deprived of the organs of speech.

This fixity of attitude and of eye, conveys the impression of a recital; and if every sentence—nay, if every word delivered, be not known by this gentleman previously to his appearance in the pulpit; if he be not one of the veriest memoriter preachers, his whole manner is one of the severest libels that can be conceived on the spontaneity for which he ought to have credit from the persons that attend his ministry. He does not appear to have a single spare moment on hand, to allow him to look around for visible effects. If that which arises is not instantly seized, and delivered as it turns up in the recollection, either total loss or embarrassment is the result. Hence a fear of what some plain people term, and not inappropriately, “sticking fast,” and the wish to proceed at the rate required, in order to prevent it. Progress is always apparent; but it is the pace of an animal of which fears are entertained after starting, lest he should come to “a dead stand.” It has the effect, therefore, of something pushed into an unnatural and unnecessary speed—an appearance somewhat mechanical:—fear* has much more influence than pleasure in the operation, —a fear as to the possibility of carrying the work respectably through, rather than confidence in its ultimate and triumphant completion. Pleasure arrives at the close, and is enjoyed with the epicurianism of a secret feast, should he have succeeded in the delivery; but pain, in the same ratio, on the

* Here the reader may turn back to p. 47, where this gentleman is contrasted with another speaker.

experience of a failure: and this is more or less the case with all memoriter preachers; if not so—for we have made up our minds to be convinced only on a confession of their own, let them publish it to the world. But here we conclude ourselves safe, for more reasons than one—and one reason will be sufficient to impose silence where refutation is most desirable, though not most needed. To return: there is no apparent lack of confidence with our preacher in the strength, fitness, and respectability of what has to be advanced; it seems to rest solely on the ability to perform the work in the outset—confidence in the matter, but next to none in the memory and the man, though that memory may have served him in thousands of instances, and in scores on the same subject; with protracted intervals between. This evidently, as one cause, arises from laying too great a burthen of words upon the memory—all of which must be microscopically attended to and picked up by the point, so to speak, of the recollection, rather than from the circumstance of taking up a subject in the mass, in consequence of the wealth of thought which the speaker has to press into it: and we all know, that thought, like the body, may be weighed down with the excess of drapery thrown around it; and if so, the man who subjects himself to it, must, like the horse-jockey—pardon the association—loaded with half a dozen coats before the race, and sufficiently diminutive for ordinary purposes already, “prepare”—in the slang of the turf, “for a sweat.” We do not pretend to charge such preachers with cruelty; for the very religion they profess, and in the illustration of which they are engaged,

would prevent them from overloading their horses in the way they overload themselves. But what a toil, what an overwhelming burthen,—a proper variety of sermons, and all made up of so many words, and every word faithfully and laboriously treasured up in the memory, and counted out with a miser's care, to go the round of a two or three years' station! Add to these, some scores of missionary and other speeches! Why, a man—we only wish we had a compositor by our side, or had the time and patience ourselves,—a man must be a perfect Ajax in the universe of letters, to support by his own individual strength, such a world of words. This is properly the slavery of the pulpit; and if—as in the case of West India slavery, ministers will not of themselves come voluntarily forward to abolish the system, the people should take it up, and urge the propriety of giving “liberty to the captive.” And yet, after all, when persons go into slavery of their own accord, where is the remedy that can be applied by the benevolent? It must not be forgotten, however, that there are different degrees of slavery; and bad as the state of the memoriter *itinerant* is, it is a heaven upon earth when compared with the situation of a *dissenting minister*, who adopts the same plan, and is fixed with the same congregation—probably for life.

We have expressed a wish that we had our compositor by our side; but his presence is scarcely necessary. The following is a rough calculation for an average sermon of from three quarters to an hour long. The sermon say, —twenty-four printed octavo pages, of thirty-six lines per page; each page containing 1417 letters, 472 syllables, or

326 words, in ordinary language. One sermon, agreeably to this calculation, will contain 7,824 words:—Fifty-two new, or varied sermons, for one year, 406,848 words—At the rate of one hundred and four different sermons to the same congregation, for one year, 813,696 words:—And for a three years' station, or three hundred and twelve sermons, at the rate of two new sermons per Sabbath, 2,441,088 words! We omit in this calculation, all week-day preaching, to balance for those Sabbaths in which the preacher may be called upon to address separate congregations; and we have also omitted all missionary and other speeches—all sermons of extraordinary length, as on a Sabbath evening—and all additions to the old stock. But in the little we have effected, we perceive the task which a man has before him, who enters a school of this kind! for we do contend, that men are very often their own makers in this practice; and we have known some preachers who have unmade themselves, by throwing off the shackles, after a course of memoriter preaching for at least years. “Go thou, and do likewise.”

From the general stiffness alluded to in the speaker before us, there is little or no relief. It is true, there is an occasional clenching of the fist, or a clap with the palm of the hand on the side of the pulpit; but though violent, it is far from being free; the pulpit is still its home, and it stirs abroad at the peril of losing a thought, breaking a chain, or stumbling over a word. The general expression of the countenance is that of austerity; even on the tender subject of eternal mercy, there is not a melting glance of the eye—no play of benevolence—not a benign feeling in motion. There is a nearer approach

to the chilling fleece of winter, than to the genial shower of spring,—that shower, which, falling upon the tender herb, finds the latter rising to meet it, while it seems to shake its pensile stem for very joy; a closer approximation to the hurricane, than to the blue and beautifully calm Italian sky. The seasons never appear in their beauty, richness, and variety.

But this originates, in some measure, in his matter, which leads,—still in connexion with his manner, to another view of the subject. There is an apparent fondness of epithet—of the rolling period—the gingling, mechanical division of a discourse. The general heads, and the particulars of which they are composed, are turned off, as from the hand of a clock or watch-maker; all the wheels move with velocity and regularity, and fit to a nicety; and when, in motion, the bells chime into each other, with a music like that heard by Buchanan amid the mountains of Mesopotamia, or from some of our churches at home. Besides this, the speed with which they move, has the advantage of concealing an imperfection, here and there, in the manufacture. The plan is precisely the same as that which has been ludicrously characterised as the “button-making” system, which, because of the roundness implied, still comports with the notion of a watch wheel. In the composition, there is the occasional run and form of blank verse, though without its music, its majesty, or its sweetness,—and again, the abruptness of Sterne, with his favourite hyphen. A fondness, too, is perceptible, of what Robinson, in his notes on Claude, terms “strikification;” reminding us of some of the peculiarities of the *sphinx atropos*, which

aids the accomplishment of its purposes by its startling appearance,—for it is the joy of his heart to startle and astonish. He will even offend against both the sanctity of the place and good taste, by the employment of a coarse expression or simile, which contains a sarcasm, or a little humour, or a piece of irony. To deny himself of it, when it turns up, would cost him much more than a day's abstinence from animal food; and to lop it off from the manuscript, where, in his estimation, it flourishes like a rose with thorns, would occasion him as great a pang as the extraction of a tooth. The razor and the whip are always within reach. He would sooner see an audience or an individual writhe in agony, or smile at a witticism, than drowned in tears. Severity is the predominant feeling: and here he is a master of no ordinary skill; and notwithstanding the influence it has upon his manner, still, the effect which it has in preserving the guilty in awe, is remarkable. The fool, who has been brayed in his mortar, and has felt the weight of his pestle, will be sure to learn wisdom so as to know and to shun the place where he stands; the offender, whose back has been bared to his rod, will avoid the situation in which it hangs. But then, there is an evil arising from another quarter. The timid and the innocent are afraid of drawing nigh. The bow which is bent, and which sends the arrow through the ring at which it is aimed, is discharged with such force, that the barb is found lodged in the breast of a person standing behind the target. He ought, it may be said, to have kept out of the way. True—and so he would, if he had been suspicious of danger; and now that the arrow strikes, the archer—arch as he is, is marked in his turn.

In further animadverting on the mechanism employed, we would say, the gentleman can tell to a hair's breadth, the moment for becoming emphatic; but then, there is, as in other things, a wide difference between emphasis and feeling, and also between pathos and vehemence. When emphasis is present, and feeling is summoned to the spot at the felicitous moment, it is not, alas! always forthcoming. Something like it starts up in its stead,—something artificial, something fictitious; or, shall we say, a mere apparition? that which produces a perfectly opposite effect to the one intended. There is the same conduct and feeling in such cases, in a congregation—to compare the great with the small, as there is in a fly. Place two beautiful knots of flowers, in two separate pots, in the immediate neighbourhood of each other, the one natural and the other artificial. The fly, which will scarcely deign to look upon the latter, though glowing with all the colours of the rainbow, and perfect transcripts of nature, will instinctively wing its way from the opposite corner of the room, and alight on the former—fresh from the hand of Flora, dipt in the dews and perfumed by the breath of heaven. So much for memoriter preaching. When we have a certain stock of feeling prepared beforehand, and laid up in the store-house of the heart—or, perhaps, rather in the head, for particular purposes, we sometimes discover to our sorrow, that either the door is barred or bolted, or the key is lost, when required; or if the key is at hand, the time flits past, while in the act of fumbling for the key-hole. Who does not subscribe to the truth, and feel the force of this,—

“The melted, is the melting heart?”

So subtle and evanescent is this exquisite essence, that, unless it is caught just at the moment of its origination, it will slip through the heart, like a shadow through the fingers, without the least consciousness of its presence. It bears no affinity to porter or strong ale, which improves by time, and is the better for bottling; it will not admit of being bottled and corked up over the writing-desk in the study, to be ready for drawing, like imperial pop, in the shop of a druggist, when the order is given; it should always be made at the time, and, in the language of a recent Act, "drunk on the premises," by the audience, the instant it is created. The moment a congregation perceives that a design is about to be practised upon it, that moment it shrinks back, like the sensitive plant, or like the snail into its shell; whereas, on feeling being genuine, the whole assembly seems to come out, as do the flowers, to drink in the rain, or bask in the sun. We can never think of genuine and artificial feeling—in attempting a portrayal of their effects, without being reminded of Chatham and Burke; the former addressing the house on the subject of the American war, and unpremeditatingly shouldering his crutch, which he had standing beside him, in order to support him under a fit of the gout—adapting, in the warmth of his feeling, his action to his theme; and the latter brandishing an old sword, which had been previously concealed by him for the occasion, and which—as supposed, he had drawn out at the fitful moment,—thus producing in the senate effects the most opposite. Chatham intended nothing, and effected everything; Burke aimed at effect, and lost all; Chatham's was a pure spring of nature, and the house not only drank it in, but answered

to its dictates; Burke's was an effort of art, and the members present laughed at the trick. It is owing to this stock-on-hand system, which we are equally anxious to laugh out of countenance, that many of the peals of the preacher before us are mere peals of imitative thunder,—such as are heard in the mechanical theatre,—its proper place. They are not once to be named with the dashing, roaring, bellowing thunder-claps of a Dawson, or a Whitfield; and although it requires a compass and strength of voice to which his own affords no pretension, yet through a determination to effect something like the voice from above, which is terrible and full of majesty, at set times—like so many words set to music, he brings himself below his proper standard, and subjects himself to the charge of a failure.

Owing to tolerable readiness—not ease and grace, he may be considered as a kind of connecting link between the extemporaneous preacher, and the mere reader; which is not the case with every member of the memoriter school. There are three methods generally adopted by English ministers, and we have a fair proportion of each—and each producing its more or less serious corresponding effects, both on the minister and his auditory. —Reading takes the lowest stand in the scale of respectability. It destroys all grace and power in action, and will never—except perhaps in a Chalmers, allow the effervescence of genuine feeling to foam and sparkle in the human breast. The eye, like an insect pinned to the sheet of an entomologist, is fixed on the page; and, school-boy like, the preacher is always at his lesson; it is not even committed to memory. The memoriter preacher

ascends a step higher; he has, in the language of the school, "got off his lesson," and is ready for recital; a proof of his industry, as well as his timidity. But he has, in consequence of it, placed himself in a straight-jacket; and although his upper garment is thrown over the whole, and the lacing and the badge are invisible to the eye, they are not the less felt. The line which he has marked out for himself, and along which he is compelled to walk, is straight and narrow; and he must take care, as on slack-wire, to balance himself with caution: he is as much at the mercy of a word composed of one syllable, as he is of a whole sentence, however parenthetical. The difference is less between the reader and the reciter, than between the reciter and the extemporaneous preacher. The imagination—before which each line with its contents must move, is as much fixed on the manuscript in the study, in the case of the mere memoriter preacher, as the eye of the reader upon his page; the one is equally as dependant as the other, and to the paper both are indebted.—The extemporaneous preacher attends to thoughts more than words; leaving the latter, with which the reciter has chiefly to do, and which, like so many atoms, perplex and bewilder, to come of their own accord. He has a region of his own; and in that region, he is like a bird upon the wing; all is ease, and grace, and power. His thoughts are as well arranged, as the words of the reader and the reciter are laboriously disposed: but he can clothe them at will; for when the heart is under a warm and happy influence, which is sure to be the case, when the preacher is more impressed with the importance of his subject, than the

manner of its delivery, they appear instantly in the field, and fall as regularly into their ranks as a regiment of soldiers on the parade. If words are required at all, they had much better come at the bidding of thought, than of memory.

We may be open to the charge, perhaps, of having dealt with this gentleman with too much pleasantry. This is no uncommon complaint. Melchoir Canus, a writer of some elegance, but who abandoned the church for the court—and was therefore not entitled to be heard with profound respect, complains that Laertius has written the *Lives of Philosophers* much more gravely, than some Christian authors have penned the *Lives of Saints*. But a good deal depends both on the writer and the subject. What is to be said, when the writer turns out to be Thomas Fuller, with his “*Worthies?*” And what to be done, when the subject is good old John Berridge?

The transition from the manner and the drapery, to the matter, is easy. On this, however, it will be the less necessary to expatiate, as it has been partially touched already. His matter is varied; and although denuded of those elegancies and beauties, which frequently accompany superior genius and learning, yet there is often a height and depth of thought, as well as strength of mind displayed, which is only occasionally to be found in the pulpit: and this, in addition to others, is one of the reasons why we have bestowed upon him so much of our attention and labour. Had he been an ordinary man, he would have been allowed to file off with the crowd; and had he not been extraordinary among the extraordinaries,

he would have been dismissed in the course of half the time. But the more we look at him, the more we find him a fit subject of criticism; for, in connection with strength, we find a certain portion of acuteness, though nature never formed him after the model of a close and consecutive reasoner. His mind is not rapid, but sure in its operations. The soil is not, in the strictest sense, rich; yet it is good, and with close attention, and constant cultivation, yields excellent crops. Like the best of lands, it shews its weeds, and it requires incessant toil to suppress them, as well as the wealth of other minds to produce fertilization. With an apparently ordinary education in early life, and no classical attainments in after days, the astonishment is, how, with a mind naturally rough and untractable, he has been able—to change the allusion, to hew out of the rock, the excellent and substantial materials he has to exhibit, and which, in that exhibition, rise as a monument to his glory,—at once a compliment to his industry, perseverance, and Christianity.

Speaking of industry—for we really feel it is as awkward a thing to get out of as to get into awkward hands, we do not think he is a person who could sit down and write an original work, or a leading article once a quarter for a Review. His knowledge chiefly belongs to his preaching stock, and he has little time to spare beyond what is necessary between the pulpit and the study. The hard labour of preparation occupies most of his time—time divided between getting ready and delivery. He has made the pulpit his home; and it would be well indeed, if all who occupy that sacred place, were equally

careful—in their own peculiar way, to stock it with equal furniture. Of books, he could perhaps say but little in the presence of a bibliomaniac; not that he is ignorant on this subject; but he has thought and written more than he has read; and the reading to which he has chiefly devoted himself, is theology. But even here, his range has not been extensive, though it appears to have been select. His preaching, in this respect, is characteristic. There is nothing of the pedant; there are no literary references; there is no bead-roll of the names of men of eminence. Nor is he to be classed with men, who, in social life, talk learnedly and sensibly, but who, on entering the pulpit, appear without its appropriate furniture—as bald as a head without a single tuft of hair upon it—rising scarcely an inch above the veriest of common-place characters. With all his fears, with all his defects, the pulpit is still his place; there he reigns; there he commands the general homage of his auditors, who appear his willing subjects. Attention is never permitted to flag,—there is no sleeping under him,—he is sure to move; and like an honest man, who is paid for his labour, he never fails to give an equivalent for the utmost farthing he receives. All his studies have been directed to the pulpit for the benefit of the public. He “feeds the flock with knowledge and understanding.” If we admit a cherished love to astonish, still we must acknowledge that he rarely fails to effect his purpose. Many of his sermons are great—a few of them splendid—all of them laboured, and none without point. He never balks expectation, though he more frequently astonishes than delights; more frequently gathers a congregation, than preserves

it stationary; more frequently convinces, than converts; is as much followed at the close of a third year's station, as at the termination of the first. If we were to add the pastor to the preacher, he would be seen and honoured on his heights by the church, as he is at present seen and honoured by the world. But we can spare a man, who shews in the pulpit how he has been spending his time out of it—in severe study.

His mind cannot, in the proper and largest sense, be pronounced original, though it is not without originality; it is closely allied to the inventive, and is of a working, mechanical cast,—never hesitating to lay contributions on all it comes near. But though he is far from fastidious in appearing with a good, bold thought, belonging to another person, he is not without those of his own—to which others are equally welcome, and which would suffer nothing in the comparison, if paired with them. Were his literary creditors to come upon him, without a moment's warning, he would not only be able to pay every man his own, but would have a fair surplus of personal property, which he could claim as his right, and which would stamp him with more than respectability in the estimation of the thinking and reading world. This, alas! could not be said of many, who carry on a more extensive trade. Insolvency, and a place in the bankrupt gazette, would be the result with some, if every creditor had what he could demand. But we must recall ourselves. There is not only evident pleasure with our friend—for so we consider him, in saying a smart thing,—though it might belong to another person, but a desire to say it well.

To close our criticisms on the gentleman—to whom many will be ready to give a name, however enigmatical we may leave him, as well as some others of his brethren, we would remark—as a further key, that although he has not attained the highest point of popularity, his elevation is such as to place him at least two-thirds on his way up the steep. What has been advanced, in many instances, may be reduced to a species of mere mannerism—the mannerism, nevertheless, of bad habits, induced by imperfect plans. But take him as a whole, rather than in the detail, and we have at once a rarity—a man of much more exalted powers than many who are more generally held in request—a man, under whose lash, vice, in every discourse, is made to writhe, and error is compelled to shelter itself in darkness—a man who never preaches a sermon, in which he does not work into its very grain, the leading truths of the gospel, and always in varied form—and from whose ministry no one can withdraw,—if living in sin, without feeling verily guilty in the sight of God; with a consciousness that, should profligacy be persevered in, “many stripes” will be the inevitable result. He is sure to rouse the soul from its apathy, if he do not in every instance bring it to repentance; and to direct the attention to heaven, is next to the act of prostrating a sinner to the earth in the performance and attitude of prayer.

His forte, as will have been perceived, is not sympathy with either the softer or stronger emotions, but an impatient scorn and bitter indignation against the vices and follies of men. He is sometimes even loaded with bitter invective on these subjects; though, perhaps,

not always close to the point—a little wordy—and finds it difficult to quit the ground he has gone over. His ministry would not be permanently effective and popular, if confined to one congregation; but he is a prince among the many, as a preacher, and his ministry in Methodism is highly useful—important to the body, and stands out with the boldness of a promontory.

No. VIII.

BRADBURN.

"Effert animi motus interprete lingua." HORACE.

FEW names are more familiar to the Wesleyan ear than that of SAMUEL BRADBURN, who was born and cradled in the Bay of Gibraltar, and whose ministry bore no insignificant resemblance to the rock which overhangs it—distinguished for boldness, sublimity, and picturesque beauty;—not forgetting the ocean that rocked him, as an equally expressive emblem of the heavings and buffetings which he not unfrequently experienced on his passage through life. His itinerant labours commenced in 1774, and closed in 1816. Two or three sermons were given to the public by him, which, though creditable, furnish no adequate idea of the man; and a Memoir was published of him, by one of his daughters, which—though unintentional on her part, raises him but a slight degree above mediocrity. Never was man, in Methodism, better known among the preachers, and less understood among the people. It is our intention, while

sketching him, to look at him with the iron eyes of equity, and not—though he can spare much, to spare him in the least. He can bear—as some of the brethren of the quill would say, a few scratches from the dæmon fangs of criticism; and yet, after all is said, that can be said, it is our opinion, he will turn out a noble, dignified being, with merely the imperfections attached to exuberant genius and a generous nature; attended with innumerable serious relentings, and much more of the sanctification of the Spirit than that for which he obtained credit—the more rigid part of his own community being greatly in arrears to him on the score of charity, while he himself was deeply indebted to the more benevolent of his brethren for their tenderness and forbearance.

In later life, he was rather corpulent, and wore a powdered wig; was easy, gentlemanly, and agreeable in his manners, and impressed a mere stranger with the notion of a person allied to the nobility of the land. There was occasionally a kind of jocose austerity in the air of his face; a sort of, what some persons would term, visible tendency to importance, in which the gravity was so whimsically counterbalanced by the ridiculous, that the jest—when indulged, was so much the more heightened as the attempt to be serious was exercised. Yet, in the pulpit, there was an expression of commanding majesty; the distance of even a large chapel being unable, as in the case of persons delicately formed, to swallow up the minuter details, but rather adding to the manliness and benignity of his countenance, which, though not handsome, was nevertheless noble, and though

somewhat turgid, or large, presented to the observer, its interesting and strongly marked features. His eyes were of a lightish blue; and this aided the general expression which he intended to convey,—the black being generally calculated to prevent us from distinguishing in the distance, and by lamp light, those impressive variations of look, without which there is no difference between a masque and a beauty. Though corpulent, still he bore no affinity to the mere creature of blubber; but was upright, and rather majestic in his appearance, standing in an attitude more commanding than even kings know how to assume—his bearing being prompted by the affluence of intellect; while there was a conscious dignity in his mien—a graceful movement of the person—and generally a benign radiancy in the eye, when not engaged in conversation or in the pulpit.

Though not always amiable, he was a man of kind and friendly dispositions; but was tempted, as has been hinted, and as will hereafter be more fully shewn, by the exuberance of his genius and his cheerful temper, to speak loosely and extravagantly; and was hurried into expressions in prose, like Dryden in song, which not only impaired his peace, but degraded his genius, and threw a remote imputation on his ministerial character. With all his imperfections, he was a steady and determined friend, and would only cling the closer to those who wanted him the more; and knowing his own faults, would—even in their errors, stand by his adherents, as he did in the case of Mr. Kilham, till forbearance became criminal,—befriending, in many instances, to self-denying, his inferiors in the ministry.

While the room often echoed to the accents of his elevated genius, in social conversation, he would, on a sudden, with no polished lips, have turned upon the foibles, plans, or proceedings of some one, or more, of the party, and by one of his "broad grins," would have dashed the whole to the ground. Even those whom time and friendship had endeared to him, suffered by his occasional sallies of wit. "Come, come, Sammy," said Mr. Bardsley to him one day, when playing off upon him, "recollect though you may have many brethren, you have but one father in the gospel"—reminding the wit of the debt he owed to him in the ministry. That moment Bradburn started from his seat, threw his arms round the neck of Bardsley, and with a gush of tears in his eyes, at the recollection of early days, tremulously, and with impassioned feeling, observed, while hanging upon him with the doating fondness of a child,—“The Lord knows, I love you in the gospel, next to my Saviour.” Yet, in the space of an hour, such was his vivacity, he would again, in sportive mood—but innocent as the lamb by the side of its mother, have toyed with him—softening his play by some stroke upon himself; as when walking up the streets of Sheffield with him on one occasion—arm in arm—both of them huge men—puffing and breasting the steep, in the burning month of August—then pausing, and wiping the perspiration from off the forehead, exclaiming, on meeting a friend, “Here we are, the two babes of the wood;” obliquely glancing at the child-like simplicity which characterised the life and manners of Bardsley.

In remedying evils in societies and individuals, he

perhaps too often acted on the old plan of using mercury, which, on the authority of some writers, was carried to such an extent, that numbers fell a sacrifice to the remedy, instead of using a more gentle course of the same agent, as in modern times, which exerts a healthful influence without placing the life of the poor sufferer in jeopardy. We could mention cases, as to Trustee concerns, and the introduction of service in Church-hours—say at Salford, when he employed strong measures and extraordinary language, and when milder men would have abandoned the dogma of the old school,—a remedy bordering upon the brink of destruction from its own destroying influence, and would have adopted the milder. Still though there was nothing honied in his language, there was little that was particularly exasperating in his proceedings; they were often more ludicrous than bitter—more seriously comic than violent; as when he ejected a class from his own residence, which had met there for a long time, to the great inconvenience of the preachers and their families, and which could have met elsewhere without either trouble or expense—repeatedly remonstrating in vain with the leader and the authorities; and as when he had, with equally little effect, requested the trustees, in another place, to enlarge his borders, by adding a room belonging to the chapel-keeper to his dwelling, which could have been done at a trifling expense;—having in the first instance, nailed down the windows previously to meeting, made a fire sufficiently large to cook a dinner for the inmates of an inn, and closed all up, with other matters not necessary to name, till the place was so

insufferably hot, that the leader was compelled to leave, —and in the other, having one morning forced his way through the brick partition, by the powerful and skilful use of the chisel and mallet—looking the chapel-keeper in the face through the opening, who stood aghast on the other side at the inroads made upon him, asking, “Mr. Bradburn, what is the matter?” Bradburn coolly returning, “O, nothing particular, Joseph; I just want to see how you do;” enquiring, with demure pleasantry, after the health of himself and his wife, as if he had accidentally met him in the chapel-yard.

His resources for mitigating, and even deciding vexatious cases, without coming to an open rupture, appeared to be endless, and such—which shews his ingenuity, as no other person would have thought of but himself. A person came reeling to the door of a place in which he was giving tickets to the members of a class, in a state of intoxication, insisting on admission, and with just as much sense left as to enable him to say, that they had no legal authority for holding private meetings. Some of the friends were for employing physical force, and preventing obtrusion. “Let the man alone,” said Bradburn coolly, and apparently unconcerned; adding, while looking at him, “step in, and sit down,”—pointing to a seat, and taking, for the time, no further notice of him, but proceeding with his work, and addressing himself separately to the respective members: saying, while fixing his eye upon one of them, “Well, my brother, you have experienced the truth of religion in your heart?” To this, the person responded, “Yes, I bless the Lord, that he ever brought me to an

acquaintance with himself." Turning from the respondent, and waiving the hand, after a partial glance at the poor sot, swinging on his seat, and apparently pleased with the notion of his introduction, Bradburn replied, as he again bent his eye upon the member, "Aye, that is well; it is more than this man has experienced." Directing his face towards another,—the obtruder being a little touched, and stupidly awake to the reply, Mr. Bradburn proceeded,—"Well, my sister, you have the life of God, I hope, in your soul?" "Yes, Sir," she subjoined, "I am thankful the Lord has converted me, and raised me to a newness of life." "Praise the Lord," returned Bradburn, again partially inclining his head to the butt of his intended remarks, "it is more than this poor drunkard can say; for he is dead in trespasses and sins." Addressing a third, "Well, my brother, you have a good hope, I trust, through grace?" "I bless the Lord, I have," was returned. Bradburn, shaking his head, and with a sigh,—while the bacchanalian, with something like returning consciousness of his situation, and a feeling approaching to shame, manifested a degree of uneasiness,—proceeded to remark, "Aye, that is much more than this vile wretch can say; for he can expect nothing but hell." At this, the man bounced from his seat—staggered to the door—and suddenly disappeared.

It was impossible to be in his society, or to hear him preach, without perceiving some coruscations of genius—something that a person might carry away with him, and which would recur again and again in after days. Speaking of professors of religion, who erroneously

estimated the safety of their state, by the height of their comforts, he facetiously observed, "A frosty morning will justify scores of such persons."* To the same effect, on being met by a friend, and accosted with, "Here is a fine day, Mr. Bradburn!" "Yes," he returned, referring to the influence of the weather upon the health and spirits of persons of a nervous temperament, "many an evidence will be cleared up to-day." When at Plymouth Dock he had to cross the Sound. The night was dark—the tempest howled—the waves rolled high—the boat was small and shallow—no one would consent to move an oar but a man stricken in years, who yielded out of the respect he entertained for Bradburn. Every voice was lifted up in warning against both the boatman and his passenger. "Nothing," said Bradburn sternly, "shall compel me to sleep out of my own bed to-night, but a shower of soldiers from heaven, with their bayonets pointed downward." Repartee was not one of the least of those things in which he excelled, and which, when preserved within due bounds, is a convenient weapon for self-defence. Something personal and untoward having taken place between himself and Thomas Olivers, it was of course brought up at Conference. "Brother Bradburn," said Mr. Wesley, "you do not love Tommy Olivers." "Sir," returned Bradburn, "I love him as much as

* It is impossible not to be struck with this remark. It is not always possible to ascertain, how much the *weather*, the *nerves*, and the *stomach*, have to do, not with religion *per se* perhaps, but with its manifestation in vehicles so sensible to physical re-action as the human body, rendered as it is tenfold more susceptible by devotional influences. This is a difficult and delicate topic to touch; but there is a philosophy in it after all.

you do John Hampson." It was as sudden on both sides as an exchange of shots in a duel; each felt the ball of his antagonist as it slightly grazed the chest: Mr. Wesley was a little suspicious that there was not the most cordial feeling on Bradburn's part; and Bradburn availed himself of the fact of Mr. Wesley leaving John Hampson's name out of the Deed of Declaration, which was interpreted into a matter of prejudice, and gave offence to Mr. Hampson and his friends. Speaking of persons complaining of assaults on character, and repelling them by the hackneyed observation—too often mixed up with guilt, "I should not have cared for it, if it had been true," he returned, with a look involving admission of the justice of the charge in many cases—"Be *thankful* that it is not so, otherwise you might have been *hanged*!" But we check ourselves; we are in danger of wandering into narrative and anecdote.

Though we are far from referring to these conversational snatches as proofs of the soul and body of poetry which he had in his composition, we do not hesitate to affirm, that he sometimes embodied more in a single sermon than is to be found in some popular odes and epics. There was often fine fancy, and original imagery, with glowing expression. He also had tenderness, with no small stock of humour, and a tolerable—though not a high power for delineating character; but wonderful ease, a sublime contempt for everything mean or selfish, a noble generosity; and matter, which, though sometimes sounding, and occasionally slightly vehement, exceedingly varied. Still, there was a something which hung around him, and which led him rarely to

be mentioned without pity and admiration; we do not mean the pity that compassionates humanity in a state of wretchedness, but that feeling of regret which is experienced by a person who makes a purchase—say, of a beautiful vase, but who, on examining it more minutely, finds a flaw in it;—in other words, discovers that it is not quite perfect, which, in fact, is regretted the more, because of its value and its rarity. Of his faults and his excellences, “Much,” in the language of honest Sir Roger de Coverley, “may be said on both sides.”

It is impossible to revert to his station at Wakefield without pain, when the luminary was for awhile concealed from devout eyes. “One more,” was noticed on the Minutes of Conference; and those who are old enough to remember that dark interval, how his friends stood with awe, and awaited his future movements with trembling silence, will know, that it was just such a solemn pause as that which precedes an earthquake—each being afraid lest he should again break out, and be dropped for ever. If it be any extenuation, it is but just to say, that his extravagances were not systematic; they came only in fits. In looking occasionally at some of his errors, both in conduct and expression, which were so many heresies from Wesleyan consistency, it required the utmost tenderness towards his undoubted sincerity, and occasional aberrations, to think charitably of his piety. But he was so generous and disinterested, that, in spite of those very aberrations, he was admired and beloved. His fine parts—and these were many; his rare accomplishments as a speaker, dazzled the eye, charmed the ear, and captivated the heart. You felt

under him, as you felt under no other man; and the compliment which he paid to Benson, though in jocose mood, and reflected back upon himself,—“If you had a voice like mine, God himself, with your capabilities as a preacher, could scarcely save you,” conveys to an unsanctified heart, an awful admonition. He would sometimes—especially in later life, take splendid passages from his other sermons, and place them like episodes in the midst of less studied compositions, with a view to attract attention on public occasions. But even these were as fresh as a morning in spring; and the most familiar of them—merely from the manner of delivery, and the spirit with which they were imbued, were listened to as for the first time.

Several of the remarks which Campbell makes on two of our poets, who are generally in companionship with each other,—though in that companionship forming a mighty contrast, will apply to Bradburn; for his perfections and defects were heightened by their union in the same person; and yet, it is our belief, that the latter would have been greatly diminished both in their number and in their magnitude, had they belonged to men in a less elevated position in society. There were such extremes of coarseness and magnificence; there was so much sweetness and beauty, interspersed with views of religion, either truly sublime, or condescendingly low; there was so much to animate, instruct, and enchant us, and yet so many things, as to expression, when he was resolved on being queer and biting, that we would willingly overlook; that we cannot help comparing the contrasted impressions, agreeably to the closing allusion of the above writer, to those which we receive from visiting some

great and ancient city, picturesquely and irregularly built, glittering with spires, crowned with domes and towers, and surrounded with gardens, but exhibiting in particular quarters the lanes and hovels of rudeness and poverty. With all his native splendour, magnificence, and richness, Bradburn never fully surmounted the vulgarisms of early life—letting them out, not so much from ignorance, as from pride,—as if recklessly resolved to tread his own native glory in the dust; for even when natural, he was sometimes ignoble.

When the whole bearing of an eminent speaker corresponds with his profession, it is one of the strongest motives to love; for when he dies we cannot persuade ourselves, that any one can preach like him. Bradburn was, without exception, the most consummate orator we ever heard. We employ the term orator in a sense in which we cannot apply it to any other man, however eminent, in the present list; for a man may be a minister, a preacher, a speaker—even eminently so, and still not be an orator, in the most perfect, captivating, and comprehensive sense of the term. Dr. Adam Clarke's observation to a young preacher, who was trying to elicit from him his views of Bradburn as a speaker, comprises every thing in the way of implication;—"I never heard his equal—I can furnish you with no adequate idea of his powers as an orator—we have not a man among us that will support any thing like a comparison with him—another Bradburn must be created, and you must hear him for yourself, before you can receive a satisfactory answer to your enquiry." This was uttered a little before 1830, at a period when mighty men were living, acting, and attracting public attention. Whatever were his defects, still they did

not properly belong to his powers of oratory, but rather to his matter, his expression, or his proceedings, mostly separate from the pulpit. With a voice articulate, winding, mellow, and full—without the least grating or harshness; with his arms—though not much in use, yet in no instance formal or rigid, but pliant and facile; with his mien disengaged from all composure, or adjustment; with a noble, manly figure, and an eye glistening with the visions floating in beauty and in brightness, in sublimity and in power—a “mingling of all glorious forms” in the regions of the soul, now and then rising into pyramids of thought; with rich, powerful, and copious language at command,—with these, we say, with what thrilling effect have we heard him burst forth upon the ear, with—“Christ illuminated the grave;—yes, he shone through every part of the caverned tomb, which was once filled with smoke, with darkness, with devils, and with death; and, opening a spacious passage through its centre, he unfolded the gates at the other end, and let in a flood of light and day; enabling the Christian, as he enters, and passes along, triumphantly to exclaim, ‘O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law: but thanks be to God which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.’ So also, does he rise to the soul in darkness and distress, suddenly surrounding it with an ocean of light: and when the soul of the believer quits the prison of the body, or to preserve the allusion, has passed through the cavern, it instantly flies to the throne of God, and there alights on the regal sceptre, where it is heard chaunting ‘the song of Moses and the Lamb.’”

His genius was unfettered and imitative—his memory was strong—and he loved a little reading, especially in early life, and almost invariably read for the pulpit. There were a few spots, as we have had occasion to notice in other cases; nor did they, as the luminary diminished in lustre, seem to contract their dimensions. But, in turning over the pages of history, we are often led to mourn over brilliant genius, and splendid triumphs, like the gem, mingled with rubbish, and glittering in the dust. It ought not to be forgotten, however, that what has been affirmed in the case of Plutarch and others, may also be said by way of apology for Bradburn,—that it is the fate of superior genius to be beheld either with silent or abusive envy. It makes its way like the sun, which we look upon with pain, unless something passes over to obscure his glory. We then view with eagerness the shadow, the cloud, or the spot, and are pleased with what eclipses the brightness we otherwise find it impossible to endure. That which let Bradburn down—and to which we regret we have such frequent occasion to revert, was his giving way to certain coarsenesses and conceits, in the midst of occasions the most solemn, and passages the most beautiful and sublime, and even of purity and of majesty—though in such extravagances never otherwise than easy and happy, but invariably at the expense of the good taste of those whom he ought not to have offended, for the pleasure of those whose uncultivated taste he ought never to have indulged. Combined with expressions of daring and terror, which we refrain from perpetuating, he whimsically, yet wildly, during one of his reveries, represented

“the devil riding the sinner a fox-hunting through the northern regions of hell, till he sweat fire and brimstone at every pore.” It is difficult to estimate him always, as it is stated an orator should be valued—that is, by the inferiority of the major part of his profession, as we would gold in the ore, which is not to regard the dross, but the purity of the metal. His finer parts, however, stood boldly out;—the pure ingot of gold could never be concealed, as to his oratorical powers, by any portion of crust that might accidentally attach itself to it;—he attracted all eyes, like some extraordinary appearance in the heavens—and though sometimes raised upon others, he needed it not, for he shone beautifully and brilliantly by his own light.

The old preachers were—in many instances at least, though men of strong sense, and good natural orators, nevertheless homely in their style. There were many fine examples of tenderness, and some few instances of fancy; but there was little polish—rarely any satire—and, thank God, nothing of sophistry. The truth is, there was too much sincerity for anything that did not immediately aim at the conversion of the heart to God, and too much travelling for literary pursuits. Their sermons were often rugged; but they sparkled with rich thought; such, for instance, as those which were poured from the lips of a Jaco, a Hopper, a Storey, a Mather, and a Thompson; and melting with genuine feeling, as those of a Murlin and others. But they rarely displayed any profound sentiment, or any idea of startling novelty. In the latter instance, Bradburn was an exception; and his amazing powers of oratory, combined with large congregations and

extensive usefulness in more early life, elevated him above his brethren, as much as George Whitfield was exalted above the ministers of his day. We have sometimes imagined a similarity between the subject of the present sketch and Richard Watson, but only on one point—and that is, they often had the smoothness and accuracy, in their more monotonous moments, of epic couplets. Their boldness was the boldness of detached parts, rather than in the mass; and their eminence was in the individual, rather than in the body,—never amounting to the ruling eminence, so far as the Wesleyan body is concerned,—of the first personage portrayed in our list.

Though Bradburn, as a preacher, had undivided sway at one period, yet he never gave rise to anything like a school. Those who sprang up as imitators, were few in number; and besides, they became too stately for the simple, dignified model;—a model not at all regulated by the authoritative rules of those who have ventured to write on “the art of public speaking,” but founded on simple, unadorned nature, which the ancients studied, and which the moderns are too apt to take at second-hand by studying them; thus repairing to the stream, instead of the fountain—satisfying themselves with looking at an imitator of nature, instead of listening to the voice of nature as she speaks—not through others, but directly to themselves. That was a fine reply of a plain, blunt man—though capable of abuse, who, when asked what he thought of a certain preacher, replied,—“It seems as though what he says came from him, rather than through him.” Every poor Wesleyan can comprehend the meaning of this. Now, the part which nature bestowed upon Bradburn, she sedulously fostered and perfected; and

his imagination grew to its fulness of strength, and was competent to attain some of the loftiest landmarks which adventurous genius had set for the attainment of its comprehension. And we are delightfully impressed with the following notice of his character, in the Minutes of Conference, which moors him in safety in the harbour after his often perilous voyage; "His peculiar vivacity of mind, which had frequently been a source of temptation to him, was brought more fully under the control of divine grace. In the last letter which he ever wrote, he remarked, that though he was unable to preach, he found that the Lord Jesus Christ was his all."

Bradburn was one of those men who knew not the value of money; he was always poor. Such was his benevolence of heart, and such his generosity in giving, that he would have given away in an hour what he might have wanted for a week; and various were the modes he adopted for the purpose of mortifying and taxing the avaricious. But though much might be said of his more excellent qualities as a Christian, it is as an orator and a man of genius, that we chiefly contemplate him here. Any man, with grace, and a common capacity, may become an acceptable preacher. But men, like Bradburn, are only to be met with occasionally, like comets in the heavens. What has been attributed to genuine poetry, in its spirit and expression, by a friend of ours, in a "Chapter on Poetry," will apply to the oratory of Bradburn, when he was in the height of his glory, and when he had whole congregations as fully at his command, composed of thousands of persons, as ever general had an army at his beck, composed of the best disciplined soldiers that ever entered the field,—a whole

congregation, as once in Manchester, starting from their seats at his bidding, as sudden as electricity, in attestation of their firm adherence to the faith and constitution delivered by Wesley to his followers. It was not a piece of declamation, with thought piled upon thought ; but it was often, as our friend would say, many ideas bursting from one thought, like seas of light pouring upon many worlds from one sun. His speech was irresistible in its effects,—upon the learned and the illiterate, upon the bustling citizen and the weary clown. It acted, occasionally, like an arrow winged with irresistible power ; or like a sunbeam shot from heaven, and which was destined to wander through the connexion, in the conversation of the people. The scholar forgot his pedantry before the flash of his genius ; the man of the world found the sunshine of childhood descend on his bosom, and the uneducated Christian felt his heart burning within him, like the disciples on their way to Emaus with the Saviour by their side. Before such a man—admitting him to have been familiar with the language, the savage of the wilderness would have stared, started, wept, wondered, and struck his hand upon his breast, as though for the first time he had seen the likeness of his own face in a mirror—feeling the influence of his genius in his bosom ; as a man who is deaf, and dumb, and even blind, will startle, attempt to ejaculate, and point to his heart, at the sudden shock of artillery. Never shall we forget hearing him, between thirty and forty years ago, when a friend observed to us—himself one of the most popular speakers in his day—as we were leaving the chapel,—“ We may apply, in an accommodated sense to this speaker, what was said of our Lord, ‘ NEVER MAN SPAKE LIKE THIS MAN.’ ”

No. LX.

John

Bowers

* * * * *

"First follow Nature:

* * * * *

Art from that fund each just supply provides;

Works without show, and without pomp presides."

POPE'S ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

"NATURE has assigned, to every emotion of the soul, its peculiar cast of countenance, tone of voice, and manner of gesture; and the whole person, all the features of the face and tones of the voice answer, like strings upon musical instruments, to the impressions made upon them by the mind. Thus the sounds of the voice, according to the various touches which raise them, form themselves into an acute or grave, quick or slow, loud or soft tone. These too may be subdivided into various kinds of tones, as the gentle, the rough, the contracted, the diffuse, the continued, the intermitted, the broken, the abrupt, winding, softened, or elevated. Every one of these may be employed with art and judgment, and all supply the

actor, as colours do the painter, with an expressive variety.—Anger exerts its peculiar voice in an acute, raised, and hurrying sound.—Sorrow and complaint demand a voice quite different, flexible, slow, interrupted, and modulated in a mournful tone.—Fear expresses itself in a low, hesitating and abject sound.—Courage assumes a louder tone.—Pleasure ~~dissolve~~ into a luxurious, mild, tender, and joyous modulation.—Perplexity is different from all these; grave, but not bemoaning, with an earnest uniform sound of voice.”

Such are the sentiments of a writer who flourished and guided public taste upwards of a century ago; and we have now in hand a gentleman, who might have taken fire from the passage, as from an altar,—cherishing and fanning the flame, till his whole man, body, soul, and spirit, had become imbued with its essence. He is a perfect master of the art. But still, we would not forget the sentence, which affirms, that “all supply the actor, as colours do the painter, with an expressive variety.” The actor, observe;—not the preacher—and it is with the latter we are concerned.

What is an actor? The answer furnished to our hand is,—The professor of an art, that represents to the eyes and ears of an audience, the whole diversity of the passions by which human life is distinguished, through the whole of its conditions, whether prosperous or adverse. Now, it will be admitted, that he whose business it is to represent the human passions, cannot be qualified for his work, without a correct knowledge of those passions, and a power to assume at will, their distinguishing hues and features. The distinction is two-fold: the first refers to

the eye, which attends to the look and the movement; the second, to the ear, which attends to the tones of the voice, not only as it regards elevation and depression, but to a certain significant impregnation of that sound with animal sensation and purpose. But what has the Christian minister to do with this, whose business is not so much to represent a passion, as to enforce truth?

There are some other sentiments in harmony with the preceding, to which we feel inclined to give utterance; and the more so, because of the preacher in question, in whom we absolutely glory, but on whom, nevertheless, we are compelled—and that too against the grain, like an affectionate father taking up the rod to chastise a favourite child, to inflict critical censure. Cicero concludes his celebrated books *de Oratore* with some precepts for pronunciation and action, without which, he affirms, the best orator in the world can never succeed; and an indifferent one, who is master of the same, shall obtain much greater applause. Tully insists upon this the rather, because, agreeably to his own statements, the orators of his day, whom he characterises as the actors of truth itself, had departed from this manner of speaking; while the comedians and tragedians, whom he considered only imitators of truth, had adopted it. But here it is, that we are compelled, while we laud these authorities, to differ from them. The fact is, we assume different positions,—we have our separate territories; and neither must be allowed to pass the boundary line. They have to do with Demosthenes; we have to do with Paul the Apostle; and should the latter appear even in Athens—on “Mars Hill,” amidst whose pillared

temples the fire of oratory burst forth upon the Macedonian victor with such vehemence, that he declared he had but one enemy—and that one was eloquence; or in Rome—the mistress of the world, in which Cicero had displayed the magic of his art, still it will not be exactly in taste with the rhetoricians and orators of the day. His gospel is formed on another plan, and those that preach it are destitute of the ornaments required by the rules of the Grecian school. The minister of the gospel has to do with truth—to work for God—to appear as the ambassador of the King of kings—is the servant of the Supreme Judge of all men; the others have to do with gods which are the works of men's hands. With the one, eternity with all its solemn, sublime, glorious, and tremendous realities, is ever present; with the other, nearly every prospect is bounded by time. These are in the church, those belong to the world. By the one, man is addressed simply as man—as an inhabitant of this world; by the other, he is accosted as an immortal being, by a voice issuing—not from the Delphic oracle, but from the sanctuary of God, and sounding on to eternity, where its intonations will be heard in the day of judgment, and its echoes will roll on in the ear of a lost or glorified spirit for ever. The one often speaks to be admired; the other to save those who listen to the voice that goes forth, and on which their fate is partially suspended. Evangelical truth is the theme of the one; moral, philosophical, and political, that of the other. We enter, therefore, our solemn protest against all attempts to introduce heathen Greece and Rome into Christendom, the world into the Church, the stage into

the pulpit; to convert Paul into Tertullus, Peter into Demosthenes, John into Cicero, the preacher into an actor. The gospel is not to be *acted*, but *preached*; the preacher is not to appear in the pulpit, as though he had come from the mirror, instead of a throne of grace,—as though he were about to exhibit, instead of preach,—as though he were engaged with Miss Hannah More's "Sacred Dramas," instead of the Homilies of the Church. His action is no more to be brought from the study, than his fire; the one must descend immediately from heaven, the principal part of the other he ought to find ready, and made to his hand, in the pulpit. We perfectly concur in the sentiment of the writer, who states that the design of art is to assist action as much as possible in the representation of nature, seeing that the appearance of reality is that which moves us in all representations, and these have always the greater force, the nearer they approach to nature, and the less they shew of imitation. But then every sentence is on our side of the question. We want no "representation of nature," no "approach" to it; we want the thing itself,—simple—pure—unadorned, that, in fact which is—

"Nature all, and all delight."

If things have the greater force the nearer they approach nature, and the less they shew of imitation, there can be no stronger argument in support of that for which we plead. We should just as soon think of teaching a lamb how to play, a child how to weep, an adult how to smile, as drill a man of God into action for the pulpit, or even into expression. If he be a

man of God, if his heart be in the right place, he will be beforehand with us; he will have each as "part and parcel" of his own being. Nature, grace, and art, have each their separate actions and expressions, in a variety of instances: those of art are premeditated; those of the others are spontaneous; art, aware of what has to come next, is at an infinite variety of trouble and expense in its several adjustments; whereas, nature and grace, ever under immediate inspiration, are ignorant—as to manner, of what has to succeed, though always certain, that, whatever it may be, it will be as welcome as field-flowers in spring, as a stream from the fountain, as light from the sun, as fruit from the trees.

Dr. Croly, referring to the theory of criticism, as taught by Aristotle, Longinus, and Horace, in his introductory remarks to Pope's "Essay" on the subject, observes that these masters "have fallen into occasional disrepute, as attempting to teach what is unteachable, the attainment of excellence by rule; but the truer estimate of those investigators of the laws of genius would be, that they labour to exalt our conception of the nobler works of mind, by discovering the founts from which they flow, by refining our feelings of delight in their enjoyment, by drawing the distinction between extravagance and originality, and by fixing our entire sense on the simplicity, the grandeur, and the beauty of the matchless whole. Treatises thus devised, less to smooth the path, than lead the eye, to perfection, have been frequent in the literature of England." We accord not only with the Dr's. mode of estimating these writers, but with the justice of the sentiment that goes to affirm

the impossibility of attaining excellence simply by rule, and that to inculcate such a doctrine is "to teach what is unteachable." No, we must go to a higher source than art. Besides, we are taught by the great masters of antiquity themselves, to have a regard to place and keeping, as we are taught in the Bible to bring forth "fruit in season." Take a single passage from Cicero;—"Quare cum sit quædam certa vox Romani generis urbisque propria, in qua nihil offendi, nihil displicere, nihil animadverti possit, nihil sonare aut olere peregrinum; hanc sequamur: neque solum rusticam asperitatem, sed etiam peregrinam insolentiam fugere discamus."* Thus, the Romans were to think, speak, and act like Romans; and we only wish to see the characteristics of Wesleyanism in a Wesleyan pulpit: we wish for "nothing of a foreign accent or affinity"—nothing "unusual." Everything should be simple there. The seriousness of reason, the elevation of the heart to God, a correct pronunciation, an instructive gravity of cadence, a varied utterance—these will speak a man's ardour, and diffuse a solemn, yet delightful glow of devotion, through an assembly, without the superfluities of the platform and of the stage. We are, in fact, totally averse to everything theatrical in the house of God. The passions represented are rarely felt; there is no sympathy between the man and his subject.

* The following translation will be sufficiently intelligible: "Wherefore, since there is a certain manner of speaking adopted by the Roman nation and its capital, in which is nothing offensive, nothing displeasing, nothing reprehensible, nothing of a foreign accent or affinity: let us keep to this: let us learn to avoid not only all rusticity and roughness, but also everything that is unusual and foreign."

Presuming that our meaning is sufficiently understood, and having taken our sentimental stand, we cannot, while this gentleman is in the act of being sketched, pass unnoticed several points which appear in the light of serious defects. There is an evident want of simplicity,—an appearance of preaching before, rather than to the congregation. His manner is so purely theatrical, that he would sooner be taken for a pupil of Kean, or Kemble, or Young, than of Wesley; and it is doubtful whether, in action and voice—though not perhaps in expression of countenance, he is not superior to any one of those masters of the modern drama. This is saying a great deal; but in this—for in its excess in such a place as the house of God, lies our censure. He rather acts—to employ a distinction already made, than preaches his discourses. We have the strut, the stamp, the distended feet,—the body thrown backward, forward, inclined to the right and to the left,—a martial wheel to the side galleries, thus converting the side of the pulpit to the front,—the curved, the raised, the distended, the outstretched, the lowering arm,—the pointed finger, the clenched fist, the clasped hands, the outspread palms, the embrace, the beat, the menace,—the uplifted eyes, the whole face turned towards the ceiling, as if about to receive the droppings of the clouds through the roof of the building,—an action, in fine, for almost every sentence. We could not, while gazing upon him with astonishment, refrain from placing him by the side of Moses, Jesus, Peter, and John, and asking ourselves, whether this was the manner in which the man of meekness delivered the Law to the people,—the manner in

which the Saviour of the world addressed the multitude on the Mount,—the manner in which the honest fisherman announced the truth of God on the day of Pentecost!—whether, if he had the twelve apostles sitting before him as hearers, there would not have been some objections to his manner? or whether a missionary, sent to instruct the heathen, would adopt this as the “more excellent way?” It is so opposed to everything that we can conceive distinguished the first teachers of Christianity; so much like an invasion of the sanctity of the pulpit, where nothing but a simple venerable dignity should appear—such as characterises the sacred volume; so unlike the puritanic aspect of Wesleyan Methodism, that we are almost led to doubt, in a moment’s absence, whether we are in the right place; for truly, on this fashion, we never saw it before. It is no argument, because a minister may have these theatrical capabilities and propensities, that therefore, he is to make the Christian pulpit the theatre of their exercise. We could notice many natural endowments which both public teachers and private Christians possess, which it would be highly indecorous to take into the house of God. Break down the fence, which is thrown around the mount to preserve the people in awe, and protect it from the unhallowed foot of man, and issue a general license for the exercise of natural endowments, and then what will be the result? The pulpit may become the scene equally of tragic and comic exhibition. Self-denial is as necessary for the rostrum and the study, as for the duties of social life. What is natural is not always to be endured, otherwise, trees would never be subjected to the knife; and what is

natural is not always best, or trees would never improve by pruning,

If we enquire into the effect of this upon the mind of the hearer, we shall find that it is in many instances serious, as being detrimental to his improvement.—In the first place, there is the general impression, that the orator is an object of greater importance than the preacher. This is on the face of the whole, and it is impossible to close the eyes to it. It is rendered more visible, when anything is to be announced after sermon, on which it is necessary to offer a few unpremeditated remarks. Then, all is natural both in voice and gesture, which shews that the action in the sermon is “got up” for the occasion, and has been as much the subject of intense thought and practice, as the composition of the sermon itself. Even in prayer, we are furnished with the well-turned period, the variously modulated voice, a kind of occasional half-preaching. This is carrying things a little too far; but we forbear.—A second serious effect is, that the manner is an injury to the matter. Through incessant and varied action, the congregation find themselves invited—nay, absolutely pressed, to look upon what is to be seen, rather than to hear what is to be said. When the eye is torn away from its object by the ear, through some noble or striking thought that has arrested the latter, the former speedily returns to its entertainment, in consequence of other varieties being placed before it; and thus, a constant struggle is maintained between the senses, which shall have the ascendancy, throughout the whole of—shall we say, the performance? The eye is glutted to satiety; while the ear, with which

the mind is more immediately connected under preaching, is deprived of its due proportion of the treat. When the ear is invited to the tempest's roar, or the softer sighing of the wind, the eye in that instant is arrested by the bendings of the oak, the waving of the branches, and the dance of the leaves. If invited to listen to the music of the waves, or the dash of the cataract, it is precisely the same; the eye is that moment hurried away to gaze upon the majestic swell, the roll, the fall, the foam, the spray, and the imitative rainbows, which exhibit as many and as beautiful colours as "the bow in the cloud." The action is often more impressive than the voice; the eye is sooner caught than the ear; and through a constant play upon each, the mind is distracted between them, and hesitates whose call to obey. But when the whole is over, and we begin to balance accounts, by endeavouring to recollect what we have heard, we are brought to the conclusion, that, through the incessant bustle of action, which has been too much to be sustained by calm reflection, we have been sitting to witness the actor, rather than to listen to the preacher. We should be happy to stop here; but there is a third effect, and that is, that the presence of the people seems to weigh more in such cases, than the presence of God. No servant in the presence of his master, no subject in the presence of his sovereign, properly impressed with his relative position and condition, would be disposed to conduct himself otherwise than with the most profound respect. Let us not be misinterpreted. There is nothing like levity, nothing like trifling in the manner of our preacher: but he over-does his work; and

manners out of place, are nearly as bad as none at all. An overwhelming sense of the presence of God, will destroy all disposition to act, "to be seen of men;" it will teach the minister to say—"Hear that, rather than *look* at this."—There is a fourth effect produced, which partakes of the third, as it helps to destroy that feeling of reverence for a preacher, in reference to deep and solid piety, which, in order to real and extensive usefulness, it is his interest to cherish, as well by his manner as by his matter. A hope, whether in prayer or in preaching,—that the Divine Being would employ his "humble servant," as an instrument of good to the people, sounds—however sincerely uttered, rather oddly from the lips of the same person who has been so lavish in the article of display, and whose manner betrays a wish to draw the people to himself, as much as to the things advanced. Once more—for we feel it imperative upon us to discharge a duty towards one whom we love, and in so many respects admire, as well as warn others away from the same evil,—we observe, that the manner tends to destroy all genuine feeling in the preacher, and to produce an impression of artificial feeling in the hearer. When a tempest is raised, or tenderness is affected, and yet no emotion of awe or of warmth comes creeping and curdling round the heart of him that listens, he feels as though he were imposed upon, and that something fictitious had been presented to him in lieu of something substantially good. Besides, so much display, seems scarcely the fit medium for the Holy Ghost to pass through, in order to perform his solemn work upon a guilty, depraved spirit, destined to

pass through the still further solemnities of death and a day of judgment. We put it to the man who is disposed to display the orator, whether, in his dying moments—supposing him to have a portion of physical strength left for the work, he would indulge in his regular pulpit habits, in addressing a group of friends around his couch; or, if fastened to a stake in Smith-field, with a sufficient length of chain to admit of action, he would assume the character of Demosthenes!

We have dwelt the longer here, because the case is a rare one in Methodism, though some of the first natural orators have graced, and still adorn the body. Bradburn, in all his glory, never displayed anything like it. The gentleman who occupies No. xi, knows nothing of it. Should an original not be found for this copy, the portrait will of course pass off as a creation of the artist's own; and as it cannot possibly hit any one, except its lawful owner, the fault—as none of our portraits of the living are labelled, must belong to those, who are either officious enough to apply it to others, or possessed of self-knowledge sufficient to take it to themselves.

Passing on to minor points, either our ears are defective in music, or his pronunciation is faulty. Take an example or two. When naming the Third Person in the Trinity, we catch something like *Goust*, in the closing title. In *power*, *devour*, &c., the last syllable goes off like the crack of a whip. The sound is not sustained through the word, the emphasis and time being employed on the first syllable. The last is closed with a sudden jerk, or like the hasty fall of a trap-door. We scarcely know how to express ourselves better, than

borrowing from the Italian, and denominating it the *staccato* style. It is not unpleasant; but then, it is not correct; and the less a word is barked out, the further we are removed from the quadruped.

But is there nothing to applaud? Yes, much—very much—more, for his own sake, than we dare express; for several of the points on which we have dilated, have arisen from his excellences, and from his extraordinary natural endowments as a preacher. Nor would we attribute—as we should be disposed to do in some other cases, his attempts at display, to vanity; but to a desire to accomplish a good end by means which he may adopt in sincerity, and therefore justify in the exercise, while to us, they come in the shape we have stated. As some soils would never be able to furnish a weed but for their richness, so he would never have been able to send forth so many vigorous off-shoots but for the wealth within. It is excellence itself, in many instances, carried to excess. The whole of those excellences belong to the man; they are not the grafts of affectation, as just stated;—not anything put on, but that which is there already, and ought to be lopped off, as constituting that part of the preacher, which is not necessary to the delivery of a message of mercy from God to a sinner, or the building up of a saint in the holy faith. The crops are plentiful as it is; but they would be much more so, to advert to a previous figure, by resorting to the knife, and pruning the branches. The soil is rich—the stock is good—the fruit is more than wholesome, it is well flavoured. Hence, we wish—ardently wish, the tree to stand in all its

native strength, both for ornament and fruit: but a tree might be admired in the wilderness, in all its native wildness and luxuriance, which, in the same state, would be not a little forbidding in the garden. Here we wish to draw the line between the forum and the house of God—the stage and the pulpit—the actor and the preacher.

We repeat it—we love the preacher in question, in almost everything, except that upon which we have descanted, and which—to tone down any painful feeling, we have taken up as a general principle, as much as in reference to himself—himself, nevertheless, furnishing an example. Take his person; middle size, neither slim, nor yet stout—well put together—proportionate—easy and gentlemanly in his manners—a fine dark eye with a peculiar expression, adding interest to the countenance, as would be said of the eye of Whitfield—every feature big with benevolence—a fine forehead—short, curled, raven locks—the greatest flexibility of muscle—the power of expressing different passions, if not in all their strength or sweetness, and if not in their individual character, sufficient to represent to what particular class they belong—and, if we are not greatly mistaken, a heart teeming with the milk of human kindness.—Take his voice. Though the memoriter preacher is there, to the word of one syllable, he is never once felt: the imitative, half guttural cough, which is employed when the memory breaks down, and which is rare, is only perceived by the few; and though the voice is sometimes dropped at the close of a sentence, it is seldom inaudible. His voice is, in speaking, what

the voice of an excellent vocalist is in singing. He can pass from the high to the low with the utmost facility, and effect all the gradations and variations between. He resembles a person playing on a musical instrument; his voice is rich, varied, mellow, and powerful. It is capable, in the language of our opening paragraph, of "the gentle, the rough, the contracted, the diffuse, the continued, the intermitted, the broken, the abrupt, winding, softened, or elevated,—the acute, the grave, the quick, the slow, the loud, the soft." What a mercy, that the grace of God reached his heart, and that he never imbibed a taste for the stage!—Take his language. It is true, he often has the glare of our language, without its purity and simplicity,—that he is partial to what Tully terms *verbum ardens*; but still he is varied, figurative, poetical, chaste, elevated, shewing—if not the scholar and the critic, the man of more than ordinary education.—Take his matter. This is always good,—often striking, choice, touching,—generally laboured, but not stiff, or refined to a shadow. A great deal of keeping runs through the whole of his studied materials; the same mind seems to be at work, producing the same character of thought, and the same diction. From whatever quarter the bullion proceeds, it always issues from the mint with his own stamp and superscription. He never grovels in the mud—never crawls with the worm;—"upward" is his motto—always dignified—ever, with the eagle, soaring towards the sun. Abstracted from his manner, his sermons are impressive, and will bear examination either as a whole, or in the detail. His divisions are natural—his selections judicious—the

general material for filling up, useful—and a unity in the whole is perceptible. They abound too, with nice distinctions, and are not only seasoned, but beautifully ornamented with simple, appropriate, pointed passages of Scripture, and many of them poetically sublime. His definitions are clear and evangelical; but he loves to dazzle, and would succeed much better as a declaimer than a logician. Were it not for the faults we have noticed; were the excellent things which he advances, delivered plainly, simply, solemnly, affectionately, and with his usual pathos, he might calculate on effecting ten times the amount of real benefit to his hearers, than he is at present in the habit of producing. But then, with the change, there would also be this result—the very reverse of what now is the case, the people would be compelled to think rather than talk; or if they spoke, it would be more about the matter than the manner—the sermon than the man. What he might lose, therefore, as an orator—and we doubt whether there would be any diminution there, he would be certain to gain as a preacher; what he might forego in external pomp, he would secure in intellect,—and the stars in his crown of rejoicing, would thicken around his brow in heaven.

In illustration of a distinction we have made, and which we are still disposed to maintain, BRADBURN was an orator, though far from a dashing one;—BENSON was a preacher: but the popularity of the latter advanced with his years;—and which, in the estimation of the public, was the most useful?

No. X.

BENSON.

"Those morning haunts are where they should be, at home; not sleeping, or concocting the surfeits of an irregular feast, but up and stirring; in winter, often ere the sound of any bell awakes men to labour or devotion; in summer, as oft with the bird that first rouses, or not much tardier, to read good authors, or cause them to be read till the attention be weary, or memory have its full fraught; then with useful and generous labours preserving the body's health and hardness, to tender, lightsome, clear, and not lumpish obedience to the mind, to the cause of religion and our country's liberty."

DURING the first hundred years of Wesleyan Methodism, only one person appeared in the itinerant list, of the name of Benson; and, as he stood unassociated in name, so in many other respects, he stands alone to posterity in the midst of his brethren—a man among men, of no ordinary intellectual stature. He was born in 1748—entered the itinerant ministry in 1771—and died in the 73rd year of his age, February 16th, 1821. A Memoir of the Life of this great and good man was published by one who knew him well, but who wanted biographical tact to effect the generous purpose of his mind; and thus, one of the finest subjects for portrayal was lost to the public, for want of artistic skill. A sketch was also published of him,* by his successor in the editorship of the Wesleyan Magazine; but even in that,—though there is no lack of skill, the writer has

* Wesleyan Methodist Magazine, 1822, pp. 7, 74, 141.

unnecessarily given to it the puritanic form and stiffness of a sermon ; and has evidently laboured under the inconvenience which we ourselves feel—namely, that of a want of space, to expatiate at large, and to enliven both character and criticism by incident. After all, Jabez Bunting excels more as a speaker and a sermoniser, than a biographer. He wants industry and application for purely literary pursuits. He is always at work for the Connexion—often mining when no eye sees him—but he requires an occasional storm to bring him to the surface, and rouse him to action. Another *Life of Mr. Benson* has been recently published by the Rev. Richard Treffry, occupying a place—as to size, between the sketch and fuller *Memoir* just noticed.

There is what some persons call a constitutional religion ; and we have no objection to the term, provided its abettors do not consider it saving—provided they do not lose sight of constitutional depravity—and take care to admit, that whatever good a man may possess, whether constitutional or acquired, he receives it through the sacrificial death of Jesus Christ. Perhaps, no more is meant by it, than that there is a certain temper and frame of mind naturally productive of devotion ; as if the persons inheriting it, were born with the original principles of piety. In this class, some persons would be disposed to place Joseph Benson. Phrenologists, who have pretended to discover a race of beings without the organ of veneration, &c., and therefore, agreeable to their theory, incapable of receiving Christianity, would, no doubt, have considered the organ of veneration as largely developed in the subject in question. But the Christian would proceed to work in a more scriptural way. Instead of accounting for any peculiarity in the

mental constitution and inclinations by certain external indications in the skull—a skull, nevertheless, of all the remarkable skulls the most remarkable, veneration apart,—being unusually long from back to front, elevated like two mounds at each end, with a kind of valley between, somewhat like the back of an animal that has been broken in the centre by the weight of some oppressive burden—presenting, at the same time, underneath, the face of a hard student of the puritanic school ;—instead, we say, of accounting for his habit of veneration in this way, the Christian would at once dive into the heart, and then reappear with the sacred page in his hand, and with Samuel, Isaiah, Jeremiah, the Baptist, and others, by his side—persons sanctified from the womb,—and would enlist into his reasonings on the subject, a divine agency, drawing the whole moral being to duty and to happiness.

The religious sky of Joseph Benson was settled and clear to the very verge of the horizon. To look at his general demeanour, it seemed as though nothing could disturb his heart. Had his favourite poet, Young, whom he sometimes quoted to satiety in his sermons, attempted to sketch a similar character, he would have invoked the angelic hosts to guide his pencil, while endeavouring to draw—

“ What nothing less than angel can exceed,—
A man on earth devoted to the skies ;
Like ships in seas, while in, above the world :”

and would have proceeded in the work of delineation,—

“ With aspect mild, and elevated eye,
Behold him seated on a mount serene,
Above the fogs of sense, and passion's storm ;
All the black cares and tumults of this life,
Like harmless thunder, breaking at his feet,
Excite his pity, not impair his peace.”

Not that the subject before us could have been exactly depicted as thus "seated on a mount serene," throughout every moment of his pilgrimage: the Kilhamitish division was a crisis to try even the more stable of the brotherhood; all being—for a season, at least, uncertainty and consternation. Benson was firm, but not without fear. Nor could it be otherwise, when the people themselves were fluttering about like birds in an eclipse, or in the midst of a thunder-storm. No man could tell whom to trust, or of whom he might make enquiry. Some of his fears slip out even in his exhortation, at the close of his sermon on "Schism," preached at the Bristol Conference of 1794, before the division took place. But he never left the field, nor attempted a dishonourable compromise: nor was he less free from all that bitterness by which temper, rather than zeal, is evinced.

A reference has been made to his head and face, from which we—somewhat unaccountably, dropped down into the temper of his mind. In adverting more immediately to his person and his action,—in the one, he was meagre, and in the other without grace. His whole external appearance was utterly opposed to the dignity and majesty we attach to the orator—sustaining in the comparison, when placed by the side of such a man as Bradburn, the character and appearance of the thorn, overtopped and overshadowed by the umbrageous oak. When in the pulpit, his hands were often either employed with, or resting on the Bible and the cushion; sometimes, the right elbow was doubled, with the hand and arm shooting across the lower part of the chest,—at other times, the forefinger and thumb of the same hand were dipped into

the waistcoat pocket, as if feeling for his pencil ;—then he would gently move the middle finger round the crown of the head, as if soothing some gentle irritation ;—and finally, would draw his forefinger across his upper lip. The two latter movements were certain indications, that the “inner man” was rousing himself into energy—that the fire was kindling—that the tornado was about to burst forth. The shoulders rose on these occasions, and the head gradually sunk between them, as if about to descend into his broad chest, which was the most masculine part of his otherwise insignificant frame, —giving the appearance of three heads,—the largest and most elevated in the centre, with the twins on either side. Then, to employ a homely phrase, his “back was up” with a vengeance, and woe to the sinner—if he were the object of the denunciations of God, who met the flash of his eye, or the severity of his remarks. We must not omit the pocket handkerchief, which was generally in both hands while working his way into his subject, and when the perspiration began to flow,—now drawing it into lengths, and then flapping it together between the palms of the hands, as if knocking the dust out of it—next going round the edges, as if nipping and folding it for the sempstress, or preparing it for another plunge into the water, after having undergone a partial ablution—and lastly, rolling it in one hand, with a firm grasp, the arm being stretched out, at the same time rising and falling, as if to rivet the sententious nails he was driving into the half-awakened conscience, These were glorious “signs,” if not “of the times,” of the spirit of the man, and shewed that he was not only at home in himself, but on his way to the home of the hearts of others.

His voice had but little compass, and was sometimes shrill to a cry or squeak, like that of the celebrated Charles Fox: but there was one key, when not too much compressed with vehemence, when he barked out his sentences—for so it seemed to us, with amazing power. All, however, whether shrill or low, conversational or vehement, was forgotten, the moment the torrent began to pour. Though none of the tones were sweet, whether upper or under, as has been remarked in the case of the statesman just noticed, yet in its shrill and piercing sounds, when at their highest pitch, it thrilled through the hearts of his hearers, and produced an effect rarely felt under any other Wesleyan preacher, except Adam Clarke, for suddenness and depth—and yet, in the case of the latter, though deep, broad, and sudden, it wanted the biting severity and fire-flash of Benson;—the fears of the hearer being often roused in the one case, as if unexpectedly brought to the verge of a precipice, and in danger of being hurried over, and in the other, either a sudden blink of sunshine, or summer shower,—warming on the one hand, or melting all into tenderness and tears on the other. There were four or five elevations of the voice, the highest of which used to be playfully denominated by Dr. Clarke, “The master-squeak;” but which was never so forced as to be beyond his management, and always effective.

It cannot, with any propriety, be affirmed of him, that he was a close reasoner or an argumentative speaker. His discourse was not a long chain of ratiocination; nor did it bear any affinity to Euclid’s demonstrations; it was more frequently a doctrine, with its connexions

and dependencies, with one text of scripture added to another for its support—then, a thunder-clap at the close. As it has been said of a practitioner at the bar, that his understanding was eminently legal, so, in the same sense, Benson's understanding may be considered as having been eminently theological. He could conduct a theological argument with the most perfect success; and his familiarity with the sacred text rendered him great in the pulpit—being looked up to by others than Wesleyans, as one of the most eminent divines in his day. His memory was accurate and retentive in an extraordinary degree, so that he has been considered by some, in most instances, a memoriter preacher, which, in his more laboured productions, we strongly suspect: however, he never forgot anything—not even a text of Scripture, essential to his sermon, or necessary to any single point of doctrine. It is to this gentleman allusion is made in the sketch given of Dr. Clarke, p. 81; and the allusion must be recognized by all who were acquainted with his habits and thinkings: for, as there intimated, he entered his study, commenced with a text that powerfully impressed him, examined it on every side, loaded his remarks with a number of parallel passages, brought every other text and subject to bear upon it, till there was nothing more to be said upon it by himself, or left to be said by others; and then, without the loss of a thought or expression previously brought together, by intense application in his closet, he delivered the whole in set form to the congregation. We do not mean to say, that he was, in every instance, so slavishly memoriter, as to write every word, and then, school-boy like, with

his task in his hand, to commit each syllable to memory ; but as he read, marked, arranged, he inwardly digested, and passed over the several parts, till the whole was engrained in the recollection, as deeply, permanently, and distinctly, as if in manuscript,—throwing the mind back upon each finished paragraph or particular,—adding one particular to another in the workshop of the mind.—and repeatedly going over the whole mentally—till sufficient confidence was acquired, to venture out with it before the public : and once worked into the mind in this way, the waste of years was insufficient to wear it out. Still, with this concession, we believe, he wrote freely and fully ; and made good use of his manuscript.

Unless it be his Sermons on the “ Second Coming of Christ,” his printed discourses furnish no idea of him as a preacher. He must have been heard to be known. When he entered fairly into his subject, and began to address the passions—after he had dismissed the doctrinal part, in which he was often dry, and even tedious, though never uninteresting,—when once heartily warmed, he poured forth words and sentences of fire, that smote his hearers, and seemed to deprive them of the power of reflection, while he went on to seize them as trophies of the Gospel, and to carry them captive whithersoever he pleased to direct his steps. He appears, in one instance at least, to have resembled Dr. Francis Atterbury, Dean of Carlisle, who, in his extemporaneous discourses, never attempted the passions, till he had convinced and secured the reason. Mr. Benson generally laid open and dispersed all the objections he himself could form, or others had made, before he employed any vehemence in his sermon. When he concluded he had

the head, he soon won the heart. He never professed to present the beauty of holiness, till he had convinced his hearers of the truth of it. He invariably, as hinted, gave the doctrinal part, and then the overwhelming appeals at the close. He exceeded all the Wesleyan ministers in the power of his applications—in his close and awakening appeals to the conscience. In the former part of his sermon, as will have appeared, he was like a miner, sapping, boring, and laying his train; and towards the close, the explosion took place, when the conscience was roused, and every fear was alarmed. Scores of persons have been awakened under some of these appeals, during one sermon; and shrieks have been heard, both in the chapel and in the open air, as if the day of doom were at hand. Well might the Rev. Richard Cecil, who embraced every opportunity of hearing him, observe to a friend, on one of those occasions: “Mr. Benson seems like a messenger sent from the other world, to call men to account.” And yet it is remarkable—and this has a bearing on the feelings of the memoriter preacher, who can bear disturbance much less than other men, that notwithstanding the tempest he raised in the passions—and no man could have done it more speedily or more effectually—he could never support the storm with patience, which rose at his bidding. We could furnish—had biography rather than ministerial character been our object, some rather amusing anecdotes on this subject, as when the good man in his first prayer—knowing the inflammable materials he had to deal with, in Manchester, Leeds, and elsewhere, and the rousing character of his subject—has devoutly requested, that the zeal of the people might be tempered with knowledge, and a voice has vociferated from the crowd,

—"A little of both, Lord!" There was no resisting him; the soul was carried on—and on—and on, in fury, driving before the storm; till the preacher, like a tempest in the material world, had expended his force. Numerous were the seals of his apostleship. Some of our English prelates have been known to steal quietly to hear him; and the Rev. Hartwell Horne, who has immortalized himself by his invaluable "Introduction to the Critical Study and Knowledge of the Scriptures," is the fruit of the ministry of this eminent Tishbite—this converter.

As to style, he was plain rather than otherwise—destitute, in fact, of all the elegances of composition; in prayer, he was comprehensive, minute, importunate, powerful, and successful; as a divine, he was of the highest order;—and, as a commentator, he was—though not critical, in the literary acceptance of that term, eminently experimental and practical, frequently following in the wake of Matthew Henry. But we forbear enlarging here, lest we should be carried beyond our prescribed limits,—not forgetting that it is with the pulpit we are chiefly concerned.

Though it was the opinion of Mr. Gaulter, and others, that Mr. Benson committed all his sermons to memory, we are of opinion that we have hit on the right view of the subject. We admit that his most striking and rousing passages were all stereotyped; but still, he left himself open to pulpit thoughts. What is extraordinary, and what can only be accounted for in a habit of piety, is, that his select passages produced, with the interval of years between, the same effects in

one place as in another ; as for instance in his Sermons on “ The Fall of Peter ; ” “ Thou art weighed in the balances,” &c. Who that heard him, can ever forget his remarks on Peter’s denial of our Lord. “ *I know not the man !* ” “ What, Peter, not know the man that saved you from your boats and your nets ? not know the man that saved you from drowning, when walking on the sea ? not know the man that cured your wife’s mother of a fever ? ” &c., &c. Or his observations, on that other portion of the history, “ *And the Lord turned and looked upon Peter ;* ” remarking, “ When the hands of our Lord were bound in the Judgment-Hall, he preached to Peter with his eyes—sent eyes of affection after him : Peter was like a lamb in the lion’s teeth. Satan was making off with him, but the Lord said,—(the preacher elevating his voice at the moment, and putting the feeling and energy into the sentiment, suitable to the occasion,) the Lord said, ‘ Drop that sheep—let go that lamb,’ at the sound of whose voice, Satan skulked back again to his own den.” All attempts at imitation here must fall short of the original. Though, like some others we have named, he had his set times for effect, yet he himself was excited at the repetition of the passages, just as the huntsman is roused at the sound of the horn, or, to adopt an allusion less objectionable, as an army is inspirited by the clang of arms and the sound of martial music,—partly from the striking character of the passage, and partly from the effects produced by it on former occasions, combined with an ardent desire to do good, and joyous anticipations of a happy result : and, owing to his ardour and his sanctity,

God rarely failed him. He did his part in the sincerity of his heart, and in humble dependance upon divine aid, agreeably to the will and word of God; and God stepped in with his own power, as he himself had promised,—“Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end,” when, according to the character of truth, to produce certain ends, like the seal and its impression, sinners were converted from the error of their ways.

As between Dr. Clarke and Mr. Benson, so between the latter and Mr. Bradburn, there was the widest difference in other respects besides the one previously alluded to; and we love to advert to these dissimilarities, by way of shewing the wisdom and goodness of God, in such “diversities of gifts,” as well as of “operations,” all being necessary for “the perfecting of the saints.” Benson seemed to proceed, on the principle—“God says it, and you must do it.” Bradburn exhibited truth in its beauty and loveliness, and brought men to be enamoured with it, as volunteers. There was often the “whirlwind” with Benson; Bradburn, on the other hand, though often impassioned, had “the still small voice”—the gentle whisper to the dying Christian, saying, “Sister spirit, come away;”—not, “you must come; I insist upon it,” implying powerful resistance. Benson’s fire flashed, and the glare was insufferable to sin—laying all bare before it—and terrifying the sinner into safety, through very fear at the moment of the pit opening its mouth beneath his feet; but with Bradburn, there was an enchanting object placed at a short remove from the eye—we speak of their general manner and the effects

produced—to which persons were allured, without those stirring apprehensions of immediate danger. The Eden of God—the garden with all its foliage, flowers, and fruit, was before the hearers of the latter; while the city of destruction was behind the auditory of the former, vomiting forth its flames, and just scorching the sinner on his flight to a place of safety. There was a richness—a softness—a roundness—a majesty about Bradburn; but in Benson, which was in perfect keeping with his person, numerous points and sharp angles were protruding in different directions. Still, we refer—not to the temper of the men, but the effects produced upon the mind by their preaching. Clarke, on the other hand, shed a fuller light over a general subject or scene, than either. Benson seemed to speak something into existence;—Bradburn adorned it with loveliness by his imagination and the charms of his oratory;—Clarke threw daylight around it—demonstrating that existence—confirming, not adding to, its beauty—and aided in its perception. It seemed to amount to this—for they had it among them conjointly—you must—you will—you cannot help it:—to drive—to draw—to enlighten, was the object. They were three rarities, each in his distinctive attire and character.

When we speak of the severe—the John the Baptist character of Mr. Benson's ministry, we do not wish to be understood as depriving it of all tenderness; we only refer to the more general features it assumed, and the general effects produced by it—yielding a greater proportion of conviction than of consolation. There were seasons of amazing tenderness, when whole congregations were melted into tears;

but, compared with those of terror and dismay, they were

“ Like angel visits, few and far between.”

One of those seasons may be named, as an example of others, which occurred at Woodhouse, near Leeds, when he was preaching on “ Likewise I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.” Towards the close of his discourse, when making his appeal to the sinner, and advertng to the certain, yet unexpected appearing of Christ, he exclaimed—as though he beheld him in vision, “ The Lord is coming ; the Lord is coming ;—He is coming ;—He is at the door ;—hasten, sinner, into the anti-chamber ;—get apparelled, and go forth to meet him.” He then paused, and in one of his higher tones, shouted, as if he beheld the Judge descending—“ Lord, stay thy coming,—stay thy coming,—he is not ready ;—the sinner is not ready.” Every eye was fixed—a breathless silence reigned over the whole congregation—and at that moment, as he was wont under extraordinary influences, he dropped upon his knees, and the congregation simultaneously with him, when, for the space of six or eight minutes, he besieged the throne of grace, in all the agony of solemn, special, importunate, intercessory prayer ; the people, sobbing, sighing, and groaning in spirit with him. On rising—with scarcely a dry eye before him, or a pocket handkerchief unemployed, he again paused, and, having apparently received an assurance in prayer, that the Lord would spare the half-abandoned sinner, a little longer, he exclaimed, as if personally and pointedly addressing some unhappy wretch

in the midst of the listening multitude,—“The Lord delays his coming;—He has not yet appeared;—the thrones are not yet set:—thou mayest yet be saved, poor sinner!—thou mayest get apparelled—make haste, and get ready for the marriage supper of the Lamb.” And then, in a strain of tender entreaty, with all the yearnings of a parent over a poor wayward child, whom he was anxious to rescue from ruin, he continued to address the profane part of his auditory. He adverted to this season some years after, at a Leeds Conference, as one of the rarer effects of his ministry—being distinguished for less of stern conviction, and more of softness.

It was often by quoting, in an impassioned strain, some striking passage of Scripture, from which other bold thoughts were struck out, as if suddenly inspired, that both Mr. Benson and Dr. Clarke produced the most extraordinary effects upon their auditories—effects as sudden and overwhelming as the thoughts were bold and original—the whole combined, resembling the steel, the flint, the spark, the blaze—a single sentence giving motion to thousands. His similes, in some instances, scarcely comported with the dignity of the pulpit. Speaking of persons who had incorrect and extravagant notions of the mercy of God, he, on one occasion, quoted—

“A God all mercy, is a God unjust;”

adding in some of his observations—“There are persons who represent the Divine Perfections as *a mere nose of wax*, as if God could lay down and take up his perfections at pleasure.”

Joseph Benson was a hard student;—four or five hours out of the twenty-four generally sufficed for sleep;—and when awake, he neither lay in bed, nor lolled on the sofa, reading newspapers the day long. He paid the people for all he received from them;—he considered his time as belonging to them, and employed it, not for his personal gratification, but for their profit. True, in later life, he knew little of the world,—little of its politics—little of passing events; still, he knew that part of it which belonged to his situation, and would suffer nothing to engross his attention that tended to bring leanness into his soul, or make the people feel, in consequence of a number of foreign—though apparently harmless influences gathering round him, as if they had a minister of the letter, and not a minister of the spirit, in the pulpit.

No. XI.

Robert *Newton*
 * * * * *

By thee, most Holy Power, inspired and taught.
 Man shines in all the dignity of thought:

* * * * *

To thee the charms of eloquence belong,
 And all the melting music of the tongue."

VIDA, TRANSLATED BY MORELL.

PORTRAIT painters, when they sit down to a subject, or, more properly, when a subject sits down to them, invariably find their way to the head, and take it as their starting point, in the race they are destined to run round the whole man. With us, it is otherwise, and withal, a matter of indifference. Love of liberty, which is natural both to rational and irrational creatures, comes over us here, as in other cases; we allow ourselves latitude, and like the homilies of certain members of the priesthood, we have no settled plan; we make it a point to seize on some prominent feature of body or mind, and continue to pursue the subject, as Elisha

did his master—whether from the head downward or the feet upward, and never leave it till we have caught both spirit and mantle,—placing the prophet of God either in a chariot of fire, ascending in piety of soul to a higher home, or working, as an instrument in the hand of his Maker, miracles of grace among men from the pulpit. Speaking of the chariot, we are reminded of the fact, that the gentleman before us has scarcely a home to which he can assert a residential claim, except the highway and the house of God—the stage-coach, or railway-carriage, and the pulpit, in one or other of which he is to be found, with few intervals between, from Monday morning to Saturday night—now in Edinburgh, then in the Metropolis—now in Cornwall, then in Northumberland—now in Bristol, then in Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, or elsewhere,—spreading himself over the country, like a piece of net-work,—crossing and re-crossing,—travelling from eight to nine thousand miles, and begging from four to five thousand pounds per annum,—coming out of each journey, and appearing in each pulpit, with a frame as firmly braced as a drum, with a countenance as open as the day, and spirits as joyous as those of the lark, when the streaks of the morning begin to break over the earth,—and all this unparalleled toil—for what? Just listen. But before we proceed, we would beg leave to state, that no man, in the three kingdoms, is better qualified—so far as experience goes, to furnish the public with a “New Book of Roads,” than himself. *

* It would be singular if some extraordinary incidents, in the way of horsemanship, or what else, were not occasionally to turn up in the course of the “outgoings” of this gentleman. Two or three may be noticed to relieve the dryness of criticism.

He is one of the *eleves* of Methodism sent out at the close of the eighteenth century,—a class of men, as Bunting, Watson, Isaac, and a few others, destined to shine with more than common brightness. He, like some others, is formed for toil, and passes through what would be the

On one of his tours, while travelling on some cross roads, he was driven to the necessity of walking ten miles after leaving the coach, loaded with his travelling dress and carpet-bag; and on his arrival at the place, had immediately to ascend the pulpit, when he went through the service without apparent fatigue.

He was rather more fortunate, though not without his exercises on another occasion. The gig in which himself and companion sat, broke down. No joiner or blacksmith was at hand,—the vehicle was too much disabled to be dragged forward with temporary patch-work,—the time for public service was hastening on apace,—and eleven miles of ground had to be measured before the destined place could be gained. What was to be done? Though the preacher, owing to his incessant travelling, appeared to have discovered the secret of “perpetual motion,” the additional appendage of railway speed seemed also necessary; and it was at a time when loco-motive engines were still a desideratum. He had often been in straits before, but rarely ever beyond the possibility of extrication; and fortunately, in this instance, though the gig was past travelling, the horse still retained the use of his limbs. The harness was thrown off, with the exception of the bridle, with its side blinds; and, bare of back, the laborious and unwearied preacher mounted—unspurred—without whip—his long limbs swinging on each side of the animal—the animal itself unfit to keep pace with the steed of a Gilpin—and yet, by the aid of a switch, snatched from the hedge, and a pair of heels, compelled to amble it with a sprightliness seldom witnessed since its coltish days. It was a race against time; but the swains in the more rural districts, unacquainted with character and circumstances, would, in all probability—on seeing the rider flying through the country in such plight, with his cloak streaming behind him, be in a state of vacillation,—and anxious to know whether he was escaping from justice, or only in the way of falling into its hands, in consequence of having taken the animal from the field of its rightful owner. To have seen a score of rustics in hot pursuit, would have increased the effect; and the gentleman had occasion to congratulate himself in the absence of such a train on arriving at the place of destination.

Equally romantic, but less painful, was another predicament in which he was placed in the town of W——. The coach was late, and he had to preach at W——, another place, about four miles distant. Not a vehicle

death of a score of men, without ever appearing jaded. He stands about six feet—strong of bone—admirably proportioned—the form erect, but not stiff—a slight degree of squareness in the shoulders—but otherwise, the whole figure noble, and princely—with the dignified air of an

could be obtained—not a horse was in requisition—and every moment was necessary to reach the place of appointment in time. The preacher, who is never without his “wits,” and who, by his frank and obliging disposition, as well as by his character as an orator, has established a line of friendship from “John O’Groat’s house,” in Scotland, to “Land’s End,” in Cornwall, soon met with a friend. The postman hove in sight—an object as welcome as Dunton’s “Post-Angel” to his readers;—he knew the perplexed traveller;—the latter briefly related the circumstances in which he was placed;—the former instantly dismounted, when the preacher was as suddenly metamorphosed into a postboy. Entrusted with the whole epistolary affairs of church and state, of the commercial and social world, the new equestrian clapped his heels to the horse—off he went in fine style—the horn and pistols in their proper place—the bags flapping against the old stager’s sides, and beating time to his pace—and the postman trudging it on foot in the rear. Both horse and rider knew the way to the Office;—they dashed through the streets of W——; and were soon at the door, where the newly transformed postman made an honest surrender of the letters and the horse, to the no small amusement of the post-master and his family, who happened to be Wesleyans.

Having travelled so long and so much by stage coaches, our hero seemed at one time to have the poetic feeling of Lord Byron, who fancied, in his flights, that the waves knew him, when he mounted them, owing to his familiarity with the ocean. The railway had just been opened between Manchester and Liverpool, and the principal part of the regular coaches had been thrown off the road. Horse-keepers, and others, felt the effects of it. The preacher before us had arrived, by coach, at the door of one of the principal offices in M——. Some persons, standing by, were high in their praise of railway travelling. “I prefer the old mode of travelling,” said our friend; adding, with an air of heartiness, “give me the swing of a coach under me.” The words had no sooner passed his lips, than the porters and masters of the curry-comb, surrounding the coach and the office door, cheered him with three times three—“The old coaches for ever!” All was sudden and unexpected; but what could he more natural? The hungry expectants found they had one friend left! Upon the speaker himself, the effect was electrical.

When at R——, on a public occasion, he took up his residence with a gentleman of considerable property. Having to start by coach early next

ancient Roman about to give the word of command, or assume the reins of government—and all without the least tincture of vanity, or appearance of inflation. The face bears the general hue of hardihood and health—somewhat embrowned, with a shade of crimson on the cheek—but a crimson as remote from that of the “wine-bibber,” as it is opposed to the delicate carnation tint

morning, his host repeatedly and impressively laboured to rid him of all care, by inducing him to take no thought for the morrow; telling him to sleep soundly—that the servants would be up in time—that breakfast would be ready—and that he should be seen in time safely seated in the coach. Though he was more than usually impressed with the kindness and manners of his host, yet, as was customary, he relied upon his own habits and resources. He sallied from his chamber, in the dark, the next morning, a few minutes before coach time. On finding no one up in the house besides himself, and unwilling to disturb the family, he stepped stealthily down stairs, and, with some difficulty, unfastened the front door, which he drew softly after him. Alas, on reaching the iron gates, he found them securely locked. To retreat was useless, for the door of the house had been fastened on drawing it behind him. He was unwilling too, to disturb the family by knocking: not only so, but before they could be roused and attired, the coach would be on the road. To scale the gates was impossible, and the iron palisade was high and hazardous. He at length succeeded in suspending his carpet-bag upon one of the rails, hanging it in such a way as to be able to unhook it on the outside: and with still greater difficulty, succeeded in climbing over himself. A police officer, unseen by the preacher, was peeping past an angle, and watching all his movements. The want of lights in the house—the quiet observed—the absence of attendants—the bag—the scaling of the rails—all looked exceedingly suspicious. On unhooking the bag, the traveller pushed off. The policeman, equally active and wary, never for a moment lost sight of—as he opined, the housebreaker; anxious, at the same time, to know where he was about to deposit his booty. Just as the traveller arrived at the coach, and the officer was on the point of tapping him on the shoulder, with—“You are my prisoner,” a gentleman, about to proceed by the same conveyance, accosted him by name—“O, Mr.—— is that you?” when the policeman retired, both amused and disappointed. The NAME of the preacher was familiar to his ear, and it was a passport for integrity and freedom;—a name that has been placarded in almost every city, town, and village in the kingdom. Query: does he keep a journal? What a treat would such a Life have been for the pen of such a man as the Magician of the North!

on the thin, glazed skin, of the drawing-room figure, which has the white touches of the winding-sheet blended with it. The hair is naturally dark—and the false top, before the whiskers became powdered with age, had a sleek, easy, natural appearance, leaving open a fine expansive forehead, from right to left, not at all out of keeping for height, and beaming with light. The whiskers, just referred to, curve their way across the greater part of the cheek; and while they give a martial, rather than a ministerial appearance to the face, they partially conceal, on the one side, a cluster of purple berries, which he brought into the world with him, and which rather give interest to the face than detract from its beauty. His features are strong rather than large, and masculinely handsome;—the nose somewhat aquiline;—the eye dark and expressive, inclined to round, with a fine white, and long black eye-lashes;—and a mouth formed for public speaking, capable of emitting, without the least contraction, the fullest voice. Yet it is impossible not to perceive, when the countenance is not illuminated by conversation, or the mind actively employed, if not a form and expression of feature that would settle down into something like melancholy—not remote, for instance, from that occasionally betrayed by Richard Watson—at least into a state of pensiveness. Its more general expression is that of cheerfulness; which is preserved by constant interchange and excitement, while every motion of his form is graceful.

Some persons are of opinion, that nature not only stamps an image of the mind on the countenance, but makes the very tone of the voice bear a strict resemblance

to the harmony and discord within. If this be the case, what becomes of Benson, one of the greatest preachers in his day, and whose face indicated anything but harmony and placidity: and yet, as if the remark bore some affinity to truth, we have a noble specimen before us in its support, both as to face and voice. Some of the old philosophers thought it much more certain to judge of the voice than the face: Lavater, on the other hand, is of opinion, that there is not a feature but what bears a relation to some particular passion. The voice being but one, discovers less, perhaps, than the colour, features, and general expression of the countenance. Socrates is represented as saying, "Speak, my boy, that I may see thee;" and this would seem to intimate, that he did not consider it so important to examine the face as to listen to the voice. Though few things are more clearly demonstrated than that, in the transports and excesses of any passion, the voice will be conformed and adapted to that passion; yet this can only apply to the voice when a person is in a state of excitement, not to the ordinary force, character, and intonations: but it was not only the sound of the voice, if we apprehend him correctly, that Socrates was anxious to hear, but he wished to hear the voice that he might see what was in the boy by the sense displayed in the countenance. Though both may be referred to, the latter, we believe, is the better index of the two; and Socrates would never have invited the boy to draw nigh, if he had not intended to employ his eyes as well as his ears.

That an opinion may be formed of the temper of a man by his general mode of speaking, there can be no doubt,

whether mild or sharp, boisterous or low—that is, when unaffected and “out of passion.” But it is not by this standard, that we are to judge of the public speaker, who may be more or less affected by his subject; and especially a Christian minister, who may be considered as touched with sympathies, and under an influence, to which the comedian, for instance, can assert no claims,—the latter being infinitely below him in his theme and his object, and the mere representative of fictitious feeling—a hypocrite, in short, from beginning to end. Hypocrisy may affect a tone of voice, and finds its interest in concealment. The manner of speaking, too, varies not a little;—some slow, others quick; some so little, that it would appear as if they were afraid of their tongues wearing out; and others so much, that it would seem as if their own voice were the most enchanting music they could hear. Apart from these and many other exceptions, the minister of the sanctuary has advantages peculiar to himself, and with which neither comedian nor politician can intermeddle; they are strangers to his influences; the love of God gives a tone to the voice, and an expression to the eye of even inferior speakers; but when a man bursts forth with the native majesty of the subject before us, with the fire of heaven lit upon the altar of the heart,—then all eyes are fixed, all ears are open, all hearts are enkindled by the flame lit up in himself.

We do not say too much, when we affirm, that we never heard such another voice—we mean for speaking, not for song,—and doubt whether its equal can be found in the three kingdoms, at home or abroad, in the Christian church. To the public we make our appeal; no voice was ever more frequently or more widely heard,—a voice which

seems actually to improve by age and exercise. Though power is its leading characteristic, like that of the organ ; yet, like the same instrument, it has compass and variety, as well as sweetness—swelling, pealing, softening, but never dying on the ear, except when untouched ; always audible, always agreeable, always inviting ; and although its higher bursts are the least sweet and round, still, as far as the human voice can be compared to such an instrument, his may be compared to one of the best toned of those instruments ; and not anything—after the tones of the organ have ceased in a large Wesleyan chapel, can be more in keeping or more agreeable, than the elevation of the voice of the preacher in question. It is one of those voices which is so natural as to require no management—which anything like management would absolutely mar, and would be as much out of place as among the songsters of the grove. Such is its power, such its charms upon an audience, that it would be listened to with delight if he were to speak in an unknown tongue. It is to this—though partly in connection with his person and his manner, that the delight of the people is to be traced, in listening to the same sermon, in the same pulpit, three or four times delivered, with no distant intervals between, and often on public occasions ;—a delight that would lead—if allowable, *encore* to be rapturously uttered by his hearers. It is this too, that gives even to common-place things a charm,—all being clothed with majesty and grace—uttered by himself, as for the first time, and welcomed by the people as if never heard before ; or, if perfectly familiar, received with the joyous and cherished feeling with which a congregation listens to the “ Old Hundred ” psalm tune ; or the multitude, on some great

stirring and public occasion, to the fine national airs of "God save the King," and "Rule Britannia,"—the things themselves being as welcome as the return of spring, though its verdure may have been beheld, and its breath inhaled, during the periodical visits of half a century. Should a gentle hint be given—"We have had this sermon before," instantly, without any apology for a lapse of memory, the retort would be made—only substituting speaking for writing,—“To write the same things to you, to me indeed is not grievous, but for you it is safe.” True; the apostle also preached the doctrine of necessity—"necessity is laid upon me;" but that refers to his obligation to preach, not to his matter; he teemed with variety. And yet, if we look at his travels, and the care of all the churches which came upon him, he had as little time for study as most men. But then, he had a mighty mind, endless resources, and inspiration withal: not so here.

Whatever is commendable in a great and grave orator, is most exquisitely perfect in the present speaker—charming the attention with a full and significant action of body, and propriety of language and voice. There is action without acting, and grave dignity without moroseness; each becoming the character he sustains, the place in which he stands, and the theme on which he dwells. Sit in a crowded chapel, and it will be seen—as it has been said of eminent actors—as you might imagine, so many lines drawn from the circumference of so many ears, while the speaker is the centre. The passions, and especially the stronger, are powerfully depicted in the face, as he passes from subject to subject; and the voice is in perfect harmony with the feeling in operation. He is not in this, a mimic to debase

nature, but her cautious delegate to represent her truly. We are not to be understood, however, by employing the term cautious, as though there were any appearance of constraint; but simply, that nothing is permitted to pass but what is agreeable to nature; and for this good reason,—there is little of anything but pure nature in existence.

There is the occasional roll of the eye, especially in giving out the hymn, as if courting admiration; and yet we are more inclined to attribute this to a feeling of respect for the congregation, than that of vanity in the preacher; nor are we less disposed to tolerate an occasional attempt at wit, whether in the pulpit or the social circle, which, though calculated to excite the more pleasurable feelings, is never let out but with a view to accomplish some laudable purpose—as either that of putting folly out of countenance, or coming to the aid of truth and virtue. No man is more free than himself from acerbities either in spirit or conversation;—ever frank—ever tender of character—never speaking of faults and failings but as subjects of lamentation;—at the utmost, when named by others, rarely proceeding beyond a gentle elevation of the hands, a half suppressed “ah,”—“alas, alas,”—“I am exceedingly sorry to hear it;” accompanied with the lowering of the head, and two or three expressive nods, as if anxious to drop the subject, and to prevent anything more from being elicited.

His principal actions are few in number—not above half a dozen, and often repeated; pointing at the page with the fore-finger—stretching out the arm—gracefully moving the flattened hand in a circular form above the Bible, with the palm downward, as if going to

swim—laying the hand upon the breast—or elevating both to heaven, with the eyes raised, as though they would penetrate the ceiling,—an attitude the most impressive, and not remote from the one which artists have given to George Whitfield, and which is confirmed as correct by historians. There are others of a minor character, less frequent; but the most prominent, and often repeated, never pall, and are always free—nor less natural, when most violent. In company, though less easy and graceful, he is always agreeable; and, except in the presence of superior rank and genius, unconstrained.

In giving out the hymns, he adds grace to the labours of the poet; for what in the poet's toil often amounts to numbers, in him is both number and music. We recollect a case in which, at a public meeting, he recited part of an "Occasional Ode for the Anniversary of the Royal British System of Education," without naming either the author or the title of the piece. The poet himself happened to be present; and not recollecting for the moment, that the lines were his own—having been composed several years before, he was perfectly enchanted with the poetic conception and expression, and could only wish that all genuine poetry, when recited, might be equally fortunate in meeting with such a friend, who gave, by the richness of his voice, and his impressive manner, an additional charm to song. The poet mused, and said to himself, "I must have met with these lines somewhere." But how was he astonished, when he found the poetry to be his own! ready to blush at the vanity which seemed to pride itself in the value which

he unconsciously put upon his own muse, but happy that the whole was closetted in his own breast—without even his feelings escaping to the surface, so as to be observed on the occasion, and only noticing it incidently afterwards, in illustrating some subject connected with a lapse of memory. But what must have been the master of the tongue, to produce such effects in the breast of the master of song—the naturally simple, tender, and beautiful—the musically sweet—and the modestly Christian, Montgomery!

His artillery is often the heaviest when he indulges in declamation. Here he excels,—indignant—scowling—severe—bold—with a thundering volume of voice; as if Jupiter himself were speaking from his throne, and sending abroad his bolts.

In his general preaching, he is full of impressive allusions, like the great Grecian orator; and often abounds with excellent, though not always novel, expositions of the inconsistencies of the adversaries of truth; meeting common-place objections against Revelation and Christian experience in a striking, clear, and satisfactory way. He never loses sight of his subject, nor quits hold of his hearers,—making use of the most striking appeals to the strongest feelings, and the most favourite recollections. He not only finds his way—though not always by the shortest cut, to the heart, by flashing the hearer's inconsistencies, vices, and lukewarmness upon himself; but also to the head, and convinces the judgment. His materials, as far as quality and quantity are concerned, are rather good than fine—excellent than extensive; the article being such as

will always command a ready market, so to speak—not from the delicacy of its texture, or the novelty of the pattern, but owing to its substantiality and the wants of the people. It is intended to profit rather than please,—for the many rather than the few,—and it is such as no one need be ashamed to offer. No man living perhaps, carries on such an extensive trade, with so moderate a capital; and no man disposes his stock to better advantage. There is never much on hand; all is held in requisition; he is not in the first, but in the best line; and no one, who buys the truth from his lips, is disposed—provided his mart is open, to go elsewhere, or to wish for anything besides that which he has to present. Though always useful and popular,—the last fifteen years have added, beyond all precedent, to the extent of his usefulness, and to the tenacity of his hold on the public mind. He mellows with age; and like wines of a particular vintage, improves by keeping.

To the character of his matter for general usefulness, may be added, an appropriate diction, which is intelligible to the most uneducated, without the least appearance of anything low. There is often great beauty of expression—occasional elevation—touches of power—and he is never otherwise than graceful and natural. Good taste and judgment are always perceptible, and something like keeping is preserved through the whole. There is little reading; yet, in no one is its absence less felt, or, a something like it, more present. Thoughts appear to be caught, as swallows catch their food—on the wing. There is amazing facility for laying hold of little incidents

and passing events, and rendering them, by a certain dexterity in handling, subservient to the occasion. This is particularly the case on the platform, where he bears undivided sway, and has an influence with the multitude over minds superior to his own. Here, he is generally anecdotal—often gay—makes a happy use of the observations of preceding speakers—and not unfrequently provokes a smile at their expense; yet, in the latter instance, all is done in such fine temper, that none but the most sensitive, who are always in hot water with themselves, can feel the slightest pain. And we would just observe in passing, that great as are the attractions of the pulpit, the platform is the place where he is beheld in all his flexible attitudes, movements, and majesty; the whole commanding figure before the eye—towering in its strength—beautiful for its form and symmetry—graceful in its actions—with only the want of the loose, flowing robe, to furnish a picture of ancient times, when Greece was in her splendour, and her orators were leading the people captive by the charms of their eloquence.

That a man like this should exercise an influence somewhere, is naturally to be expected. But where? Not immediately in the government of the Wesleyan body. A hundred men could start up, and on matters of mere policy, could dispute the point with him, and would be listened to by their brethren with respect, in the annual legislative assembly. While his influence is on the mass from without—on all ranks and communities, attracting all by the magic of his oratorical powers, the gentleman who stands first in the list of these sketches, sits supreme within—seen nowhere, but in his usual

seat, and heard only with his single voice, in the midst of his brethren; and yet, like an invisible power, moving everywhere, and felt in everything. Object to it who may; but deny it who can! and let those who are dissatisfied find two men better calculated to hold the influence they have acquired from within and without, or who, generally speaking, will wear their honours more meekly!

We state, that the preacher before us, attracts all ranks and communities; yes, dissenters and episcopalians. The sycamore planted by the hand of Samuel Wesley, the father of John, in Epworth church-yard, and whose sapless trunk still stands, after having weathered the storms of more than a hundred years, has long been an object of curiosity to the Wesleyans, and has been rendered the subject of history by Dr. Clarke, in his "Wesley Family." What is not a little extraordinary—but still tending to substantiate the fact of personal influence and respect, the churchwardens, on the day of the meeting of the Wesleyan Centenary, held at Epworth, were in quest of this gentleman—hoping to find him among the speakers, to request him to plant another tree by the side of the favourite old sycamore not only in lieu of it, but as a compliment to the Wesley family, and so far commemorative of the eventful history of the founder of Methodism. It is only to be regretted, that he was not present on the occasion, and that a succession of living monuments, filled with vegetative life, have not been reared by Wesleyan hands—one rising on another decaying, at the close of each hundred years, till time itself should come to a termination. Though the line of succession has been accidentally broken, the incident is interesting and highly complimentary.

When he appeared in America, it seemed as though some European monarch had visited the United States; and it is doubtful whether any man, since the days of George Whitfield,—an admirable prototype,—ever produced an equal sensation in the mind of the religious public. According to the “New York Spectator,” when he was introduced to the meeting of the twenty-first anniversary of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, held in the Green-street Church, every individual in that large assembly rose to his feet,—“a high and unusual token of regard,” it is said, “which evidently affected the reverend gentleman, who took occasion to say, that in all his public labours he never felt himself more greatly honoured, nor more deeply sensible of his own unworthiness than at that moment.” The public journals rang with his praise, and invitations to preach poured upon him from every quarter. The “New York National Intelligencer,” contains the following notice of him:—“A very celebrated and eloquent preacher, belonging to the British Wesleyan Methodists, and now representing that numerous and respectable body of Christians, as their delegate from the British Conference, yesterday preached an eloquent and impressive sermon in the House of Representatives of the United States. The capacious hall and the galleries were unusually crowded, and many hundred attentive auditors stood during the whole service, in the aisles and lobbies of the house. The congregation was certainly one of the largest ever witnessed within its walls, and comprehended most of the members of both Houses of the National Legislature, and a vast number of very distinguished citizens. The discourse was one of the most

powerful and eloquent pulpit addresses that we ever remember to have heard. At the close of his sermon, the reverend gentleman made some very happy allusions to the eloquent addresses which he had the pleasure of hearing on the previous night, in the House of Representatives, at the American Education Convention; and maintained that education, science, and learning, were the honoured and powerful advocates of Christianity." England has not yet arrived at that state of feeling to admit a Wesleyan minister within the walls of either the House of Commons or the House of Lords; yet less interesting topics than what might be brought before them by such a speaker, may engage the attention of both Houses. Even a clergyman, completely panic-struck at the alarming progress of Methodism, affirms in a pamphlet just published, entitled "A Warning Voice, being a Letter addressed to the Bishop of Lincoln, on the Progress and Tendencies of Methodism," that "if the cathedral church in which your Lordship occasionally presides, were available to (the present gentleman being named,) as a place of exhortation for one day, the echo of ten thousand voices that would resound through the aisles of that venerable building, might almost raise the spirits of its pious founders."—Query; would not the best mode of silencing him be, that suggested by a British monarch, in reference to another preacher; namely—to make a bishop of him?

No. XIII.

ISAAC.

Στηθ' ἐδραϊος ὡς ἀκμῶν τυπτομενος καλοῦ γὰρ
 Ἀθλητοῦ δερεσθαι καὶ νικᾶν. *

WE have already had to acknowledge the debt of obligation we owe to the author of a published sketch of Dr. Clarke; and the same reason will hold good in the present case, as in that, for preferring another by the same hand to anything we might at present have to offer on the character of Mr. Isaac; with this difference, however,—in the former case, we took the liberty of enlarging,—in the present, we are compelled to curtail. Daniel Isaac commenced the work of an itinerant minister in 1799, and closed his pilgrimage in the city of York, in 1834.

* “Stand thou as a beaten anvil to the stroke, for it is the property of a good warrior to be flayed alive and yet conquer.” The motto which Dr. Adam Clarke had placed over his mantle-piece.

The author, in directing attention to his person, informs his readers, that his complexion was comparatively dark and embrowned, and had here and there a partially sallow tint. He was rather above the middle size—well built—strongly timbered—fleshy, though not corpulent. His crown of glory disappeared at rather an early period of life; and his forehead—remarkable for its amplitude, was an object on which the eye of a phrenologist might have reposed with pleasure. When, in later life, it was covered by one of those destroyers of human dignity—a perukemaker, though the hair was adjusted in such a manner as to obviate a good deal of the artificial effect visible in such cases, it was a source of regret to those who had previously witnessed the high beaming *sinciput*, which gave a character of intellect to the whole face, but which, with its overhanging roof, produced the impression of a dark cloud shading the brow of a hill. His eye was peculiarly soft, blended with great quickness and penetration, with a dark pupil, speaking deep and pointed things, in the centre of an unusually light grey ring; while the under lip presented the keen cut of the polemic's razor.

Some of his peculiarities were of such a character, as to amount to eccentricities, and were not unfrequently to be traced to important and long established principles. Hence, in his apparel, might be seen his hostility to what appeared to him, unnecessary forms and unmeaning appendages. A glazed, or black straw hat, coloured neck-cloth, light small-clothes, white stockings, strong shoes and leather ties, black and white striped waistcoat, and brown coat, very often composed his costume, both

for the pulpit and the street. His abhorrence of pride, and his utter contempt of that part of clerical dignity, which has little else but dress to recommend it, and to that part of nominal Christianity, which is indebted for its existence to appearances, led him to the opposite extreme. "Mr. Wesley," said he, "ordained some of his preachers, and allowed them to wear gowns and bands; and very fine, I dare say, they looked in them. I am no admirer of these things, as is well known; but God forbid that I, like the Protestant Methodists, should unchristian any man on account of them!" To fashions, in general, he was strongly averse. Looking one day at the large sleeves worn by the ladies, he remarked, "If God had made them as some of them seem disposed to make themselves, they would be very much inclined to find fault with him." Even on the death of his mother, whose memory he revered, he refused to put on black.

He was noted as a pedestrian, and in summer was frequently seen going along the public road with his hat in his hand, his waistcoat unbuttoned, and his coat over his arm, like a farmer proceeding to market. He would shun, except in excessively cold weather, the rosy fire and social hearth-stone; and in the depth of winter, would either plunge into the ocean, or break the ice, and bathe himself in the river. A cold bath—no matter where, or in what hour, was one of those indulgences to which he laid claim, both amidst the heats of summer and the snows of winter; and whatever might have been the immediate or remote effects, a good general state of health was invariably enjoyed.

Being left-handed, either by nature or habit, a degree of awkwardness was always apparent in actions the performance of which required the use of the hand. In carving meat at table, this was especially felt and observed. Through a free use of the pipe, he had seriously injured the appearance of a set of excellent and well-arranged ivory studs. With his pipe in his mouth—his bason of milk before him—and a little toast, often browned by himself,—broken into fragments—and fished up by the point of the penknife out of the liquid, as his evening repast, he envied not the luxury of a court, but threw a sunshine of comfort around the social circle, and could even enjoy the opposition and puns of an anti-pipite. On one occasion, an elderly lady entered the room, and seeing him engaged with the pipe, lifted up her hands, and exclaimed, as if partially shocked at the sight of so much self-indulgence,—“Aye, Mr. Isaac, you are at your *idol* again!” Looking up at her, with one of his quiet, yet pleasantly demure expressions of feature, he returned—puffing out a cloud of smoke, “Yes,—I am burning it.”

In consequence of some of his peculiarities, and his character not being properly understood, some trifling differences subsisted between Mr. Isaac and a few of his brethren in the ministry; but these bore more the character of a difference of opinion, than of affection, and may be traced not only to an ignorance of real character on their part, but often to an ardent love of liberty on his own. The song of liberty—that to which the muse is so much indebted, was no sooner struck, than a corresponding chord was found in his

bosom, vibrating to all its tones—rich, varied, and even bold. Indeed, it was next to certain, from the native generosity of his heart, that such a mind as his should be friendly to religious toleration, eager for the assertion of civil liberty, and the uncompromising enemy of cruelty and craft in all their odious forms, whether operating to the disadvantage of the subject at home, or exercised in the African slave traffic abroad. Thus, when Lord Sidmouth's Bill was in agitation, he was roused like the lion from his lair, when he sweeps the forest, with the fire of heaven in his eye, and the hills echoing to his voice, in all the majesty of freedom. His advice, the wisdom with which he drew up a body of resolutions for the adoption of a meeting, in order to counteract the designs of his lordship, and the influence of his active and daring example upon others, will not be soon obliterated from the memory. This is a subject in which all were agreed. But in other cases, when any measure was proposed, in which either civil or religious liberty were even remotely, and not seriously, about to be invaded, his jealousy was immediately awakened, and he was never known to permit it to slumber, till he had either opposed the encroachment, or become better instructed. His own "Claims," the "York Magazine," the "Extra District Meeting at Leeds," were all instances in which he chimed in with his key-note of liberty of appeal—liberty of teaching—freedom of trial—the liberty of the press. It must be admitted, however, that whatever may be the compass of voice employed in the favourite song of freedom, it is not without its limits and modulations; and if this noble-minded, and cool-

headed man, was an enthusiast in anything, it was in this; ready almost to dance around the tree of liberty, and sing the naturalized Carmagnole of 1792! Though he was far from "full of fury," and had not "the form of his visage changed against" the persons he opposed, yet was his zeal on such occasions like the "furnace" of Nebuchadnezzar—"one seven times more than it was wont to be heated." He appears in this, as well as in some other noble qualities, and even eccentricities, to have been a *fac simile* of the Rev. John Ryland, of Northampton, whose spirit, and manner, and mind, so deeply impressed the youthful Robert Hall.

His extreme sensitiveness on the subject of liberty, appeared to enter into every part of human conduct, and to influence the *minutiae* of all his movements. Rule itself, under peculiar aspects, seemed to assume the face of bondage. In Mr. Isaac's mind, the love of liberty, as in the breast of Thomas Rowe, was a darling passion—a kind of an ideal being, to whose charms he was always sensible, and the generous inclination of which burnt so strongly as only to admit of being extinguished with existence. He gave utterance to a sentiment which enwrapped his whole moral and intellectual being, when he exclaimed, "I would rather fall with Pompey in the cause of Liberty, than be enthroned with Cæsar on its ruins." To him, it was the parent of all industry, the nurse of the arts and sciences, and the universal source of social happiness, as well as the essence of every thing worthy of the name of Christianity;—freedom in all its latitude of meaning, unallied to vice, and only associated with virtue and truth. His Letters

on the Leeds controversy sufficiently attest, in the mean time,—whether, Methodistically or civilly understood, that it was not liberty without law—without the Bible—without the wholesome restraint of discipline, which was the darling of his heart, and the subject of his pen. He knew the difference between liberty and rebellion—between liberty to do good, and liberty to do evil; and would have recommended fetters in the one case, and the world to roam in, in the other.

Connected with this love of liberty—which led him to the extreme verge of the subject, by placing himself as on the brink of a precipice, where others professed to see greater danger than he himself was disposed to admit—connected with this, it is repeated, was an ignorance of his real character, which occasioned a misunderstanding between him and some of his brethren, terminating in a war of words, without any material division of affection. He paid the utmost deference to plain and positive rule; but in cases which appeared to command the creation of a rule, and where rule itself was liable to different interpretations—in short, in every thing open to debate, he was sufficiently independent to think and to act for himself; and when persons possessed of the same quality—only, in such a degree as prompted them to go in quest of converts to dependency, came into collision with him, it was not at all surprising, that, on the shock occasioned by so sturdy a subject, they should feel inclined to reel a little. He knew no one to whom the human heart and understanding should implicitly bow, but the supreme God; and this had its influence upon him, in reference to his friends; to none

of whom was he in the habit of applying, either directly or indirectly, for support in any favourite measure. But what contributed much more than his independence of mind, and apparent inflexibility, together with his want of court attentions—from living in the freedoms of social intercourse with some of his ministerial brethren, was his anti-church principles, and the light in which he was beheld as a satirist and severe critic. With views like these, it was an easy matter for the imagination to conjure up in him, one of the followers of Diogenes, and to shun him as they would do any other snarling cynic. But the impression was as false as it was injurious to the character of one of the kindest of men. That he possessed the dangerous weapons of satire, irony, and ridicule, in an eminent degree, will be admitted by all who have read his writings; but they were in him, just as the old English gentleman was accustomed to have his sword upon him, or more properly suspended by his side,—there, not always in the mouth, any more than the other was always in the hand,—but harmlessly sheathed, and ready at any moment to enable him to act on the defensive,—regaling his friends at the same time, though thus accoutred, with all the hospitality of the personage alluded to,—inspiring, by his conduct and conversation, no other feelings than those which are based in confidence, respect, and affection. The weapons, therefore, in question, were defensive rather than offensive; and hence, that which excited so much awe abroad, was never the object of dread at home. It was unnecessary for him, as is supposed to have been the case with the revered Robert Hall, in his Essay on the

"Character of Cleander," and Sir Richard Steele, in his "Christian Hero,"—the one lampooning the satirist, and the other reprehending the irregularities of human life,—to publish anything on this head, in order to impose restraint upon himself, in private, by giving those around him an opportunity of reproving him in his own language, and repelling him by the employment of his own weapons. But though unnecessary for the social circle, it might have had a salutary influence upon him in the pulpit. With such instruments at command—instruments that he could wield with tremendous power and singular dexterity, he put on a rather forbidding aspect at a distance, and was contemplated as an object of dread. Through these, he became the occasional subject of covert opposition. It will be difficult, however,—except in cases of provocation, to detect a profuse or wanton use of these attributes; and what is singular as well as contrary to all experience in actual vision—where the various asperities that present themselves are softened by distance, the nearer he was approached, and the better he was known—which is the highest tribute to the perfection of his character, the more amiable were all the social qualities of his heart.

Few things are more calculated to support, in the way of proof, what may have just passed for assertion, as to the fact of his amiable character, than the unvarying testimony of his colleagues in his favour, and their strong attachment to him. There have been instances of persons appointed to travel with him, with powerful prepossessions against him, who have been won over to admiration of his general character.

Persons with whom we have had little or no intercourse—of whom we have only read and heard, are like the dead, in many instances, in by-gone ages; and what has been very properly said, in a popular periodical, in reference to departed genius, may be said here,—that, if we would wish to know them, we must see them face to face; for, in the dim distance, and by the eye of the imagination, our vision—do what we may, will be too imperfect. The absent and the dead, whom we endeavour to summon either from history or recollection, appear as figures, slender, pale, and ineffectual. We can scarcely, with our utmost effort, body them forth, as palpable beings. They resemble Ossian's ghosts, in hazy twilight, with "stars dim twinkling through their forms." The pyramid can be measured in geometric feet; and the draughtsman can represent it on canvass with all its environs, accurately to the eye. Mont Blanc, itself, may be embossed in coloured stucco, and our museums may present its type and miniature *fac simile* to the observer: but when we attempt to reach man—not as an inanimate standing mass, but as a living, breathing, moving figure, with the principal and most important part of his character, in his interior, cased up from human observation, with only a few partial outlets to the workings within, and himself in the distance, he almost becomes invisible, and lives with us like a disembodied voice. When, owing to some defect in the medium, we listen to that voice as dissonant, boisterous, or harsh, the impression becomes unfavourable. Such was the case with Mr. Isaac; he was seen in the distance, and the medium through which report was heard, was

false ; and yet, to look at him occasionally in his writings, unfavourable impressions might be strengthened. Hence, arose another mistake with regard to the genuine character of this excellent man. But to determine the character of a controvertist by his writings, would be the same as looking for the private character of a general in the field of conflict ;—a place in which skill and valour will be more likely to arrest attention, than tenderness and benignity, though he may be destitute of neither of the latter, shrouded as they are in the heat, and amid the smoke of battle. We expect to meet with General Washington in the field, and George Washington at home : and this will equally apply to the subject in hand, who sustained a difference of character, agreeably to the work he had in hand, the circumstances in which he was placed, and the persons by whom he was surrounded, or with whom he was destined to engage in war.

It would, indeed, have been difficult for a person, who was a stranger to Mr. Issac, to have accounted for the severity of some of his criticisms, on being informed of the general benevolence of his nature. There was a tenderness about him which watched with solicitude over the couch of the sick—which hastened to the relief of human misery in every form—and which knew no bounds to its outgoings. He placed a value on money, only so far as it was calculated to meet present demands in himself, and in others ; and instances of offered aid, and actual relief, could be penned, which, as far as he possessed the means, would have done credit to the memory of a Howard. The fact is, that apart from

his native benevolence, he was a Christian, and knew the importance of truth, as well as the justice of its claims, in the presence of hostile and erring mortals. His tenderness, too, of moral character, is another proof of the excellency of the spirit which dwelt within; and although sin was not spared, he was careful not to condemn without sufficient evidence, as well as ready to receive on signs of contrition. Separate from his controversial tugs and moods, it may be stated of him, as it has been affirmed of Herbert the poet, that, of his private virtues, that history will be the warmest eulogy which narrates his actions with the greatest truth. The plainness of his manners, and the unaffected sincerity of his piety, cannot be too frequently brought before the eye. The world is apt to overlook excellence so unpretending in her

“busy search
Of objects more illustrious in her view,”

and to fix only on public actions. But it is in the regular discharge of Christian duty, and in the exercise of every Christian grace, in the various social relations of life, that the religion of the heart is rendered visible: and infinitely precious, beyond all price, it has been properly stated, are the noiseless hours of a good man's life; as well as infinitely to be preferred before all honours, are the humble flowers which blossom upon the good man's grave.

The recorded opinion of the Wesleyan Conference, of 1834, in a short account of Mr. Isaac, includes the whole of his private virtues in that one sentence,—
“In disposition he was affable, generous, social, and

sincere ;” and then, to Christianize the whole,—“he was an eminent, a good, and a useful man.” In these memorials of the Conference, though brief, as to character, the miniature likenesses of the members are preserved, as flies in amber,—rich, and choice, and varied, capable of affording not only instruction, but delight.

It is not always the case, that the masters of the ferula, can, like Mr. Isaac, so far forget former days, as not to imagine in after life, the social circle a school, and themselves the most important personages in it ; claiming a kind of dictatorial ascendancy over the aged and the experienced, because it was once exercised over the child, with nothing beyond a squeamish sentimentality, and affected airs of superiority to support it. With him, all old things seemed to be done away : he was one of the party—one among them—and one of them in sweet holiday feeling ; and though often placed at the head, by common consent, yet unfelt, and, therefore, unacknowledged by himself. But still, though this was his general feeling, he would never, when the master was assumed, be satisfied with acknowledging himself to be the pupil of any one ; but would assign to the pedant his proper place. And as he was remote from anything distant or haughty, so he was equally ready to repel the sycophant, who would seek to establish a spurious importance for himself by his partisanship—though in favour of a cause which he himself had espoused. He was always at ease in the presence of simplicity and sincerity—open to the pleasures of social intercourse—and ever on the watch to introduce a higher tone of feeling, a purer motive to action, than is generally

sought for by those who are indifferent to the vital interests of religion. He never attempted to regulate the degree of his zeal to the moral and spiritual temperature of the society into which he might be accidentally thrown,—never manifested, by passing intrusions, a sensitive anxiety for conversational popularity—nor the least disposition to compromise, by an accommodating laxity of manners, that ill befits those who take their lofty stand among men as the regenerators of professed moralists. He might bend, but would never break; and was, what the Founder of Methodism wished his followers individually to be—"the friend of all, the enemy of none:" social, where sociability was required,—prompt to do good,—and dauntless in the face of danger.

Though he indulged in occasional—what some would call *naïveté*, and humour, and had store of what is denominated, in more homely language, "mother wit," yet it was rarely joyous and overflowing: it was never redundant, and seldom sparkled; but was generally welcome, because in the domestic circle, invariably harmless. These slight gleams, however, will lead to a fuller survey of his various mental qualities.

In taking a general estimate of Mr. Isaac's intellectual character, he will be found to have been more remarkable for penetration, than for height and depth of thought. There was great subtlety also, combined with occasional power. But thought in him, bore some slight affinity to his speech, which was distinguished for deliberation rather than rapidity. He was rarely ever otherwise, however, than clear; and though slow, was generally sure. In this respect, he resembled an

excellent marksman, but was better qualified for heavy moving bodies, than for birds upon the wing. In any object presented to the eye, or in any subject brought before the mind for discussion, he could readily perceive its imperfections, or detect its more vulnerable points; nor was he inapt at applying the remedy. But though there was a certain microscopic power occasionally exercised, which could have taken up the minutest objects, still he was, generally speaking, more the man of subjects than of solitary thoughts. He had less, perhaps, of the power of originating, than he had of the faculty of throwing round a subject certain creations of his own, after its origination in another quarter: and this is not uncommon with controvertists: for the mind being thus constructed, it is peculiarly fitted for debate, when led on by occasion and inclination. He could protect much better than originate: and hence, the essentials of religion were in his hands, like so many treasures in a noted fastness, under the protection of a powerful garrison—wakeful—vigilant—guarded at every point. The general was much more conspicuous than the purveyor; and in the former his presence of mind rarely ever forsook him.

On looking more narrowly into his mental character, he may be considered as having been more remarkable for illustration than vivid description. He could not describe an object perceived by him, in itself, and by its own lights, so well as he could illustrate it, by—not single metaphors, but so many parallelisms. His mind was more analogical, than creative in its character. When furnished with something like a clue, he

could have led his hearers and readers—though in a labyrinth, through all the intricacies of a subject, and brought them, by a sudden burst at the close, into day-light and into liberty. But more of his intellectual character will be seen, in prosecuting the subject, as it will be found necessary to enlarge on his peculiarities as a writer, a debater, and a preacher.

Meanwhile, it may be observed, that he was naturally cool in his mental constitution. His thoughts were not created and hurried onward, by the impetuosity of feeling. He usually surveyed a subject on all sides, and deliberately weighed, as with the balances in his hand, the arguments for and against the topic under consideration—often checking the fond feeling of the disputant with whom he might be in contact, with—"Stay a little, Sir;" the sentence itself exhibiting a picture of his own reflective mind and its impetrative temperature in reference to others. The by-stander, who knew him, was certain, on the sentence reaching his ear, that an argument was within reach of Mr. Isaac, and that it would, in due time, appear. The same deliberation, improved by self-government, was observed before he employed his pen,—surveying the subject in all its branches and dependencies. On putting a syllabus of a comprehensive subject into the hand of a friend one day, which necessarily involved a train of minor positions in working it out, together with a number of subsequent, but subservient aids, all forming so many dependent parts of the whole, the receiver—on looking it over, asked, "Why do you not secure the whole on paper? You may lose a part." The reply was, "No, Sir: it is unnecessary: I have

originated the whole; and having thought the subject well over, I can write it at any time—when I please, and how I please.” This he could do amidst the constant calls and interruptions to which the superintendent of a large circuit is subject; and this, too, accounts for the meagre character of his written preparations for the pulpit,—his mind being at once his workshop and his storehouse. Having thus deliberately taken up a subject, he entered upon its execution with a fixity of purpose which no entreaties—neither smiles nor frowns, could shake. And it is the more necessary distinctly to mark this trait in his character, in order to preserve him from the charge of obstinacy and perverted feeling in the execution of his purposes. His resolution was not the bold uprearing of an impertinent, haughty heart, but the fruit of settled reflection—of sober and of strong reasoning on the subject in question; and to the energy and resolves of a mind like his, unusual firmness was naturally to be expected, as well as allowed, without at all detracting from the moral amiabilities of his character. “What,” says our Lord, “went ye out into the wilderness to see? A reed shaken by the wind?” Here courage is adverted to as matter of encomium—stability as matter of praise. He was formed, like the Baptist, as hinted elsewhere, for the mountain top; where, the loftier a person’s stand, the more he is shaken—the more he is exposed to the blast of circumstance, the tempest of event, the whirlwind of passion. But possessing armour of proof, the breast-plate and the mail, the helmet and the shield, he was the fitter for such a situation. It is not the lily of the valley and perfumed

violet, that is to be advanced to the mountain top, but the gnarled oak, capable of standing the shock of the rude gale. And Daniel Isaac, by his firmness, and his daring, authorizes us to select the oak as no inapt type of his character.

It is but just to state, that, with all his independence, he was no revolutionist, either in church or in state. Though an independent man, he was not, as previously noticed, independent of law or rule, but was a hierophant of no common order; he maintained the one, without seeking the violation of the other: and if, in one or two instances, he overstepped the boundary line of usage, or of moderation, it was not owing to any love of change, but was to be traced up to a strong sense of duty, as the result of his deliberate reasonings on the subject. He was no radical in politics—no demagogue in Methodism. His attachment to the latter was not a morbid, sickly attachment,—the mere creation of circumstances, but the result of principle. He knew the ground on which it was based, as well as all the political and ecclesiastical rights of its members; and, therefore, boldly advocated both, in the midst of threatenings and of danger, and at the expense of several private friendships. There is no instance of anything like tergiversation, in any part of his writings, or public conduct; nothing like the special pleading of a party counsellor. He never appeared as a mere advocate, to serve the temporary ends of a party, but argued from his own personal conviction. Hence, his appeals were invariably those of a man in earnest—a man who saw the light, and felt it.

In directing attention to the constitution of his mind,

it ought to be remarked, that there was nothing like universality in its formation, or what the Germans denominate "manysidedness of observation," as to general subjects, though there was something approaching it, as to one object; for he could have viewed it on every side—leaving no part unexplored—though sometimes the same trains of associations, opinions, and prejudices are to be met with in his works.

Perhaps one of the more difficult subjects connected with a sketch of Mr. Isaac, is, that of giving a correct estimate of the general character and peculiarities of his public ministry. From an intellect of such an order, and so constructed, as that of the subject before the reader, no ordinary mode of treating theological subjects could be expected.

In his delivery, he was slow and grave; but though slow, not dry or drawling; though deliberate, not tedious; a perfect contrast to mere huskiness,—always commanding a full voice, divested of all harshness. The commencement of his discourse furnished an example of the easy conversational, rather than that of the oratorical style. There was no elevation of the voice, no adjustment of the person,—nothing of that which characterises the men, who, like school-boys, have committed the lesson to memory, and are about to repeat it as a task;—none of the attitudes of the man, who, in fair set form, is entering upon a set work, and is solicitous, from beginning to end, to show off to the best advantage. He was a man who preached, not before, but to his auditory. An inclination of the person forward, the left elbow resting upon the Bible, the left hand turning

*like
Oratorical
or Rhetorical*

up the corners of its leaves into "dogs ears," and crossed by the right arm—a complacent look at part of his congregation, gradually changing, till the under lip became partially pouched—the face kindling, meanwhile—a breathless pause—and with the first sentence, a determined glance shot from the eye, like an arrow from a bow,—when he proceeded a short space with the easy indifference of a friendly conversation with his hearers—the preacher imperceptibly unfolding himself, till he stood clothed with all the power of the ministerial character before them;—these, these were the occasional attendants of his exordium. His actions, in the course of his sermon, were exceedingly few in number, and would have been ungraceful in others than himself;—generally fingering his watch-seals with one hand, and, when emphatic, clenching the other, with the arm partially stretched out, and letting it fall on the sacred page, as though driving the last argumentative nail to the head. At other times, when in an interrogatory mood, he would have leaned over the Bible, and after proposing a question, would have terminated it with—"Aye?" as if demanding an answer of the audience—allowing a brief space for reply, and apparently waiting for it,—but proposing it in such a form, as only to admit of such a one as would be condemnatory of the evil or line of conduct he might be exposing. The question itself—the pause—and his searching glance over the congregation for a spokesman on the occasion, produced very often unspeakable effects; and left persons, known to each other, exchanging a significant look, as if rebuked in his presence; while others, owing to the

drawling manner in which the word was uttered, would have been verging towards a smile.

He disdained all the restraints imposed upon preachers, by the modern method of sermonizing,—in dividing and subdividing. That he had a plan, is indisputable; but it was peculiarly his own, and was perceptible to his hearers in the mass, rather than in the detail. The whole line of road, so to speak, in which his thoughts were permitted to run, was seen from beginning to end, as by light admitted through an achromatic lens, with all its branches—though without a single milestone to mark its distances; nor did there ever seem a solitary cloud of mist to settle upon the face of the region through which he passed. It is not uncommon to hear sensible men in the pulpit, who are methodical to a fault, and who seem to place as high a value on figures of trade, as figures of speech, and whose situation while there, is like that of an accomptant with his first, second, and third,—and yet, be able to carry little more than one, two, and three home, which might have been found in the arithmetic before the sermon was heard. Theological calculators of this description seem to think, that it is of greater importance for a hearer to carry away the number of heads of which a discourse is formed, than the matter of which each division is composed. The divisions and subdivisions are said to aid the recollection of the hearer. This, perhaps, in eight cases out of every ten, should be reversed, and charged as a help to the merely memoriter preacher. People can recollect things better than words, figures of speech better than figures of trade. No fault may be to be found with the

preacher as he proceeds; all is clear, and, therefore, understood; but it is only comprehended as the speaker goes on; every sentence occupies its exclusive position, and displaces from the mind its predecessor; and such is the sentimentality of the whole, that notwithstanding the breaks, the pauses, the milestones, and guide-posts, at every point of the way, not one in a hundred hearers can give anything like an analysis of what they have been listening to, and in the course of a day or two, not a single trace of what has been heard is left on the mind—there being as little known of the subject as of some of the Eleusinian mysteries. Here, Mr. Isaac excelled: his sermons were not only comprehended at the time of delivery, but recollected afterwards. With him, it was “bread cast upon the waters,” and was found “after many days.” His sermons were so many “living things,” and continued the companions of thought with his hearers, either as troublers, guides, or comforters. Without attempting to invade the sanctity of the pulpit, and merely for the sake of illustration, his compositions produced an impression somewhat as strong, and a recollection equally distinct, with one of Scott’s popular historical novels, after a perusal of which, the mind of the reader is thrown back upon the whole scene, and reposes on its several parts. Both the execution and vivid colouring of the novelist, are, of course, out of the question. It is simply to the impression, and to the graphic touches of the novelist, that reference is made. Mr. Isaac was remarkable for simplicity, perspicuity, and point; gave more than a common interest to ordinarily admitted truths; enabled his hearers to make what he

advanced their own; and surprised them with the air of novelty which he threw around his subjects.

As to his matter, it was not so much brought to his text, as raised out of it; hence, God was permitted to speak for himself, and every sentence for itself. This secured an endless variety from Him, who delights in it, not less in his Word, than in the operations of Providence, of Grace, and of Nature. The Bible, in Mr. Isaac's hand, as in the hand of the late Dr. Adam Clarke, seemed to speak a new language, and yet always the language of reason and truth. The high testimony borne to his character as a preacher by Mr. Moore, at the Conference of 1834, bears upon this point. He remarked, that there was one qualification which Mr. Isaac had, in common with St. Paul, with which he was particularly struck, whenever he heard him; and that was, that like the great Apostle of the Gentiles, he "reasoned with" his hearers "out of the Scriptures:" adding, "he kept in them; he never went out of them;" and then, with peculiar emphasis, while wheeling his arm, and retiring to his seat, closed with—"and he never reasoned himself out of them." He had a profound respect for the word of God; and trivial as the circumstance may seem—yet it shews his habit of reverence for the Supreme Being, he almost invariably wrote the name of God in capital letters.

Occasion has been furnished, more than once, to remark on the vein of humour and satire which he possessed; and of these, especially the latter, he could not fully divest himself in the pulpit. He has been known to indulge in them, in connexion with occasional

quaint expressions, to the sacrifice of good taste, and which even his better taste—though here he was more than usually defective, would not always allow him to introduce into his writings for more general inspection. Had he not had the curb of grace upon him, he would have exceeded most of his compeers for drollery—though still not properly of a whimsical character. He had too much solidity and judgment to admit of the latter; for in the midst of any humour he might indulge, there were often glances at the deepest and most touching of human emotions. Hence, in occasionally forcing a smile from his auditory, while he himself maintained the utmost possible gravity, there were such solemn appeals, such cutting remarks, such stunning blows aimed at the conscience, immediately after, that the hearer was instantly on the stool of repentance, grieved with himself for having yielded for a single moment to the lighter feelings, and still more out of temper with the preacher, as the cause of it, but whom he as speedily forgave for the benefits received, by the sudden lights flashing upon the spirits, and the holier emotions stirring in the heart. Mr. Moore observed, when speaking at the above Conference, that he had heard of his sallies in the pulpit, but that he saw no just cause of complaint on this subject, and considered him rather sparing than otherwise—never having heard him indulge in that way above two or three times. He has been known, however, to yield to his eccentricities, under sermons of amazing power. His perception of the ludicrous was very extraordinary, and he had a remarkable talent for representing anything of which he did not approve, in doctrine,

experience, and morals, in such a light, as either to irritate, or make their separate advocates fall out of love with them.

As one of the more prominent features of his ministry, his fidelity must not be omitted. He left no lurking-place for vice; human nature was laid bare; he understood it well; and pursued it steadily, fearlessly, and determinately, through all its windings and intricacies. He brought a great deal of common life before his hearers; and his portraits were marked by an individuality, discrimination, and life, which stamped their authenticity. Let it not be supposed from hence, that he indulged in personalities, and that his pulpit portraits were mere satires on those around. He left such work as that with the poet; and differed as widely from the mere satirist, as George Wither did from Dryden and Pope, on the same subject;—Wither, who attacked vice and luxury in general, not in the abstract; as they prevail over the masses of society, not in individuals. Of Mr. Isaac it may be said, as it has been observed of the latter, that no unhappy subject was ever tortured by him with heartless experiments in moral anatomy;—a liar, a drunkard, a scoffer—as such, was “stript and whipt.” Some persons, while writing in their native tongue, have been charged with a manner altogether foreign, and with dealing in the picturesque rather than the descriptive. They contemplate nature, as it were, through a painted window, from which every object takes its particular hue. Mr. Isaac looked at man through the medium of revelation, and as seen in society and at home; and addressing the heart instead of the memory, he never failed to arouse the

feelings, the attention, and the sympathies of his hearers. His portraits were all native—from every-day beings—and no man could mistake himself for another in them, or charge him with anything like a mischievous fidelity. His pictures of even the anomalies of human character were extremely just and striking. His hearers did not merely learn what his characters said, but they seemed to behold their persons.* It was impossible, in consequence of something either expressed or understood, not to decipher even their peculiar intellectual physiognomy.

His illustrations partook of the masculine and the homely. He bore no affinity to the stringer of pretty beads, to the dealer in pleasing similies, and ingeniously constructed metaphors. And yet he was not altogether without adornments of this description ;—only, he sustained the character of the woodman, rather than that of the gardener—attended to the oak, rather than to the flower. In this respect, he resembled a person whose object it is to prevent the underwood from choking the growth of the trees—to preserve the general walks clear for the foot of the passenger—for those who may be disposed to visit forest-scenery for the sake of health ;—health, real, spiritual, abundant, and whose steps are heavenward. He left the “ Flower Garden ” with Hervey and others, whose tastes lead them in that direction ; and, like Asaph—only in a more exalted sense, as “ keeper of the king’s forest,” he bent his strides either through “ the forest of his Carmel,” or went “ up to the heights of the mountain, to the sides of Lebanon,” to attend to “ the tall cedars, and choice fir-trees thereof.” When he stooped to minor points, he still was in character ; for it was more with a view to gaze on

"the hyssop that springeth out of the wall," than to revel in the rich and varied colouring of the tulip, or the crimson of the rose. The truth is, he neither had poetic music in his soul, refinement of taste, nor the eye of a colourist. Hence, his style partook of the character of his thoughts; it was not what, in another case, has been called "an unintelligible *galimathias* of transcendental phrases." His whole man was of a piece—without seam and distinctive colour. He was from "the wilderness," rather than from the "academic grove;" in "camel's-hair," rather than "soft raiment;"—"a plain man," like Jacob, "dwelling in tents," rather than "ruddy, and withal of a beautiful countenance, and goodly to look to," like David, dwelling in houses "ceiled with cedar, and painted with vermillion;"—walking firmly, steadily, and "uprightly," rather than "delicately," like Agag;—employing "great plainness of speech," rather than the "words which man's wisdom teacheth." Though many of his illustrations were drawn from familiar sources, yet they were often original in their use, and peculiarly distinguished for their aptitude.

But though his style, as just hinted, was neither elegant nor harmonious, yet it was far from being stiff and stilted; and it was never otherwise than natural and clear. It was not the clearness, however, which Balsac attributed to Tertullian, who compared his style to the richest ebony, bright through excess of darkness. The humblest disciple in words might generally understand him. He was as remote from the obscure as from the gaudy,—indulged as little in refined talking, as in "ornate writing." This was partly through choice, and partly through necessity. As he wished not to preach in what might be equal to an

"unknown tongue," to many of his hearers, so he had no taste for what are termed "the elegances of polite literature;" of all which elegances his sermons were as totally denuded, as a piece of rich grazing land is of the flowers which adorn the gardens belonging to nobility; being always more intent on the value of the material, than on the exquisiteness of the workmanship.

To a hearer, attending to his general manner, and the main drift of his discourse, he appeared like a person forging chains—not for the watch, but for the vessel that had to ride the ocean, and to breast and buffet its waves. Every link was formed, examined, and fitted for its fellow; and from the deliberate manner in which he proceeded, the manufacture of the work seemed to be going on during the time of preaching, rather than to have been prepared, as in other cases, in the study—the student's workshop. In this respect, he was, as a preacher, what a critic observes of Chaucer as a poet, when he says, "The chain of his story is composed of a number of fine links, closely connected together, and riveted by a single blow." If the term "fine" applies to the intimate connexion of one part with another, rather than to the exquisite workmanship—which, all that know Chaucer, will allow, then there will be a peculiar aptitude in the application of the simile to the subject in hand. His sermons were not a mere forest of thought, through which his hearers found a difficulty in passing, and in which they were in danger of being lost. His thoughts, in the same discourse, were exceedingly few; but they were broad, bold, massive, and well managed. There were two or three of this description in the centre,

so to speak, round which all the others were seen to revolve, and in reference to which they were all in a state of subserviency.—yet all acting, and all effective. The congregation perceived his object, though not to its full extent at first, nor yet exactly the way in which he intended to lead them to it. Still, they felt themselves on the move with the preacher himself—approaching nearer and nearer—while expectation, from the very way in which they were led, was constantly heightening—when, in an instant, at the close, and often by a single sentence, he let them into the whole—and either set the mind afloat in a new region of delightful thought, or fastened upon it, by the force of conviction, as with the grappling-irons of a man-of-war, through which it was deprived of the power of resistance. Preachers are to be found, who would pass through twice the work in half the time, but who could not do the tenth part of the execution. He was occasionally slightly eccentric—almost invariably deliberate—sometimes highly original—generally bold and striking—and often overwhelmingly powerful in argument. He always took the people with him:—he was the man of the multitude;—and say what we will, the people—though they are made to writhe under it, respect a faithful ministry;—truth, generally speaking, meets with the kindly reception of an old friend: and truth with him, was truth indeed; for he never, for a moment, left his hearers in a state of oscillation, vibrating between doubts, as to his meaning, or undetermined in purpose, however those purposes might afterwards be broken.

Though he was not negligent, as to preparation for the pulpit; yet he never appears to have written his

sermons at full length. What he left behind him, are said to be the veriest skeletons—simply the divisions and subdivisions—meagre, in the extreme, to any one but himself; and of these he left some hundreds. He seems to have been at work inwardly, and there—as previously hinted, to have lodged and preserved the products of his mental operations, while others were engaged in making extracts, and transferring their own thoughts to paper. The subject had always the appearance of deep thought, and was arranged, not agreeably to modern rule, but according to the line of argument he intended to pursue; but while the general outline was present with him on entering the pulpit, a considerable portion of the filling up was often left to the holier influences of the occasion, and the freedom of thought experienced.

In giving out the hymn, the whole, and that too, on every subject, from beginning to end, was in one dull, monotonous tone. He had no soul for poetry; poetry of the highest order, was, in his mouth, the meanest prose. To talk of his cadences, is out of the question; he had none; yet the same defect was not so perceptible in his preaching. In it there were occasional rises and falls, and sometimes a thundering volume of sound, which had a rousing effect upon his auditory. But there was nothing of the tender—nothing of the pathetic, in any of the intonations of his voice. All partook of the masculine—the manly—the commanding, yet without the accompaniment of harshness or austerity; and though not without touches of tenderness, it was felt in the sentiment, and in the subject, rather than to be perceived in the manner, or heard in the voice. But, in the

act of giving out the hymn, joy and sorrow, the day of judgment, and the joyous morning of conversion, had the same modulations of voice—the same manner. It seemed sufficient if he caught the sense, and gave the words: and it is doubtful whether Cicero by his oratory, or Casella by his song—the latter of whom will ever live in the imperishable verse of Dante and Milton, would have induced him to attempt a single inflexion of the voice, beyond what was ordinarily employed. The omission of *h*, where it ought to be sounded, and its presence in the commencement of words where it ought to be omitted, had a peculiar effect upon his pronunciation; an example of which may be given in the 5th verse of the 4th Hymn, in the Large Book used by the Body,—

“On *h*ashes,—*u*ks, and *h*air ye feed.”

It may be remarked, that what has been advanced on Mr. Isaac's deliberate mode of address, does not at all apply to the early part of his ministry; for when a local preacher, and indeed some short time after he entered the itinerant work, he was distinguished for the fire, as well as the force of his appeals: and on returning among his early friends, after a few years absence, they were surprised to find the change, though pleased with the additional strength of argument which he displayed, and the depth of his experience. In the real character of his preaching—with the exception of an increase of knowledge from books, there was no change. Improvement is more frequently the attendant of inferiority, than of superiority,—being the mere creature of foreign aids. An original genius, it has been justly remarked, starts in the race in its own strength. The sun is as perfect when he

risers in the east, as when he sets in the west; the degree of his altitude producing no variation in his perfection. And, than Daniel Isaac, and one of his survivors—well known in the Connexion, and pourtrayed in No. I. of these “Takings,” few men ever made less progress in preaching,—both having been men in boyhood; time rather adding to their years and their honours, than to their intellectual stature,—to the extent of their acquirements, than to their mental vigour,—comprehending in those acquirements an increase of knowledge, taste, skill, and experience.

Preachers might be found to produce a stronger excitement on what may be termed the surface of feeling—something like a ripple on the face of a lake, while all is undisturbed below; or even effect something more boisterous for the moment; but it would neither be so deep, nor yet so permanent, as that resulting from the ministry of Mr. Isaac, when in his happiest moods. While they pleased and commanded for the moment, he produced the calm and lasting influence of rational conviction,—his sentiments assuming the form of axioms for the permanent regulation of the conduct in life. Hence, the conversions to truth under his ministry, which were numerous, were mostly of that character, and took place among that class of persons, likely to be profited by it;—persons, for instance, favoured with a portion of elementary instruction in the truths of religion, but the degree of which was not sufficiently influential to hold in abeyance the principles of human depravity, and to issue in decision of character, in reference to the important claims of religion. Here he met the case of such persons .

by arraying their previous elementary knowledge, and consequent convictions, with those additional claims which a more improved state of intellect authorized—convicting them, on their own admitted principles, of the importance of personal piety, and of the danger of their utter disregard to its interests, as previously manifested. Thus, the child of religious education, and the merely nominal Christian, who, alike attended the ceremonies of religion from form or custom, beheld the gospel under Mr. Isaac's manner of presenting its claims, either awfully imposing, or—if neglected, tremendously fearful. On the subjects of church-membership, and indifference to religion, he could say strong things,—such things, in fact, as few men possessed the power of saying; and the persons to whom they applied, either became decided, or shunned his ministry.

To the most intelligent members of the Wesleyan body, his ministry was highly acceptable. This partly arose from his extraordinary capabilities of presenting some of the doctrines which distinguish the Wesleyans as a people from other Christian communities, omitting, of course, those who have separated from the body, as off-shoots of the parent stock. But still, striking and effective as was his preaching, he had no taste for, and therefore no attachment to, what have been denominated “the picturesque and poetical features of religion.” He always treated his hearers as reasonable creatures—and yet not as children, the mere creatures of impression; and therefore brought mind, brought argument, to bear upon them: this, however, in opposition to those who consider human beings, even in manhood, little more than children, and that

preacher the most eloquent, who condescends to treat them as such—becoming tenderly impassioned, in order to win them over to the side of truth. Apart however, from his skill in logic,—his powerful appeals to the understanding, few men seemed to combine more of the impressive in their discourses, without affecting it, than he did. In this, he seems to have resembled Cheminai, who is said to have shone as a master of the human heart, as a rhetor to the conscience, in boldness to speak the truth, and to make the heart yield to its seal.

Though he could not always deny himself of some of his pleasantries and witticisms, yet they were mere sprinklings; they never gave a character to his discourses; the mass partook of the sound, the solid, the convincing, the useful. The sprinkling of the surge might be seen here and there, and even felt by lighter spirits, like the spray on the gaily-attired citizen; but all passed unheeded by the mariner, who was intent on his voyage, and felt the mighty swell beneath—rolling and heaving—giving one shock after another to the vessel—and either retarding or hastening her in her progress: for all Mr. Isaac's discourses were calculated, in the main, either to arrest the sinner in his career of vice, or aid the Christian in the path of virtue. The outbreaks noticed, were defects—defects to be avoided by others—occasionally injurious to himself—but never, like the spots of the sun, operating like even a partial eclipse. No sinner could hear him, and live comfortably in sin; no saint could listen to him, and loiter in the way to heaven.

Nearly allied to his character as a preacher—so far as public speaking is concerned, is the part which he some-

times sustained as a debater. In the open field of debate, he always maintained the character which those persons should sustain that enter it—that of a logician, not a declaimer: and it was not by brief and broken sentences, stuck in, as so many annoyances and interruptions, in the course of discussion, that he maintained any position he had taken, but by a consecutive course of reasoning—first feeling the ground upon which he stood to be tenable—then proceeding by slow, but certain steps, to the conclusion. He rarely rose to eloquence,—taking the term in its more exalted sense; and never dazzled: it was the day which the sun lights up in autumn, rather than the direct, burning blaze of his beams, in summer. He appeared clothed in power, rather than majesty; and assumed the character of the rock—steadfast and impregnable, rather than that of the mountain, with its swelling base and towering summit. He more frequently forced a breach, than scaled the citadel; more frequently looked into a thing with his searching eye, than passed over it, or satisfied himself with a cursory glance at its exterior. And not any thing could be more complementary to his character as a debater, than the manner in which he was often met. Persons, known to have been in the habit of pouncing upon others with all the readiness, fire, and avidity of an animal darting from the copse upon its prey, have, in their attempt to grapple with the subject of the memoir,—and No. 1 among the rest, been observed to rise from their seats deliberately and respectfully, and to look with cautious eye, while they have opened their pleadings, in public and other assemblies, with modesty and fear, begging leave to differ from him—thus betraying by

their language and demeanour evident symptoms of timidity, as if they had been painfully calculating on the amount of returns which might be expected in reply, either in loss to their opponent, or in real value to themselves.

He was not one of the butterflies of literature, whose delicate wings, to use the metaphor of Southey, must not be too rudely touched. He was, as has been said by Mr. Willmott, of old Quarles, a man of strongly-knit and self-relying energies, able to stand up erect and fearless against the hostility of his opponents. In all real genius there resides the power of reproduction; it is cut down only to spring up again with renewed strength. Thus it was with Mr. Isaac; if at any time he appeared crushed beneath the weight of an oppressive multitude, he began gradually to lift up his head from his abasement. He might retire from an oral contest for the sake of peace, when he saw that no good end would be answered by prolonging it, or when he deemed sufficient to have been said for the importance of the subject; but he retired ready to return whenever others should resume it, and he returned either with new weapons—for his resources seemed endless, or with such as had been already employed, but whose edge and temper had not been sufficiently tried. It was not opposition in its abstract form, that would quail him; for that operated as an antiperistasis, and, like a sharp frost, only kindled the fire of war, and made it burn the brighter.

He occasionally employed great severity, and would have availed himself of every advantage—sometimes, indeed, an advantage beneath the character both of his powers and

his cause; but there was no apparent loss of temper. Generally cool, deliberate, and recollected, he could proceed with a debate in a public assembly with the quiet of a fire-side conversation. There was occasional energy and emphasis, but still it wanted the character of being impassioned: it was the slow but heavy fall of a sledge-hammer upon a pile of timber—steady—effective—hastening its descent through the obstructing mass of sand and clay.

Few things tend more to stamp dignity upon his character, than the total absence of public questions from private life. He never suffered their associate feelings and expressions to settle like an entail upon society, and so disturb its harmonies;—had no “black book” in his recollection, for the registry of the names of opponents and non-worshippers, like a certain gentleman who must be nameless;—and no man ever found himself unacceptable to parties and families with whom he was on terms of intimacy, for the only assignable reason,—that the same man might have differed from him in opinion, or refused to pay him court. He was never found operating like a blight in this way. The question was left at the place of debate, and closed with him like the performance of a drama, at the dropping of the curtain; or like the apparently angry pleadings of opposite counsels, with the cause at issue,—entering immediately afterwards, at the same table, into all the freedoms of social intercourse.

As he neither took the spirit nor the subject of public discussions into private life, and dismissed them as soon as possible when either designedly or casually introduced by others; so his general conversation was exempt from everything obtrusive and offensive—everything that would

seem to mark the wranglings of the controvertist. Social life was his haven, where his little bark was safely moored after the storm, and in which he enjoyed himself with his friends. Not but that the sparklings of wit and humour would sometimes escape, and his sarcasms, whether serious or playful, would sometimes strike; but still he preferred there, cultivating the tender and devout affections, both in himself and others; and introduced such subjects as would tend to promote the object. With Luther he could pray, most devoutly, "From a vain-glorious doctor, a contentious pastor, and nice questions, the Lord deliver his church." These remarks are made, not because disputation itself is an evil; the evil is more in the management of a controversy, than in the controversy itself. It has been justly observed, that the ministry of our Lord was a constant controversy; and that the Epistles of St. Paul are mostly of a controversial character. The Apostles came at truth by much disputing among themselves, Acts, xv. 7; and they convinced Jews and Gentiles by disputing with both, Acts, xvii. 17; xix. 8. But the evil arises often from the spirit in which it is conducted—the place in which it is held—the passion which is indulged for it—and the period of its prolongation. The man who is fond of war would always be in the field; but the sword is not to be in constant exercise; repose is necessary—and that repose Mr. Isaac enjoyed in social life; nor could those, who might feel little or no sympathy with the side he took in debate, cease to have a reasonable share with him as its advocate.

Had he not entered the polemical arena, it is fair to infer from the general tone of his epistolary correspondence,

and from his excellent spirit in private life, that, with his intellectual powers, he would have been able to produce some excellent standard works on Christian ethics and experience. The circumstances are very often both slender and trivial, that form the hinge upon which the future pursuits of a man turn. Mr. Isaac's clear perception of scripture truth, and his sense of its value, led him to contemplate error in all the odiousness and danger of its character; and having once entered the list against it, and proved successful, he was naturally prepared for a second campaign, as soon as he supposed he heard the trumpet-clang of duty inviting him to the field. The field was taken again and again; there was little or no time to spare—consistent with the full and faithful discharge of ministerial duties, for works purely didactic; and having thus entered, and being withal of a logical turn of mind, he closed as he commenced—a defender of the faith, having been a man of war from his youth. It was not, however, the mere logomachy of a doctrine and of an opinion, that occupied his attention; it was not so much a war of words as of things: nor did he ever attempt to give an air of verisemblance to anything to which it was not entitled; he dealt in truth, and could only be satisfied with realities.

For all his works, we find an occasion; and if that occasion did not justify him before others, it was satisfactory to himself, and must in that case be referred to God, who pondereth the heart. With regard to the manner of completing his task, here criticism is left more at large, and will always be sufficiently ready to perform its office, whether of censure or applause.

There are two or three objections to which his writings stand exposed; and as they are not difficult to be perceived by an ordinary observer, so they were likely to be the source of painful feeling to those who became the objects of his hostile pen. Hence, his opponents charged him with unbecoming levity and severity; and his best friends wished him to moderate his style; to each of whom he gave a reply. Whether what he advances in his writings be deemed sufficient as a defence, is doubtful; but certainly, as an apology, few of his friends could furnish anything more suitable for the occasion. There is so much quiet humour mixed up with some of his keenest strokes of satire, that it is impossible to suppose that anything like asperity had taken up its residence in the heart. He seems not unfrequently like an innocent child, with his face covered over with smiles, and his heart filled with silent laughter, concealed behind a threatening mask, through whose empty sockets he is peeping, in order to see the effects produced upon those who are the objects of his mirth. This did not originate in conscious superiority of intellect—though free from the charge of attempting, by inferior faculties, to measure minds greater than his own, but in the justness of his cause, and the force of that truth with which it was identified.

The very existence of Mr. Isaac, as a polemic, is among the peculiarities of Wesleyan controversy, marking a new phasis in the body, and thence deriving an importance, not so much in the scope and object—when brought into competition with others, as in the general merit and manner of execution. He is as distinct in

his manner of handling a subject from the Founder of Methodism, Olivers, Fletcher, Benson, Drew, Hare, Watson, and others of controversial notoriety, as Rembrandt is distinct from Claude Lorrain, as Reubens from Raphael, as Teniers from Ostade, as artists; combining, frequently, the strong lights and shadows of Rembrandt, with the drollery and low life of Teniers, and the faithful never to be forgotten, graphic touches of Hogarth. To a person without even an extraordinary share of discernment, the publications of Mr. Isaac, though without his name appended to them, might be selected from others and affiliated upon him, with as much ease and accuracy, as the paintings of the first masters could be brought home to their respective authors by a connoisseur of taste and judgment: and his works, by the way, shew, by the dark masses of shadow lying on the scene, and the strong lights by which they are relieved, that he preferred, so to speak, the school of Rembrandt to that of any other. He seemed to know—to keep up the allusion, that though there might be more of art in the compositions of some of the masters of the pencil, admired by the public, yet there was a greater portion of truth in the models he had studied, and after which he had laboured. It was the man; he stood alone; and will ever be selected from his fellow polemics in Methodism, as a peculiarly striking picture would be marked out in passing through a gallery, or as some one person is distinguished in a town from the crowds around him—a feast for the eye, and a subject for conversation. He was not what might be termed a professional thinker, coming out from among the retainers of an establishment,

previously to the art of printing; but, besides great native energy, he was possessed of that thought which—as far as moral investigations go, has fallen into the hands of the people—unmanacled, and the agent of extensive good, because easy to be comprehended. He belonged to the most powerful of the puritanic school—with the exception of the wire-drawing and endless divisions and subdivisions of that age, being distinguished for some of their best qualities—a pervading power of distinguishing right from wrong, singleness of purpose, persevering determination, fearlessness, a strong conception of the just and fitting, the awful responsibilities of man, the demands of religion, and the sanctity of the higher social obligations; all of which are discoverable in the better protagonists of the polemic divinity of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. He understood the aspirations of human nature in the mass of the people, and was the representative of their ideas and feelings in his writings, like some of our poets, who might be named—not, be it observed, as to the specific nature of their religious and other doctrines,—that being, in many instances, purely incidental, but as to depth of feeling, extent of range, boldness of enquiry, the love of truth, and the panting for universal happiness and good. He was a master of the class to which he belonged, and was far in advance; but what he knew analytically and in detail, they felt, and sought to become better acquainted with. Hence, as he was the preacher, so he was the writer for the multitude. He had a marvellous faculty for placing his antagonist between the horns of a dilemma; and after fixing him there, left him to writhe on the one

of his choice, with a roguish smile on his own face, like a boy who has impaled a humming-bée, with whose noise he had been stunned, and whose sting might have been productive of mischief. He was, in short, what he will continue to be, one of the marking personages of Wesleyan Methodism. Mr. H. Moore has been heard to observe,—“Brother Isaac is at once the most confirmed Dissenter, and yet the most genuine Methodist, with whom I ever met.”

It was when he had his pen in his hand, that he dealt the most freely in the wit which exposes to ridicule the absurdity or inconsistency of an adverse argument. He alternately shaded the brow with biting sarcasm, lit up the smile in parties unconcerned with his light, galling, vexatious raillery, or found his way into the inner man by his piercing wit. His ready discernment of an adversary's weakness, and the advantages to be taken of it, which, in the war of words, has been properly compared to the *coup d'œil* of a practised general in the field, rendered him a dangerous opponent. Whatever apparent taint of the *odium theologicum* there may be in his writings, it has been made abundantly evident, that there was none in his spirit. The errors maintained, not the persons who held them, were the objects of indignation.

Though he does not, as was the case in preaching, conduct his argument in every instance with dispatch—one of the peculiarities so distinguishable in the writings of the Founder of Methodism; yet he rarely indulges in episodic matter; and any time that seems to be lost in the commencement or the middle, is amply made up at the close—not only in the rapidity with which he moves, but in the conviction which he carries—invariably springing forward,

at the right place, to vigorous conclusion. He never leaves the work till he has shewn indications, and data enough, of his skill in untwisting the tangled skein of controversy; equally remote, in his manner and remarks, from the timid and feeble, as from the rough, headlong, and insulting style of the reckless and the haughty.

It is natural to enquire—What influence had Mr. Isaac upon the public mind? Though he was extensively known in the connexion to which he belonged as a writer, and as a character of peculiar mould, yet he was not so extensively known in person, and as a preacher, as some others of his eminently gifted brethren. This is attributable to a cause incidentally noticed elsewhere, but which it may be necessary more distinctly to mark, which, though creditable to a certain extent to himself, yet operated rather painfully upon others—that is, a love of retirement, founded not only on his own native modesty, but on literary indulgence;—an indulgence, however, which he never permitted to interfere with the pastoral and other duties of the circuit. He knew that if he were too much abroad, he would be wanted at home: nor was he a mere cosmopolite—at home everywhere; he was at home only in his home. There are, it may be observed, two extremes towards which public characters may either rapidly advance, or into which they may imperceptibly glide; the one may be considered as foreign, the other domestic in its relations. When a man becomes so fond of popularity, as to seek after it for its own sake, he is almost certain to be disappointed; for in addition to a betrayal of weakness, and even something worse, which exposes itself at various openings, and generates contempt the moment it becomes visible, Providence appears to have

confined it within certain limitations ; and hence, when he has proceeded to a given point, he cheapens his efforts, and becomes weak, like other men. Nor can it be otherwise in the natural constitution of things, than that persons should diminish by frequency the value of their labours, just as the thunder-storm diminishes its strength by diffusion. The rising stalk of popularity, which has no depth of rich soil to support it, and which, instead of substantial fruit, can only boast of a prepossessing person, graceful action, a good command of language, and a fine voice, will soon produce the effects on the same Christian auditors, that the representation of a dramatic performance produces on the play-going part of the community ; a few nights are sufficient to familiarize the eye and the ear with the character, the costume, the voice, the scenery,—repetition produces satiety—the cry of *encore* ceases—a new drama becomes necessary to keep up the interest : but a merely dramatic preacher—and it is lamentable to find such creatures in existence—a dramatic preacher, who acts instead of preaches the Gospel, with only a mediocrity of talent, has not a new sermon—at least a sermon to which he himself can lay any legitimate claim—always at hand, or, if at hand, of general interest. To such as are partial to popularity—the truly great man being unable to stoop to it, there are limitations of time and place. There are others whose labours may be courted beyond the ordinary sphere assigned to them, and who—though it cannot be said that they possess the passion for public gaze and exhibition in all its power, are nevertheless, destitute of the power to negative an invitation when a temptation comes in their way ; and these too, with superior talents, and only a few ells of time added to their run,

become as vapid and common as those in the same race, but with a different prize in prospect. From this extreme, Mr. Isaac steered perfectly clear.

But the other, as yet untouched, may be looked at, and to find him "guilty, or not guilty," is the question: and previously to bringing in a verdict of, not barely "acquitted," but innocent, the question must be divested of some of its grosser incumbrances. If it could be ascertained, that like a certain talented gentleman of "strange tongues," he warily closetted himself, either for a particular season, or for select occasions, in order to acquire popularity, by at once bursting forth upon the public, to make an impression on the rich and the gay—to regain a popularity on the eve of being lost by some mishap unconnected with the pulpit—or anxious to retain a degree of popularity already acquired, and to keep up which, he was only observed to be stealing out of his privacy on high festival occasions, where he could have full scope for display, by prophesying among the "thick boughs;" and thus, through some self-complacent notions of greatness, was found by his mode of procedure, to be labouring to preserve, and even raise the price of the commodity by scarcity, and that too, beyond its real standard value in the market; if this, it is repeated, could be ascertained—and such things generally speak for themselves; why then, his seclusion would have been constrained, not natural. Or if it could be discovered, that he was withheld in person from the public, either through a dastardly timidity amounting to cowardice, or pride operating on present idleness—having to live on the labour of his juvenile days, when necessity compelled him to work; without being able to bring out of his treasury either

text or sermon, besides what have been hackneyed in every direction, and become as familiar with the public, as the face which is seen during the delivery; if this, it is again remarked, could be substantiated, we might still demur in justifying his retiredness of character. That which elevated him above all suspicion on this head was—uniformity. He was found among the “thick boughs,” generally speaking, only when they themselves were to be seen in his own circuit, or where friendship allured him to former scenes of labour; but even then, he was not one who would leave minor places to provide for themselves, as unworthy of notice, or suitable for inferiors in intellect. The endless variety of his matter, was at once a proof of the industry of the labourer, and the fertility of the soil; while his readiness, when summoned by a sense of duty, to rush into the thickest of the battle, exculpated him from the charge of timidity. His Maker had not so endowed him, as to lay him under the necessity of kitchening, so to speak, a slender share of talent, and by rigid economy, of making it go as far as possible. He had a natural repugnance to public gaze, and preferred the village, with all its quiet and rural associations, to the thickly-populated city—the chapel of narrow dimensions, to the magnificent-fane. Hence, the endless and fruitless attempts, the pressing but unanswered calls, of his warmest friends, for successive years, to induce him to stir abroad in particular directions, on public occasions; and hence it was, that some of his appointments, especially in earlier life, were to circuits of a moderate grade, from preference; while he had sometimes been absolutely forced into those of the first rank, through the restless importunity of the people, operating on the

Conference, to whose strong arm he was compelled to render submission. So it is;—while some men, fond of popularity, find, in running after it, that it eludes their grasp, like the child running after the beautiful but evanescent bow in the heavens, which is reflected on the earth,—others, in attempting to fly from it, hear its footsteps at their heels wherever they go, and are pursued by it even to annoyance. The late excellent regulation of the Conference, restricting the outgoings of popular men, had been unnecessary in the case of Mr. Isaac. But what is to be done? the very system—that of incessant change, generates the evil; the popularity of the most popular men belonging to the body, is based on real merit; the thing itself is useful—and even the system requires it, to a considerable extent. Mr. Isaac, however, ought to have lent himself out a little more frequently, both for his own sake, and for the sake of the people. In this he was verily culpable. It may be safely averred in the sequel, that all genuine merit in Methodism, will generally meet with its reward; and that nothing short of genuine merit will, for any length of time, retain its popularity.

At the close of his Leeds controversy, such was the impression made on the public mind, so far as the Wesleyans were concerned, that letters of invitation to preach occasional sermons, poured in upon him from almost every quarter of the Connexion, including the first circuits—as London, Liverpool, Manchester, &c. But he wrote not, as he preached not, to gain popular applause, and his general non-compliance with invitations to go from home, shewed that he would not have it.

It is noticed that there was a strong feeling on the part

of his ministerial brethren, to elect him President of the Conference, at the close of the Leeds controversy. Much as he was opposed to it that year, he was importuned the year following to submit to the wish of his brethren, by persons who were induced to urge it, in consequence of the request and expressed opinion of persons high in influence. But the moment it was seriously hinted, he assumed an expression of dignified independance—told his friend, that he was trenching upon his right of thinking and acting for himself—and dismissed him, not only with coldness, but in such a way as ever after to prevent him from risking a similar application. The person who had endeavoured to prepare the way by appeals from friendship, next waited upon Mr. Isaac himself; but his purpose was unalterable; and the more effectually to prevent all attempts to elect him to the chair, he refused to attend the Conference that year. It ought to be understood, however, that when it is remarked, he was unusually grave and coldly resolute in his denial and treatment of such proposals, this state of feeling, in relation to the subject, continued only while he perceived there was danger to be apprehended from the kind interference of his friends: but the moment that was past, and he saw himself fairly out of danger of any further serious overtures, he resumed his accustomed frankness, and smiled at his own happy escape from an office, for which he openly, and, it is believed, honestly asserted and maintained his incompetency to discharge its duties. But the honour from which he shrunk, in reference to office, was thrown back upon him by his brethren, in whose esteem he continued to rise; so that he virtually enjoyed what they would have

really and cheerfully conferred : himself, meanwhile, like many other eminent men, the architect—under God, of his own popularity—rising and expanding, like a monumental pile, to the close—durable, because substantial.

OUTLINES

READY FOR FILLING UP.

It will be readily perceived by any one acquainted with the Wesleyan Body, when looking at the preceding "TAKINGS," and at the hundreds of distinguished preachers omitted, that not only might each individual subject have been extended, by throwing in a greater portion of light and shade, but the number of characters might have been considerably increased. This, perhaps, will be as great a source of joy in some quarters, as disappointment in others. To both of these, we would observe—were apology necessary, that the omission has not arisen from any conviction of the non-admitted not being—at least in many instances, fair subjects for criticism, and still less from any want of a due appreciation of their excellences, but solely from a wish to abide by our original plan, which was to furnish Selections rather than a Biographical Dictionary—to create a taste rather than satiate the palate—and to place, by the Specimens offered, the Wesleyan pulpit in a proper light before the Christian Public. To have proceeded at the rate we have started, would—by embracing the whole of the men we esteem, have carried us through upwards of

half a dozen duodecimo volumes: And would the gentlemen who are omitted, have purchased them? or would the persons who feel disappointed that we have not proceeded, have met us in the market? These are questions which can soon be decided; and we are not quite so dull, as not to be able to take a hint.

We repeat it,—half a dozen volumes might be worked out of the materials left behind, full of varied, rich, and original character, all calculated to extend the knowledge of the Wesleyan Pulpit. Some of these—to accommodate ourselves to the title selected, might be taken in full length—not a few as large as life—some in two-thirds—others in a miniature size—reserving a few sketches for the close,—yet the whole of them important, and even necessary, whether in oils, in crayons, in water colours, in pencil—on canvass, card-board, panel, copper, or ivory, in order to form a complete collection for a Wesleyan Gallery. Our plan, as hinted—though open to considerable extension, only admitted of Selection—not by way of *invidious distinction*—and in that selection our principal object has been *variety*—for no two will be found alike,—each possessing his own distinctive character, and incapable of being mistaken for another. In support of our belief, that numbers might be selected, both from among the living and the dead—men of sterling worth, respecting whom much might be said, and relative to whom the rough *outlines* have been sketched, preparatory to *colouring*—serving only as “pencilings by the way,” yet ample, as a ground-work, on turning to them on some future occasion, for the purpose of furnishing a few good ministerial pictures; in support, we say, of this fact,

we beg leave to present to our readers, promiscuously taken from our budget—including the preceding Twelve Apostles, the amount of *One Hundred*: carefully marking the *Dead*, against whom death has levelled his shaft, thus (†); and the *Living*, who still shine as stars in the firmament, thus (*).

† 13.—SAMUEL BARDSLEY:—Let not the name and lipings of the man, provoke the laugh of pride and vanity, nor yet his bulk, though of greater magnitude than that of “Eglon King of Moab,” force a smile.—Here is wisdom, in opposition to Ascham in his “School-Master,” without learning—experience without, perhaps, a knowledge of more than half a dozen volumes—the wisdom which cometh from above.—Simplicity personified.—A monument of filial affection to a widowed mother.—Sound Christian feeling;—a man essentially right in Christian doctrine;—steady in his attachments;—without splendour and gaiety of colouring, yet, like the humble unassuming daisy, meets with a benignant smile from gentle and simple, from rich and poor, from the learned and illiterate, from infancy up to the patriarch in years.—Noticed by Dr. Gillies, of Glasgow, with great respect; and well the Author of “Historical Collections” knew how to estimate real worth, though in homely attire. Died in 1818. *And a little child shall lead them.*

† 14.—FRANCIS WRIGLEY:—Low in stature.—Good sense;—rather hard in the mouth,—great integrity,—plain,—blunt,—straight forward.—The early, constant, faithful, affectionate friend of Samuel Bardsley; supplying the wants of the latter in every time of need; the two friends, in the poetic language of Wilson, moving by each other's

side through the music of the waters, like two ships, with a sunny cloud of sail, in the beauty of friendship, in the storm and in the calm, till Bardsley, with shattered masts, and sore rent canvass, sinks by his side—though not without glory; leaving him in his loneliness to plough the ocean a little longer. Throwing figurative language aside, after sixty years closely knit friendship, Bardsley dies in Wrigley's arms, in the Junction Inn, Saddleworth, when both are on their way from Conference to Manchester, and Wrigley himself dies in 1824; an instance—in these two men, of the truth of Budgell's remark, that "some of the firmest friendships are found to have been contracted among persons of different humours." *He loved him as he loved his own soul.*

† 15.—RICHARD BURKE:—An ominous name in modern times! but a fine contrast to the Edinburgh fiend.—Full of faith and love;—patient,—uniting the wisdom of age with the simplicity of childhood.—A great sufferer.—Like a beautiful flower, called into existence, as Campbell would say, by a transient sunshine, in an early spring; after which, the gloom of winter sets in, and nips it to death. Travelled 10 years; died in 1778. *That our sons may be as plants grown up in their youth.*

* 16.—BARNABAS SHAW:—Plain,—artless,—kind,—plodding,—persevering,—enduring.—The Apostle of Wesleyan Missions to Southern Africa;—the founder, possibly, of a future empire.—A man, who has reared for himself an imperishable monument, in his "MEMORIALS." *Harmless as doves.*

† 17.—JOHN FLETCHER:—A clergyman of the Established Church, yet a Methodist.—A fair sketch of his character by Wesley;—a somewhat prosy Life of him by

Benson ;—some snatches by Coxe.—The public still left in the predicament of the Queen of Sheba, with only the “one half” told.—A delightful vision, and so unearthly, he seemed scarcely to touch the orb on which he lighted.—Like one of Edmund Burke’s personages, only much more heavenly :—seen just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere in which he moved ;—glittering like the morning star, full of life, and splendour, and joy ;—nay more, like an inhabitant of heaven, to whom glorified spirits might have listened with delight. Died in 1786. *And Enoch walked with God.*

* 18.—ALEXANDER STRACHAN :—Shrewed ;—harmlessly and demurely arch ;—can command gravity in the midst of the laughter of others.—Loves an old book spiced with puritanism ;—a good theologian,—an instructive preacher ;—honest—independent,—warm in his address.—Rather fond of the *double entendre* ;—a charming Christian companion ;—can see, as his countryman Scott would say, his neighbour’s blind side, and knows how to keep the lee-gage when his passions are blowing high. *Thou shalt not see a people of deeper speech than thou canst perceive.*

† 19.—JOHN RICHARDSON :—Bachelor of arts.—A man of sorrows ;—a uniform Christian ;—simple in his manners ;—meek in his spirit.—Laboured 29 years in the city of London ;—26 years the subject of asthma.—The unction from above always in his ministry.—Terminated the voyage of life, 1792, in the 58th year of his age ; when, safely harboured, and anchored in everlasting rest, the billows of the world were permitted to rave over him unheeded. *Faint, yet pursuing.*

† 20.—CHARLES WESLEY:—Here imagination is on the wing; criticism pants to be at the subject: but space and time impose their interdict. We can only deal in broken hints, and detached sentences; each of which may be guessed out into paragraphs or expanded into pages: take them as struck off.—A staunch churchman.—Often the plague of John with his episcopal prejudices.—Laborious in early life.—Too prone to fear.—More noted as a poet than a preacher, and much more exalted.—Soars highest on the pinions of others, as on Young, at the close of Complaint VIth, in the 61st Hymn, in the large Hymn Book; and on Dr. Brevint, in his “Christian Sacrament and Sacrifice,” in Hymn 545, of the same Collection.—Unequal in his flights.—Full of fire.—Often great power, beauty, and feeling.—A warm sun and unclouded sky;—no fetid vapour to augment the volume of the purer gas with which he shines;—no perfumed air deluding the people into reveries;—no pulings of sickly sentimentality.—Would never have excelled in the heroic couplet, or in the Spencerian stanza, being, though capable of every variety of thought and expression, generally too slow and dignified for him.—Shines most in the short, lively stanza; as the octosyllabic verse, &c., being adapted to the fire of his genius.—A certain mannerism about him.—Great tenderness and compression, though occasionally diffuse.—Imagination peculiarly vivid and susceptible, though not brilliant.—Some of the most glowing delineations of the Christian’s joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, watchings, exercises, and buffetings; such as, perhaps, never flowed but from the same pen, and as are so generally adapted to

Christian assemblies.—A depth of pathos ;—frequent bursts of eloquence that irresistibly rivet attention, while they captivate and instruct the heart.—A fine exemplification of poetry being a universal language, insomuch as his Hymns are adapted to every age and place.—Generally pours out his whole heart.—Great energy of expression.—Sometimes defective in his rhymes ;—had a better heart than ear.—Too impetuous for high finish.—His power often lies in the felicity with which he describes the Christian's feelings, in relation to the aspect of the scenes, and trials, and triumphs, through which he is conducted, and the reminiscences with which they are associated.—Well acquainted with human nature.—Has, as a hymnologist, enlarged the scope for feeling and reflection ; acquaints the penitent and believer with new trains of association ; awakens sympathy for sentiments for which few of them suspected themselves of possessing any affinity, and lays open abysses in the bosom much deeper than were supposed to exist.—The verse rarely harsh, and still more rarely obscure.—Has the instinct necessary to guide him to the selection of what is proper for the inspiration of delight or terror.—Can not only construct the plant, dress it with foliage, and decorate it with flowers, but bestow upon it the living freshness and fragrance, which mere wit could never have lent. But we pause—not for want of points of observation ;—we could multiply them ; we could write a volume alone on his poetry, and confirm all that we have advanced by examples from his Hymns ; though we begin to quake at the threatening denounced against the patience and pocket of the public, of two forthcoming octavo volumes of

his Life, from the pen of the Rev. Thomas Jackson, who has been significantly said to have buried Richard Watson in one—entombing him in Extracts from his own Works. “Mr. Charles Wesley,” says John, in 1788, “who, after spending fourscore years with much sorrow and pain, quietly retired into Abraham’s bosom. He had no disease; but after a gradual decay of some months.

‘The weary wheels of life stood still at last.’

His least praise was his talent for Poetry; although Dr. Watts did not scruple to say, that ‘that single Poem *Wrestling Jacob*, was worth all the verses he himself had written!’” *The sweet Psalmist of Israel*.

* 21.—RICHARD REECE:—Tall,—bony,—rather lank,—ruddy complexion;—a dazzling expression in the eye;—a lovely picture of patriarchal beauty, authority, and courtesy.—Locks, like the pure silver.—A little frenchified, not in his manners, but in his pronunciation.—Speaks as if the organs of speech had experienced a partial paralysis.—Dignified in his mien, but not haughty.—Always respectable and acceptable.—A high sense of honour and ministerial bearing.—Good judgement as to what is fitting for time, place, and person.—A useful, though not a striking preacher;—language good;—a fine volume of voice.—Not always accessible to all;—something in reserve from Christian policy.—Excited the laugh at the Manchester Centenary Committee Meeting, for calculating on £200,000, while others were modestly raising the mind to less than a third of the sum; the people confirming his expectations by contributing £215,000.—Not one of those men, noticed in one of the

periodicals, who has flaunted his day like the melancholy poppy,—melancholy in all its ill-scented gaudiness; but one who towers like the sun-flower, and diffuses a fragrance like the rose.—Entered the work in 1787. No sin for him to say, *I magnify mine office*.

* 22.—JOHN BURDSALL:—Middle size,—well built,—stout;—agreeable features,—florid,—thin light hair.—A kind of inquisitive look through his glasses.—Intelligent.—Well read; having arrived at the truth of Lady M. W. Montague's observation, that "No entertainment is so cheap as reading, nor any pleasure so lasting."—A large and well selected library.—Thoroughly orthodox;—would make an excellent Theological Tutor.—Inclined to metaphysics, and the mathematics.—A clear, piping voice; strong, without compass or flexibility.—Loves a little sally of wit, and returns the compliment in fine temper.—Nice discrimination.—Rather diffuse, and not impassioned; but still, an instructive, and impressive preacher.—Fond of the interrogatory style, and a close catechiser of a Christian auditory.—Grapples nobly with the conscience.—Language plain, perspicuous, and forcible.—In the field in 1796.—Would be equally ready with Paul, to say to Timothy, —*Bring with thee the books, but especially the parchments*.

† 23.—JOHN BARBER:—Herculean in constitution and make;—round, sandy face, and regular features.—Formed for toil.—As masculine in mind as in frame, and no less comprehensive.—A ready, off-hand speaker.—A sound, forcible, practical, experimental preacher.—Good business habits.—Powerful voice.—Sterling integrity.—A kind friend.—To be dreaded as an opponent.—Unflinching.—Defective in education.—Diffused a strong, broad light.—

Seemed, among those around him, like one of the pines of Lebanon; the whole, as one vast wood, crowning the hill, and shaking from off their heads the uninjuring tempest; himself apparently, capable of standing before the rushing whirlwind, single, and with naked trunk, which might threaten to uproot others, and hurl them into the vallies below.—Began in 1781, and died 1816.—As a workman, both as to manner and matter, it might be said to the Church, when he was given to it,—*Behold, I will make thee a new sharp thrashing instrument, having teeth.*

* 24.—WILLIAM VEVERS:—Strong,—fleshy,—round,—sandy hair, and light complexion.—Cautious,—sedate,—solid,—compact.—No theorist: “Principles, not Men,” being his motto.—An excellent commentator on Wesleyan law and usage.—Deals in good materials.—Wants animation.—Somewhat like a person on a watch-tower, on the look out, with his helmet on, his armour girded, and suspecting in every novelty a secret as dangerous as that of the Trojan horse.—An improver of passing events.—Sheds a sober, steady light.—Set out in 1813.—*Let all things be done unto edifying.*

† 25.—JOHN GAULTER:—A tall, straight, athletic, good figure, and well proportioned.—Harmlessly egotistic, and fond of great names.—A tender nature.—Much of the pastoral character.—Rich in conversational remark and anecdote.—Prodigal in language;—delighted with “out of the way” words;—forced in his terminations, and often obscure, singular, and unnatural, in the construction of his sentences.—A want of classification of thought, and general arrangement in his sermons.—Frequently a mob of rich, beautiful, bold, impressive, and varied reflections.—Gene-

rally striking and useful.—Remarkable for general, rather than judicious reading.—Considerable genius.—An imagination, like a lake, reflecting the shadows of the surrounding mountains on its glassy breast; the hills, the flocks, the circuitous path leading up the steep, and gracefully winding its way, till it reaches the summit; the fleecy clouds, floating like a veil over the face of beauty; the varying beams of the evening sun; the trees, the shrubs, and the flowers that spot its margin: thus, giving to its crystal waves, a fairer earth and a purer sky—a man who was a gem among gems.—More adapted to the taste of the sincere and curious, than the classic.—One whose natural beauties and peculiarly constructed mental powers, gave rise to a poetic effusion from the pen of Mrs. Bulmer, entitled, “WILD FLOWERS,” published a few years back in the Wesleyan Methodist Magazine.—Called into the work by Mr. Wesley, in 1785, and died 1839.—In the midst of much that wanted transparency, still there was beauty; and of him, as of nature, the promise might be made—*And the bow shall be in the cloud.*

† 26.—JOHN GRANT:—Born at Haxey, near Epworth, Lincolnshire.—Brought to God under the ministry of old Richard Burdsall, of York.—Entered the work in 1790, and finished his course at Sheffield, 1811.—A dignified, fine figure.—Handsome features. A memory that served the purpose of a “save all,” which faculty Pliny considers one of the greatest gifts of nature.—Emphatically denominated “The Walking Bible.”—Well versed in the Arminian and Calvinistic controversy; entering, like Fletcher, whom he had studied, into the finest shades of difference on both sides.—Noble, and commanding, in his manner.—Distin-

guished for strength of intellect, depth of thought, correct and cogent reasoning, rich and bold imagery.—A fine, full voice, under perfect control.—Solid piety.—Unremitting in his studies.—A tender, pleading, persuasive, earnestness with God in prayer.—Animated,—popular,—useful.—Taken away, when in the zenith of all his pulpit power and splendour, by an almost total eclipse of his intellectual faculties; and, at a time when the Connexion was big with anticipations respecting future usefulness. So, in the natural world, the sun is sometimes wrapt up in clouds and darkness at noon day. When confined in Manchester, he collected, on one occasion, a number of the lunatics around him,—took out his pocket-Bible,—and announced for his text, “I would to God, that all that hear me this day, were altogether such as I am, except these bonds,” delivering from it a sermon full of beauty and tenderness.—“Oh,” said he one day to M. T. Sadler, Esq., afterwards Member of Parliament, “what a state is this, to know that the whole of what haunts me is a delusion, and yet I cannot help it!” Here was the essence of misery. But John Grant’s sun set in darkness only to reveal itself in greater beauty; for after suffering an estrangement of intellect for some years, he emerged into light; and just before his death, some of his last words were—“O bless the Lord, bless the Lord; I shall be saved at last. This is the happiest day I ever spent upon earth. I shall soon be where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest.” *As thou art, so were they; each one resembled the children of a King.*

† 27.—WILLIAM AVER :—Travelled forty-three years.—Died in 1835.—Below the middle size;—dark complexion.

—A keen insight into human nature.—Considerable discrimination.—A conclusive reasoner.—Close, minute, compact, connected thought.—A deep reverence for revealed truth.—Humble, —gentle, —docile, —unsuspicious, —self-renouncing.—His preaching rather in the conversational mood. *The lips of the righteous feed many.*

* 28.—JOSEPH SUTCLIFFE:—Master of Arts.—Set out in 1786.—Middle size, —flat chest, —embrowned complexion, —aquiline nose.—An intelligent countenance.—Creeps along the street, as if unnoticed and unnoticed; yet a close observer of men and things.—Inoffensive, —unassuming, —quiet, —unobtrusive.—A kind nature.—Good taste.—An easy, chaste, and somewhat elegant style; —considerable critical acumen.—Sometimes lofty, sublime, with sparklings of genius; especially when descanting on the visions of the Prophets.—Defective in energy.—Not the soundest judgment.—Matter superior to manner.—The voice wanting in fullness, and speaks as if the lips were partially closed, —or himself were under cover.—Creditable literary attainments. An excellent grammarian, —an admirable sermoniser, —a pious and intelligent commentator, —a respectable geologist.—The author of several useful works.—Looks, in his old age, like the sun in the West, and near its setting; the memory tracing each fading form, and lingering grace; but with the vision of the future clear, and calm, and bright; each joy becoming dearer as time recedes, and each trouble is about to be veiled; —heaven itself increasing in radiancy as it comes streaming through the path of death to the borders of the grave. *Meditate upon these things.*

* 29.—RICHARD WADDY:—Active; —well made; —kind. A certain degree of effeminacy in the voice, which:

detracts from the weight of his matter ; the latter of which would tell better in other hands, or rather, in other mouths, than his own, though not discreditable to himself.—Perhaps too open and ingenuous ; at all events, too much so, to be in the neighbourhood of the wit, the selfish, the illiberal, the ignorant, and the designing.—Inferior men to himself may occasionally smile, to shew their superior wisdom ;—ignorance and vanity will mistake him ;—good sense will perceive many points of excellence ;—piety will laud Christian character ;—gratitude will ever speak respectfully of him as an active, honest labourer in some of the higher official situations in the body ;—and the congregation must be devoid of both grace and intelligence that cannot profit by his ministry.—Entered the work in 1793.—In the spirit of the Apostle, to another Christian Minister, would we say—*Let no man despise thee.*

† 30.—CHARLES ATMORE :—Middle size,—robust,—sandy hair,—light complexion ;—round, fine face, with a slight expression of sternness, arising more from defective vision, than inward feeling.—Gentlemanly in his manners, neat and clerical in his appearance.—A good voice,—ardent,—fluent,—respectable style,—useful matter ;—never exalted, nor yet grovelling. The dignity of the pulpit always maintained.—Kind-hearted ;—perhaps too indulgent.—Popular in his day ; especially in early life.—Generally moved in the first circuits.—Sensible apparently of the truth of Johnson's remark ; “ He that embarks on the voyage of life will always wish to advance, rather by the simple impulse of the wind, than the strokes of the oar ; and many founder in their passage, while they lie waiting for the gale.”—Began in 1781, died in 1826.

—He had—*All things that pertain unto life and godliness.*

* 31.—THOMAS POWELL :—Chiefly known as the author of an “Essay on the Apostolical Succession.” Sound in argument,—patient in research,—homely in diction,—well supported by authorities.—Sheds a brighter light from the press than the pulpit; in the latter, though good, a little more circuitous on his route to an object.—Seems to know, in the language of Goldsmith, that “Titles and mottos to books are like escutcheons and dignities in the hands of a king;” that “the wise sometimes condescend to accept of them;” “but that none but a fool would imagine them of any real importance;” taking care, therefore, to “depend upon intrinsic merit, and not the slender helps of the title.”—No substitution of tinsel for solid gold;—no artificial flowers, fit only for decoration, but such as will refresh with their fragrance. Entered in 1823. *Not with enticing words of man’s wisdom.*

* 32.—GEORGE MARSDEN :—No great range of mind.—Deeply devoted to God, and the interests of Wesleyan Methodism.—Has, what may be denominated, a kind of celestial quaver about the throat, warbling and speaking at the same time.—Full, good voice.—Funereal in his manner.—Vehement, not impassioned;—declamatory, and occasionally vociferous.—Matter rarely varied.—Inflexible. Will listen to a statement or request, turn away in silence, and pursue his own course.—Close from nature rather than design.—Reads the Lessons and Prayers with fine effect.—Highly respected for his piety.—Has filled with credit the Presidential chair.—Neat, clean; particular to a fault.—Reminds us of Mr. Wesley’s

remark on the demeanour of Miss Gayer, as he lay afflicted in bed, herself on the one side, looking at her mother on the other, intimating that—

“She sat, like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.”

The smile, in the present instance, must be omitted, and placid substituted in its stead.—Commenced in 1793.—A practical exposition of—*Let all things be done decently and in order.*

† 33.—ROBERT C. BRACKENBURY, ESQ.:—Proprietor of Raithby Hall, Lincolnshire.—The friend of John Wesley.—Possessed of a genuine Missionary spirit.—An acceptable preacher.—Extremely modest.—Would never suffer his left hand to know what his right did.—An eminent instance of a gentleman of fortune consecrating his talents, his influence, his time, and his substance to the spread of true religion, at home and abroad.—Left it as a solemn request, that nothing should be said of him by way of eulogy, in any sermon, or written of him by way of memoir, after his death; in conformity with the *spirit* of which request, Montgomery of Sheffield, wrote the following lines for his tablet;—

“Silent be human praise!”
‘The solemn charge was thine,—
Which widow’d love obeys,
And o’er thy lowly shrine—
Inscribes the monumental stone—
With ‘Glory be to God alone!’”

Lines as creditable to the “Christian Poet,” as they are complimentary to the modesty of the sainted dead;

the latter being a man of peace,—condescending,—with a soul richly imbued with the spirit of the gospel. —Died 1818. *Well reported for good works.*

* 34.—JAMES METHLEY:—Great discretion;—popular;—creditable in style, matter, and manner.—Held in fair request.—Improves on acquaintance.—Gentle in his manners.—Christian in his spirit,—and useful in his ministry.—Started in 1814.—Without hesitation, may exclaim—*The lines have fallen unto me in pleasant places.*

* 35.—HENRY FISH:—Master of Arts!—Wherefore? Not to be opined—but placed in the Chapter of Accidents.—Set out in 1823.—Tall in person, finely formed, and made for exercise.—Amiable.—Mild.—Style, preaching, and manner, acceptable.—Industrious.—Wants strength and originality.—All is the effect of hard labour.—Too much repetition.—Goes over the same ground, as in a return chaise, at half price.—Some knowledge of botany.—Can say, with Plutarch, that “That state of life is most happy, where superfluities are not required and necessities are not wanting.”—*Keep that which is committed to thy trust.*

* 36.—JOHN FARRAR:—“Tutor and governor of the Preparatory Branch of the Theological Institution.”—Formed for activity.—An excellent classical scholar.—Has published a useful “Dictionary of Scripture Names.”—Sound judgment.—Acute.—A bland, open countenance.—An example of industry, and knows the truth of a remark made by Sir Joshua Reynolds, that “Excellence is never granted to man, but as the reward of labour; and that it argues no small strength of mind to persevere in the habits of industry without the pleasure of perceiving those advantages, which like the hand of

a clock, whilst they make hourly approaches to their point, yet proceed so slowly as to escape observation." A DEGREE would be honoured here.—Entered the work in 1822.—*His delight is in the Law of the Lord; and in his Law doth he meditate day and night.*

† 37.—DAVID STONER:—A Life published of him by Messrs. Hannah and Dawson, which is a little too sombre in its character, though in keeping with the grave, thoughtful face of its subject.—A fine character for delineation.—A mute in social life;—an Apollos in the pulpit.—Employed his pen minutely and laboriously on every subject.—Great transparency;—powerful;—impassioned;—often irresistible.—One continued tide of eloquence from beginning to end, bearing down all before it, yet fertilizing every district over which it passed.—Unusually popular.—Popularity based on solid native talent, genuine piety, and extensive usefulness.—Substantial reading.—Numerous seals to his ministry.—Could say, with Steele, "It is a secret known but to a few, yet of no small use in the conduct of life, that when you fall into a man's conversation, the first thing you should consider is, whether he has a greater inclination to hear you, or that you should hear him."—Sat and listened to others.—A brief, but brilliant career.—Travelled twelve years; died in 1826. *And they were not able to resist the wisdom and spirit by which he spake*—that is, in public.

† 38.—WILLIAM THOMPSON:—Travelled above forty years.—Died in 1799, in the sixty-third year of his age.—The first who filled the Presidential chair after the death of Mr. Wesley.—A deliberate speaker.—Select in the choice of his words.—Was one of those men, who,

according to Feyjoo, "Would be persuaded by reason, but would not be convinced by authority."—Understood and observed conversational propriety; knowing with Bruyere, that there is such a thing as "Speaking well, speaking easily, speaking justly, and speaking seasonably; not offending by speaking of entertainment before the indigent, of sound limbs and health before the infirm, of houses and lands before those who have not so much as a dwelling, nor of prosperity before the miserable; exciting painful feeling by the comparison."—A man, who, according to another writer, had, "A good judgment;—that kind of perfection in judgment, which makes a man master of his companion without letting him see it, and which gives him the same advantage over men of other qualifications, as one that can see would have over a blind man of ten times his strength."—Skilful, as a pilot of the vessel of the church, during a storm.—Good acquired, as well as natural abilities.—Of his prudence, wisdom, logic, philosophy, and theology, much might be said.—One of the Methodistical preceptors of Jabez Bunting.—His funeral sermon was preached in Birmingham by S. Bradburn. *There was not among the children of Israel a goodlier than he; from his shoulder and upward he was higher than any of the people.*

* 39.—ROBERT ALDER:—Doctor of Divinity!—Caught just in "the nick of time;" otherwise, the Wesleyan Canadian commotion would have settled the question for ever, when all would have been left blank.—Was a Missionary in Canada.—Went out in 1816.—One of the General Secretaries of the Missionary Society.—Light hair;—full face;—

A petticoat coat, with its body like the tight stays of a female, being any thing but Methodistical.—Somewhat stiff and stately.—Expresses himself with propriety rather than fluency.—A Good, though not a pleasing voice;—a respectable, though not an attractive preacher.—Something austere in the expression of the face; when not lighted up by conversation.—No classical attainments; but exceedingly useful in the Missionary department. *Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate. Be not wise in your own conceits.**

40.—JAMES JONES:—Noticed here as a beacon, to guard young men against error.—Published a book on the subject of Foreknowledge, in which he shewed his want of the Knowledge necessary for his theme.—Braved the world in his pages; was panic-struck before the Conference.—Added, by his publication, to the number of those books, which, as the "Reflector" remarks, "Are like nauseous physic, which we swallow against our will, and yet receive no benefit from it."—Plunged himself into metaphysics, and, with the less refined rubbish of the same, sought to blind both himself and others. Such works may also be compared to "cobwebs, and their authors to spiders, who spin themselves to skeletons; and leave their ensnaring productions

* Though the passage from the 75th Psalm, and 6th verse, in former editions, was more *pointed*—directed like the barbed end of a weathercock to America, from whence the fickle, but favouring gale of honour blew, the present—perhaps less objectionable, will be found more *necessary*. We regret that the quotation from Swift is preoccupied by the learned and amiable Dr. Townley, to whom the complimentary end of it is applied: but Bruyere has a remark distinguished for its justice—"There is what is called the high-way to posts and honours, and there is a cross and by-way, which is much the shortest."

behind them." James's web caught but few flies.—He left the Wesleyan body.—A mistaken man, as to his powers and qualifications.—Might have been happy and useful. *There are many unruly and vain talkers—whose mouths must be stopped.*

* 41.—SAMUEL JACKSON:—Not handsome.—Middle size.—Dark complexion, with eyes, like lighted charcoal, gleaming from the still darker caverns under which they move.—A strong, original minded man.—Unpolished, rather than coarse ;—terse ;—graphic ;—forcible.—An excellent preacher.—A little sepulchral about the voice.—Always boring his friends with questions in the social circle, but rarely returning an equivalent, though well able, in frank communication ; thus, acting the part of a sucker rather than that of a generous spring.—Has his heart set upon the EDUCATION of Youth ; an article on which Plutarch so justly preferred Lycurgus to Numa ; the latter having paid no attention to youth in his system of legislation, but left them to be educated at random, and just as accident or the caprice of parents might direct ; while the former showed the powerful effects of education at Sparta, sufficiently demonstrated by the long duration and history of its government ; thus verifying the truth of the remark—"Lacedæmonii soli toto orbe terrarum septingentos jam annos amplius unis moribus, et nunquam mutatis legibus, vivunt."—The laws were not changed, because the manners were not changed ;—for the laws must depend upon, and be subservient to, the manners ;—and the manners were not changed, because education and discipline held them fixed and uniform.—Has become the Editor of a cheap, but useful little work,

entitled "The Reporter of Affairs Relating to Wesleyan Schools."—Set out in 1806. *Train up a child in the way he should go ; and when he is old he will not depart from it.*

† 42.—JOHN ALLEN :—Started in his itinerant "rounds," as circuits were formerly designated, in 1776 ; —became supernumerary in 1799 ;—died 1810.—Judicious, —faithful,—affectionate.—All hushed into sweet repose within, while life's surface, like an unruffled stream, was pure, noiseless, and constant.—Afforded evidence of the truth of Dr. Johnson's remark, when he says, "It is at HOME that every man must be known by those who would make a just estimate of his virtue or felicity ; for smiles and embroidery are alike occasional, and the mind is often dressed for show in painted honour and fictitious benevolence."—John Allen was the same mild being at home and abroad. *We were gentle among you, even as a nurse cherisheth her children.*

† 43.—THOMAS MITCHELL :—"Mankind," says England's great moralist, "have a great aversion to intellectual labour ; but even supposing knowledge to be easily attainable, more people would be content to be ignorant than would take even a little trouble to acquire it ;" an opinion confirmed by the habits and thinkings of the subject in question, who, nevertheless, like the woman in the gospel, did what he could, and much more than many with ten times the talents.—A man, who was countenanced and encouraged, by the famous Grimshaw of Haworth ;—being honest,—persevering,—patient,—laborious ;—tenderly touching, and sometimes amusing.—A lover of few books, except the Bible.—Sermons teeming with remarks on familiar, social, and religious life.—Next to idolized by

the lower orders.—Distinguished for extensive usefulness.—Began 1748, and died 1784. *The tongue of the stammerers shall be ready to speak plainly.*

* 44.—WILLIAM O. BOOTH:—An excellent textuist;—animated as a preacher;—more than acceptable.—A good voice.—Beloved by all who know him.—Carries rather too great a press of sail for the size and strength of the vessel.—Will be taught by experience, if not too late, to take in a little canvass.—Set sail in 1824. *Sound speech that cannot be condemned.*

* 45.—WILLIAM SHAW:—No believer in Voltaire, who says, “Bring together all the children of the universe, you will see nothing in them but innocence, gentleness and fear: were they born wicked, spiteful, and cruel, some signs of it would come from them; as little snakes strive to bite, and little tigers to tear. But nature having been as sparing of offensive weapons to men as to pigeons and rabbits, it cannot have given them an instinct to mischief and destruction.”—Such a creed would have saved Mr. Shaw much risk and toil in African deserts;—but he knows human nature better than Voltaire.—Strong sense,—frank,—generous,—manly,—noble,—useful,—daring,—prudent,—self-denying.—A fine specimen of the Missionary spirit and character.—Went out to South Africa in 1820, remained there till 1829, and returned in 1836. *None of these things move me; neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might fulfil my course with joy, and the ministry I have received of the Lord Jesus.*

* 46.—ROBERT WOOD:—Full of promise in early life.—Has not kept pace with the speed at which he started.

—An admirable superintendant.—Punctual,—judicious,—calculating,—foreseeing,—cautious,—a little close from choice.—A good sermoniser,—logical,—inferential ;—too mechanical ;—always clear,—chaste ;—often minute,—sometimes too long ;—never otherwise than instructive.—Improves an incident happily.—Wants fire.—The hearers occasionally seated, as on a stone, near a fountain, either listening to the winds whispering through the moonlight leaves, or calmly looking on the light of the same orb, as it lies in its slumber on the slumbering stream.—Began in 1811.—Comprehends the meaning of the wise man, when he says—*The prudent man foreseeth the evil, and hideth himself,*

* 47.—WILLIAM P. BURGESS :—Minikin in stature ;—near sighted.—Formerly classical tutor at Kingswood school.—Considerable skill in music, both as a composer and a player on the piano forte.—A good volume of voice.—Clear in his conceptions, and exquisite in his definitions.—Full of interest.—A man upon whom the sun of science has shone from above, and upon whom industrious teachers have scattered the seeds of instruction below ; but whose mental soil—independent of these, stirred and manured by self-cultivation, would have produced, not only flowers and fruit, but trees of stately and noble growth.—Son of a preacher ; set out in 1812.—No inapt illustration of—*For his letters, say they, are weighty and powerful ; but his bodily presence is weak.*

† 48.—JOSEPH AGAR :—Middle size,—active,—sprightly,—precipitate,—generous,—kind-hearted.—Full of anecdote.—Not much classification ; but always something good, useful, and pointed.—Animated in the pulpit ;—Popular

on the platform, where all came about the ears like the discharge of a shower-bath.—Travelled 20 years. *Thou hast run with the footmen.*

† 49.—THOMAS BARTHOLOMEW:—Rather stout,—plain,—somewhat stern in the expression of his face, and in his manner.—Sensible;—not popular;—acceptable;—sincere.—Fond of talking about the Arabic;—more attentive to other languages than his own.—Was in the work 37 years. *In all labour there is profit.*

† 50.—RICHARD BOARDMAN:—One of the two first preachers who offered themselves to the brethren in America.—Pious;—fine temper, and good sense.—Knew with Cumberland, that “The passions may be humoured till they become our masters, as a horse may be pampered till he gets the better of his rider; and that early discipline will prevent mutiny, and keep the helm in the hands of reason.”—Greatly beloved.—Eminently useful.—Died of apoplexy.—Preached the night before his death.—Began in 1763, finished in 1783. *I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send?—Then said I, Here am I, send me.*

† 51.—JAMES WOOD:—Styled, by Adam Clarke, “An Apostle of God.”—Entered the work in 1773;—died June 17, 1840, in the 89th year of his age.—Latterly very infirm, and unable to preach.—Great stability and seriousness.—Soft,—pathetic;—dropped his voice at the close of a sentence;—weighty;—not animated.—Preached as if standing at the mouth of the grave, or at the bar of God.—Quiet, modest, sweetly insinuating, and unobtrusively useful.—A man who appeared to have attained the object so much to be desired, expressed by King, in his Origin

of Evil, viz., "in the first part of life to enjoy its sweets without its cares,—in the middle, to please ourselves as much by taking care of others,—and in decrepit, feeble age, to be assisted in our turn by others whom we have educated." —Published a Dictionary of the Bible, chiefly from Brown, and some useful Tracts. *In doctrine shewing uncorruptness, gravity, sincerity.*

* 52.—ROBERT YOUNG:—A powerful voice; and, in general, well-managed. — Good address,—stirring, — impassioned,—melting,—awakening. — Not profound,—nor yet lofty;—mostly substantial.—Pastoral.—Diligent; aware, in the language of Galen, that "Employment is Nature's physician."—Seems to stand at the entrance of the way of life, beseeching, exhorting, importuning, and pressing the multitude to turn the face, the foot, and the heart in that direction.—Exceedingly successful;—but more popular on the side of piety, than of reading, and extraordinary intellect.—Went out to the West Indies in 1820, returned in 1830.—*And the Lord added to the church daily such as should be saved.*

† 53.—FRANCIS ASBURY:—Belonged originally to Leicestershire or Warwickshire.—When young, had a voice like the roaring of a lion.—Entered the itinerant work, in 1767;—became a bishop in America.—Eminently holy, laborious, and useful.—Highly honoured; but was taught by experience, agreeably to Sir P. Sidney, that "The path of high honour lies not in smooth ways."—Died in 1816. *I will set in the desert the fir tree, and the pine—that they may see, and know, and consider, and understand together, that the hand of the Lord hath done this.*

† 54.—JOSEPH BRADFORD:—Prompt,—energetic;—

Herculean in labour.—Persevering,—fervid,—sterling ;—somewhat rambling in his discourses.—Always cutting out work for himself and others ;—generally closing the financial part of a Leader's Meeting, with “ Well, what can be done to help forward the good cause in which we are engaged ? ”—A strenuous advocate for exemption from all moral defilement ;—saying, “ As soon may light espouse darkness—as soon may night be married to-day, as sin and holiness dwell together. ”—Possessed—rough as he was, too much delicacy of sentiment and dignity of character, to watch the look, or tremble at the frown of a superior.—“ Truth and Justice,” the two immutable laws of social, as well as religious order, seemed to be his motto ; despising the maxim, that it is sometimes useful to mislead, to ensure the happiness of others.—Some years the travelling companion of Mr. Wesley, for whom he would have sacrificed health, and even life ; but to whom his will would never bend, except in meekness. “ Joseph,” said Mr. Wesley one day, “ take these letters to the post. ”

Brad.—“ I will take them after preaching, Sir. ”

Wes.—“ Take them *now*, Joseph. ”

Brad.—“ I wish to hear you preach, Sir ; and there will be sufficient time for the post after service. ”

Wes.—“ I insist upon you going now, Joseph. ”

Brad.—“ I will not go at present. ”

Wes.—“ You won't ? ”

Brad.—“ No, Sir. ”

Wes.—“ Then, you and I must part. ”

Brad.—“ Very good, Sir. ”

The good men slept over it. Both were early risers. At

four o'clock the next morning, the refractory "Helper" was accosted with, "Joseph, have you considered what I said—that we must part?"

Brad.—"Yes, Sir."

Wes.—"And must we part?"

Brad.—"Please yourself, Sir."

Wes.—"Will you ask my pardon, Joseph?"


Brad.—"No, Sir."

Wes.—"You won't?"

Brad.—"No, Sir."

Wes.—"Then, I will ask *your's*, Joseph."

Poor Joseph was instantly melted; smitten as by the wand of Moses, when forth gushed the tears, like the water from the rock. He had a tender soul; and it was soon observed when the appeal was made to the heart instead of the head.—Travelled 38 years; finished his course in 1808, at Hull. *I have made thee an iron pillar.*

 55.—ALEXANDER KILHAM:—A man of some acuteness, and great industry.—Lived by fault finding.—Preferred a bushel of chaff, to a handful of wheat.—Dangerous in the freedoms of social intercourse,—made every conversation, and private letter, subservient to his revolutionary purposes.—Began to manifest the restless spirit of a *reformer* in the third and fourth years of his itinerancy, viz. in 1788, 1789, (*Life of Kilham*, 8vo. pp. 98, 110, 134).—A fine example of the horse-fly, which invariably passes over the sound part of the animal, and instinctively finds its way to a sore spot, upon which it feeds, and which it always irritates; satisfied if it only obtain its *meal*:—imitated in this, by most of his devoted followers, who have watched the

Old Body with an evil eye,—revelled in its divisions,—and sought to increase their ranks by them.—Constantly boasting of the perfection of their system, which, instead of augmenting their numbers to any extent, has preserved them for nearly half a century within nearly the same limits, like a stagnant pool; while the Ranters, and others, in less than half the time, with little parade, and with scarcely any system besides that of saving souls, have been like a mighty river, increased by tributary streams, absolutely trebling the Kilhamites; the latter amounting in 1838 to no more than 20,000, and the others to 60,000, (K's. Life, p. 403); the genuine Wesleyans, meanwhile, with a worse system in Kilhamitish esteem, exclusive of America, multiplying during the same period, without the plunder of other churches, from 95,747, to 403,853!—Kilham's watchword was the "People;"—the people felt it, and in their majesty, put their preachers into the pillory, who, in their turn, have ever been heard boasting of their liberty.—Wished to mend the Wesleyan system, without either proper materials, or personal qualifications.—Was, in some respects, what a certain author defines a doctor to be, viz. "A man who writes prescriptions, till the patient either dies or is cured by nature;" hence, an ancient saying among the Greeks, that "doctors were mere triflers."—Never seemed to consider, as the "Reflector" would say, that the making of experiments in laws is as dangerous to a state as the making of experiments in physic, mischief being done in both cases, if the experiment miscarries; that men must not argue in such momentous affairs, as they do in lighter matters, and cry, "It is easy to make the

experiment," because commotion is sooner raised than suppressed in a government; that *Interim patitur Justus*, is a maxim that must be regarded; that no good man should be hurt; and that, as it is necessary to be well assured of the strength of a medicine before it is given, so it is necessary that a scheme of a law should be well considered before it is adopted.—Would have done well to have followed the advice of Sir P. Sidney, when he says, "In forming a judgment, lay your hearts void of foretaken opinions; else, whatsoever is done or said, will be measured by a wrong rule, like them who have the jaundice, to whom everything appeareth yellow." —Would have done equally well to have attended to the question, "Which is the most perfect popular form of government?" and which admits of such a multiplicity of answers. "That," said Bias, "where the laws have no superior." "That," said Thales, "where the inhabitants are neither too rich nor too poor." "That," said Anacharsis, the Scythian, "where virtue is honoured and vice detested." "That," said Pittacus, "whose dignities are always conferred upon the virtuous, and never upon the base." "That," said Cleobulus, "where the citizens fear blame more than punishment." "That," said Chilo, "where the laws are more regarded than the orators." "But that," said Solon, "where an injury done to the meanest subject is an insult upon the whole constitution." So much for the Apothegms of some of the ancients: but Kilham had to do with the moderns, and with the church, neither of which he was qualified to rule, except by laws made to his hand by superior minds to his own. He tried to form a

system to which coltish man was to be brought, and to which he was to be tied, as to a post; John Wesley took things as they turned up, out of which a beautiful system arose, adapted to circumstances, and, like an easy yoke, fitted itself to the neck of the wearer. Still, Kilham, and his associates, conferred one boon on the Connexion—the SACRAMENT of the LORD'S SUPPER; though Methodism itself, and many of the preachers, so far as character was concerned, could say individually, with the Apostle, *Alexander the coppersmith did me much evil.*

† 56.—WILLIAM DARNEY:—A hard Scotchman, commonly called, "Scotch Will."—Entered the work in 1742, and died 1779.—A man of plain manners,—moderate talents;—the author of many doggrel hymns; which greatly annoyed the good taste of Mr. Wesley, one of which was spun out to 104 verses, *common measure*,—no common length!—Rather calvinistic in his creed;—fearless of danger;—extensively useful.—Rendered great service to the Rev. W. Grimshaw, Curate of Haworth, during the infancy of his religious experience.—Lived in those times when the profane were constantly treading upon the branches of God's vine, like the wild boars of the forest; labouring to waste the greenest and most fruitful boughs, wherever they appeared on the hill of Zion, and which seemed to be drinking in the choicest dew of heaven.—But, heedless of every foe, and of every storm, he proceeded in his Master's work, with the fearlessness of a hero entering the field. *We use great plainness of speech.*

* 57.—JONATHAN EDMONDSON:—Master of Arts.—Handsome features,—fair complexion,—middle size,—well

made,—agreeable in his manners,—plain in his attire.—A delightful companion.—Good taste,—sound judgment,—excellent matter.—Sententious.—Aims at plainness, force, and perspicuity in language.—The voice a little cracked, but audible.—Pointed,—neat,—nothing out of place,—nothing redundant.—Evidently in earnest, and intent on doing good, as he proceeds.—The mind well disciplined.—Good reading.—The author of several useful works.—Does not appear like a person on a height, in the centre of a spacious plain, where he can embrace within his range of view a circumference of many miles, taking in the dim distance; but must go to the place which he wishes to inspect; being more the man for examining objects brought to him, than beholding them afar off, or of striking out anything new and comprehensive.—Seems to consider faith as praiseworthy only as it is a proof, that we use our intellectual faculties in the pursuit of truth, just as seeing is a proof that we use our eyes, or hearing, that we use our ears.—Views the mind, in the language of the Spectator, as possessed of “a certain vegetative power, which cannot be wholly idle;” knowing, that if it is not laid out and cultivated into a beautiful garden, it will of itself shoot up in weeds or flowers of a wild growth.—Entered the work in 1786. *A workman that needeth not to be ashamed.*

* 58.—JOHN RIGG :—Precise,—circumspect,—sensitive;—a good understanding,—well-informed,—an excellent superintendant,—and a respectable preacher.—Modest.—Unobtrusive.—A fine sense of propriety.—A man who puts conscience into everything.—Began in 1808. *Prudent in speech.*

* 59.—JAMES EVERETT:—About five feet ten inches, —light complexion,—active,—industrious.—Memoir published of him in the “Berwick Advertiser,” for July, 1834, from the pen of the author of “Border Tales,” in which a just estimate is given of his poetic character. —The author of several works, both in prose and verse ; the former chiefly controversial and biographical, but most generally known by his “Village Blacksmith,” which, in eight years, passed through eight editions in England, embracing fourteen thousand copies.—Edited the “Miscellaneous Works” of Dr. A. Clarke, 13 vols. 12mo.—Supposed by some to be the author of these “Takings ;” by others, incompetent to the work ;—great conflict of opinion on the subject—we ourselves, meanwhile, the only persons capable of deciding the question.—Was twelve years on the supernumerary list, owing to indisposition.—Moved into the ranks again by a vote of Conference, proposed by Dr. Warren, and seconded by Dr. Bunting.—Exhibits no formal plan in his sermons, but lets the people into the several parts as he proceeds, just as though he were unfolding a Hebrew roll, when, at the close, they are enabled to perceive the whole line of remark, from beginning to end.—Generally makes the sacred text speak for itself.—Often figurative, for the sake of effect, knowing that a figure will often strike when a whole sermon will fly.—Sometimes puritanically quaint ;—will occasionally familiarize his diction and matter at the expense of his own dignity—in other words, become a fool, for the purpose of reaching the untutored mind.—Three distinct styles may be perceived, as well as modes adopted ; one for the platform —

another for the pulpit—a third for the press.—Possesses the dangerous power of satire, in which, it is stated, he has occasionally indulged—though not lavishly.—Partial to the antique,—old books, coins, and paintings;—and would love to end his days, it is said, in a room fitted up in some old ruin—whether abbey or ancient strength.—Would make a charming Roman Catholic, for hunting after old relics.—Dr. Clarke, in his correspondence with him, playfully requested him,—if he should happen to meet with it, to send him the horn-book, out of which Eve taught Cain his letters.—On Mr. E. having had the first edition of Wesley's "Christian Library," in 50 vols. presented to him, a friend enquired, "And pray what has Mr. H. seen in your face, to induce him to make you a present of such a valuable work as that?" "He probably saw a vacancy," Mr. E. instantly returned, "which wanted filling up."—It is reported, that Dr. Bunting jocosely observed once, on the question being proposed,—“Who shall go to Conference?” “Mr. E. must go, or we shall not have our wits about us.”—Commenced in 1806.—To his preaching has been applied,—*Things new and old.*

* 60.—SAMUEL D. WADDY:—Low in stature—stout—well built.—Costume, of the petticoat cut, gives somewhat the appearance of a Romish priest;—but popery itself, as a system, abhorred from his inmost soul.—The grasping of words, and some of the intonations of the voice, like W. M. Bunting—though much stronger, and by no means affected; while some of the more emphatic parts of his speech, seem to lead us to the father of the gentleman just named, though equally natural on the part of the speaker.

—The mind thrown into a good statesman-like mould.
 —Excels in speechifying, though more of the talker than the orator.—Clever—good tact—easy—natural—smart—intelligent—instructive—fluent.—A cleverness and smartness, nevertheless—which is not always the case,—combined with solidity. Though often disposed to be witty, not the mere feather dancing in the wind, but capable of solid home strokes.—Good reading.—Aims at the highest point of elevation to which his talents can raise him.—In some of his platform essays, when his native boldness is toned down, and there is but little effervescence, he is exceedingly graceful; and it may be said of him, as some of our poets would say of some of their ideal characters—that “there needs not the tone of harp or lute, to modulate his soft harmonious footsteps as he moves along, his light tread falling like natural music.”—Wants energy; and yet we scarcely know how it would improve him, for his softest moments are his best.—Has foolishly submitted so far to the ladies, as to allow them to dress him in a gown, for which he deserves a dressing; but we spare him.—Began in 1825.
Be thou an example of the believers in word, in conversation.

* 61.—JOHN C. LEPPINGTON:—Below the middle size,—sandy complexion,—a dazzling expression in the eye.—Acute,—close, compact thought,—good taste;—often great force and originality;—more than ordinarily pointed, experimental, and practical.—The voice most effective and most agreeable, in its middle tones; being too much of a wheeze, when low,—and too much of a screech, when high.—Modest,—useful,—an excellent preacher.—“Sharpness,” says Sir. W. Temple, “cuts slight things best;

solid, nothing cuts through but weight and strength; the same in intellectuals." Here we have "weight and strength," and "solid" must be the mass that sinks not beneath some of his strokes.—Entered the field in 1832. *And the sons of the prophets that were at Bethel came forth to Elisha.*

† 62.—ALEXANDER MATHER:—Commenced the itinerant work in 1757,—died in York, where he was buried, in 1800,—Rose every morning at four o'clock, and laboured without any apparent fatigue, till nine at night.—Close in his application to the business of the Connexion, and a faithful observer of its discipline.—Distinguished for the number of his children in the gospel, though his grand forte was that of edifying believers, and rearing the structure of Christian holiness.—Fluent,—fiery,—emphatic;—powerful in debate,—ready at reply;—and though not a correct speaker, yet a tolerable vocabulary.—Wise in counsel,—deep in experience;—persevering,—and unflinching in the storm.—Much obloquy thrown upon him by Mr. Kilham and his party; but it was "Alexander the coppersmith" against "Alexander the Great."—Had a great deal of management and governing tact.—Men of talent necessarily, in all communities, administer government, being the only persons who have skill for its functions.—Saw the *rationale* of the whole system of Methodism, its origin, and its operation,—a system which is best supported when it is best understood.—Seemed to know, that "Government, like dress, is the badge of lost innocence;"—that abstractedly considered, it is an evil;—that, like medicine, it is often a necessary evil—the lesser of two evils;—that the less of such drugs we require, the

better is our moral condition ;—and that the spirit and conduct of the very men he had to oppose during the division of 1795—6, furnished, together with himself, the healthy part of the community, with an argument in favour of good government.—Power is a plant that soon vegetates ;—“ the tyranny first exercised in the nursery,” as Zimmerman would say, “ is exhibited in various shapes and degrees in every stage of our existence ; ”—Mr. Mather had been of great service to Mr. Wesley, in the superintendence of the societies ;—he felt his position, and was disposed to keep every junior preacher in his proper place.—Mather, Hopper, and Benson, travelled in the Leeds circuit, in 1781, when the latter published some Sermons. The wife of Alexander, always jealous of her husband’s honour, moved him to the work of catechising Benson for publishing sermons without acquainting his superintendant with his design, Mather observing, among other things, “ Mr. Wesley has entrusted me with the staff of office, and I am resolved to use it.” It was at the quarterly meeting ;—other things might, in connexion with the publication, and the vindication of it, have led to the remark ;—Benson, hanging down his head, left his seat, much hurt ;—and as he was crossing the floor, up started the gigantic Hopper, when, with a kind of nasal twang, and sufficiently stentorian to reverberate through the place, he exclaimed—while laying his hand upon Joseph’s shoulder, “ Stop, stop young man ; I too, have seen the day, when Mr. Wesley has been pleased to put the staff of office into my hand ; ”—adding significantly, “ but, I took care never to break any man’s head with it.” Benson returned, and harmony was restored.—Mather was a good, noble-minded man, and

rarely went astray, except when his first wife—a good woman upon the whole, but possessed of a few crotchets, chafed him to it.—Had seen enough of anarchy and confusion, to induce him to hate usurpation, in the Rebellion of 1745, when, in a boyish freak, he joined the rebels,—crossed the hills and the vallies,—stealthily moving on at midnight, when the moon was shining through the clouds, and topping the eddies of the rivers with light as uncertain as the *ignis fatuus* he was following,—looking at the Highland plumes wildly tossing in the fight, and the claymores and broad swords gleaming in the sun,—gazing on Culloden-moor, with its slain.—But the man who was trained to war, was armed for the fight; and Methodism owes much to the skill and the prowess of a Mather, who moved to meet the assailants, as a minstrel would say, even like the mountain stag to the running river—cheerfully—swiftly—resolutely. *Be strong and of a good courage, fear not, nor be afraid of them: for the Lord thy God, he it is that doth go with thee; he will not fail thee nor forsake thee.*

† 63.—JAMES NEEDHAM:—Tall—slender—delicate in appearance.—Deep piety,—saintly to the eye,—fine temper,—many of the endearments of friendship;—diligent in the discharge of sacred and social duties.—Good thought,—useful reading;—a little hesitancy in public speaking,—occasional feeling;—could express himself at will in prayer. After an illness of three days, in the nineteenth year of his itinerancy, and the forty-sixth year of his age, he sunk down in 1818, as through soft yielding waters, murmuring round him as noiseless as air, and almost to be breathed—the calm approach and working of a peaceful death. *My heart shall not reproach me so long as I live.*

† 64.—THOMAS HANBY :—Entered the work in 1754,—finished his course in 1797.—Gentle in his manners,—mild in his temper,—unexceptionable in his character.—Pulpit qualifications out of the ordinary course.—Rather slow of speech,—and generally leaning to the moderate and the mild.—Was one of those men, whom Scott, in his Christian life, represents as following the advice of truth and reason, with a mind elevated above the reach of injury; seated, as it were, above the clouds, in a calm and quiet ether, and with a noble indifference, listening to the roll of the thunder, grumbling and bursting beneath his feet;—a thought, by the way, borrowed by Young, and which we have employed in our sketch of Benson.—Yet calm as was the external aspect,—and it required no small degree of grace to keep any hostile feeling under, he sometimes betrayed a little impatience in his private correspondence, to his bosom friends, in “troublous times,” obliquely glancing at the “powers that be.”—A letter, with some sweet bosom-touches, was addressed to him by Thomas Olivers, in 1766, on the death of Mrs. Hanby, and published in the Methodist Magazine, 1801, p. 309; shewing, that Olivers, who knew him well, considered him the subject of deep and tender feeling. *Let your moderation be known unto all men.*

† 65.—ANDREW COLEMAN :—An interesting account of him written by Dr. A. Clarke, and to be found in his “Miscellaneous Works,” vol. xii, p. 348.—A saint of the first order.—Master of the Latin and Greek languages, and made considerable proficiency in the Hebrew.—Studied geometry, astronomy, chronology, history, and most of the branches of the mathematics.—Blessed with an amazingly

comprehensive mind,—a vigorous and retentive memory,—fathoming the depth of every study.—Had the whole of the Common-Prayer by heart, when fourteen years of age ; and had made himself such a master of the *Æneid* of Virgil, and the *Paradise* of Milton, at the same age, that on the mention of any line in either of these poems, he could immediately tell the book in which it occurred, and the number of the line.—Was made a class-leader when about sixteen years of age.—An amiable disposition.—Clothed with humility.—Stood about six feet.—Travelled only about a year, in Ireland.—The school-fellow and friend of Adam Clarke.—Died of consumption in the eighteenth year of his age, June 18, 1786.—The evening before he died, desired to be carried out in his chair to see the setting sun, which he beheld with pleasing emotion, till it sunk beneath the horizon ; when he observed, “ This sun has hitherto been partially obscured to me, but it shall be no more so for ever.” And about the time it began to re-enlighten that part of the earth, his happy soul soared away to the regions of glory.—His death brings to remembrance the death of the youthful Spencer, equally full of promise to the Christian Church ; thus sung by Montgomery :—

“ The loveliest star of evening’s train
Sets early in the Western main,
And leaves the world in night ;
The brightest star of morning’s host,
Scarce-risen, in brighter beams is lost ;
Thus sunk his form on ocean’s coast,
Thus sprang his soul to light. ”

Thousands attended the remains of Coleman to the grave,—the funeral procession extending more than a mile.

A choice young man, and a goodly; and there was not among the children of Israel a goodlier person than he.

† 66.—THOMAS COOPER:—Entered deeply into politics at the commencement of the French Revolution;—followed the armies, with his pipe in his mouth, and his map before him, in all their movements;—familiar with the character and tactics of every general; the talents, plans, and opinions of every politician; insomuch, that when the fever in some measure abated, he said to a friend, “It is a wonder the devil did not get me.”—His lack of theological reading and study, in the interim, supplied by more early application, and by the power of imagination, which was ever fertile—ever lively.—Could allegorize with the facility of a Keach.—Exceedingly ready.—The descriptive powers of a Scott;—painting character and scenery to the life.—Great power of expression, and, when so disposed, uncommonly sarcastic.—His nervous system irritable;—subject latterly, to occasional depression.—Inclined to severity.—A good grammarian and historian.—Close, except in certain company, when he indulged in free conversation; but cherished a taciturn feeling.—Naturally rich in intellectual endowments; all the elements of a first-rate man,—but—but politics!—A melancholy instance of a CHRISTIAN MINISTER injuring his usefulness and cramping his energies by *Newspaper*, instead of *Theological reading*.—Why object to political reading? Does not Dr. Knox, in his *Spirit of Despotism*, tell us, that politics afford a field for intellectual energy, and all the finest feelings of benevolence; that they exercise and strengthen every faculty; and that they call forth the latent virtues, which else had slept in the bosom, like the diamond in the mine!

And does he not enquire, why this employment thus useful and honourable, should be confined to a few of the race of mortals? why there should be a monopoly of political action and speculation? urging upon all the advantage of political discussion; and considering a few occasional ferments, with all their inconveniences, as arising out of that general discussion among all ranks and orders in society, infinitely preferable to the putrescence of stagnation. With views like these, it would be no difficult task to argue in favour of everlasting Chartism, and the existence of political Bishops in the House of Lords. We have no objection to a man knowing what is going on in the world,—to a man occasionally unbending to other things and other subjects than those with which he is more immediately concerned; but still, we say, let the ploughman stick to his coulter,—the cobbler to his last. Philosophy is the grand staple of the philosopher, theology of the divine. When any other pursuit becomes a *passion*, adieu to success in all regular business.—Politics with Thomas Cooper became a passion, and he lived long enough to lament the loss his ministerial spirit sustained—often much more severe upon himself than others could be for the fault he deplored.—Bradburn had a high opinion of his powers; and no wonder, for when he entered into the spirit of his work, he was rich in language,—searching to the very core,—and no less captivating with the beauties of imagination.—On touching the curls of his hair—fingering his cravat—or hitching up his lower drapery, the people were generally prepared for something extra.—Began in 1781; died in 1832. *Make full proof of thy ministry.*

† 67.—CHRISTOPHER HOPPER:—Converted to God in

1747—died at Bolton, in Lancashire, 1802.—Suffered much persecution, but stood in the midst of the rushing sheets of molten, like an angel in the flaming centre of the sun.—Preached in private houses, barns, stables, on the mountains and on the plains, in the streets and in the market-places, in cities, towns, villages, wherever he could summon together a group of human beings to hear him.—A son of thunder, before whom the stout-hearted sinner quailed like a craven.—Multitudes in different parts of the British empire converted under his ministry.—Strong sense,—considerable knowledge,—great integrity,—untarnished in Christian character,—burning zeal,—active,—somewhat of an authoritative air,—prudent,—steady in his attachments;—often powerful, and generally graphic in his descriptions.—Sermons stocked with sound theology, and mostly exceedingly helpful to Christian morals and experience.—Diligent in his search after truth; took nothing on trust.—Not one of those men who could form an intimate and cordial coalition of friendship at once with another—pouring out his bosom, his every thought and floating fancy, his very inmost soul with unreserved confidence;—rather cautious and considerate, till knowledge gave rise to confidence.—Shunned the sentimental flights of novelists;—cool, as to the sage philosophy of moralists; struck fire the moment evangelical truth was elicited.—Acquired a competent knowledge of the views that occupied the generality of men,—had studied a great variety of characters,—attentively observed the force and violence of human passions,—looked into the infirmities and contradictions they produce in the conduct of human life, and found in this knowledge what Mosheim denominates

"the Key to the secret reasons and motives which gave rise to many of the most important events of ancient times."—Both read and thought.—To a friend who visited him a few days before his death, he observed—and the observation shews how *character* clings to man to the last,—“I have not the shadow of a doubt; and as for the enemy, I know not what has become of him: I have neither seen nor heard of him for a long time: I think he has quitted the field.”—Published two or three Sermons.—Would make a fine subject for biography.—We refer to his funeral sermon, Methodist Magazine, 1803, p. 389, not only for his character, but for a specimen of Thomas Cooper’s pulpit talent. The text was appropriate, so far as accommodation goes;—*Know ye not that there is a prince, and a great man fallen this day in Israel.*

* 68.—ALEXANDER BELL:—Middle size,—florid complexion.—Open as the day;—generous as a warm sun;—powerful voice;—ready,—off-hand,—affectionate,—cheerful—laborious,—fervid;—not splendid, but useful talents,—and more than acceptable—much desired.—Entered the work in 1810.—Can with propriety say, from the fact of his being always in season in sacred things—*Our mouth is open to you, our heart is enlarged.*

* 69.—JOHN BEECHAM:—One of the General Secretaries of the Missionary Society.—Well rounded,—stiff,—short;—a good, pleasing, and rather intelligent face.—Clear, but not an easy speaker.—A good understanding, but not much feeling.—A man of close application to business.—Has attended to mental cultivation.—Every thing adjusted, chisselled, and measured by the square and rule.—Set out in 1815.—Attends to the injunction—*Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost.*

† 70.—**PHILIP HARDCASTLE**, senior :—A tall, athletic man ; a fine countenance, but slightly quizzical.—Converted under old Richard Burdsall of York,—recommended to the itinerant work by J. Murlin, the “ Weeping Prophet,” and set apart to it by John Wesley, in 1781.—A great deal of genuine wit ; but not that wit which Chesterfield—of whose acquaintance, by the way, we are half ashamed—tells us, renders a man unpopular ; which carries terror along with it ; and of which people are as much afraid as a woman is of a gun, who thinks it may go off of itself, and do her mischief : but one of those wits whose acquaintance was worth seeking, and whose company was worth frequenting—perfectly harmless, except in the presence of coxcombs, fools, and knaves.—Strong intellectual powers ;—plain, forcible, and pointed in his preaching ;—a good insight into the Word of God ;—solid piety,—a steady friend. It is stated, that Mr. Everett visited him when stretched upon the couch from which he was transported to heaven, when he accosted him with,—“ Well Everett, I am glad to see you ; we have often met and parted ; you must pray with me : it seems to me, as if you had just dropped in for the last time, to wind up the watch, before the weary wheels of life for ever stand still.” A beautiful thought ! full of tender allusion, as well as of character ! *Quit you like men, be strong.*

† 71.—**JOSEPH PILLMOOR** :—Originally from Kirby-moorside.—Followed the plough, and after a hard day's labour, travelled fourteen miles on foot with his coat suspended over his arm, to preach to the people in the distant hamlets and villages.—The first who, in connexion with Richard Boardman, offered himself for America, August,

1769.—Tall ; majestic in his person, with his hair flowing in ringlets over his neck.—Commanding voice, and superior matter.—Unusually popular.—His ministerial labours, travels, and sufferings, only assisted in illustrating his devotedness to God, as gold can only be known by the application of the touchstone. *Joseph is a fruitful bough, a fruitful bough by a well, whose branches run over the wall.*

* 72.—DANIEL WALTON :—Respectable in classical attainments.—Similarity between mental construction and physical form.—The metal sterling, but wants bulk.—Smart,—clear ;—not captivating ;—defective in pathos ;—useful ;—highly respectable, but not commanding.—Began in 1814.—Does not stand out from his brethren with the boldness that his talents authorize.—Permits inferior men to get before him.—Having set the example, there is no harm in him saying—*Give attendance to reading.*

* 73.—JOHN WATERHOUSE :—Nobly offered himself for the foreign work, with a large family, after enjoying the comforts of excellent home stations between twenty and thirty years.—A good tactician.—A little playful ;—can laugh up to the eyes, so as to exclude the day.—Managable voice,—good judgment,—disposes his pulpit furniture to good advantage,—and is often effective in the delivery of his sermons.—Much respected.—Entered the work in 1809. *His leaf also shall not wither.*

* 74.—PHILIP C. TURNER :—Educated for the medical profession.—Not remarkable for genius ;—language good. Fervent,—pastoral.—Fine temper.—An acceptable preacher.—A tender solicitude for the moral, religious, and intellectual improvement of the young, who are generally found clinging around him like the clasping ivy—a sure sign of

real worth in the object loved.—Highly useful.—In good odour among the people.—Set out in 1821. *My tongue shall speak of thy word.*

† 75.—WALTER GRIFFITH :—Stout ;—well made ;—the appearance of a fine old man, if not already possessed of, entitled to a dukedom ;—rather pale but lovely features, with an expression of benevolence ;—all chisselled with the perfection of sculpture, and the brow bearing the impress of mental power and thought.—General form of the face inclined to oval,—the under lip dropping a little in later life, and the chin lowered on the chest.—The eyes large, but not full,—beautifully fringed lids,—the pupil a light blue, and the surrounding orb partaking of the same celestial tinge ;—the whole seeming to float rather than move, with an expression which glowed within like the flame of the opal, or other pellucid gem, lighting up the countenance, and exciting a sort of pleasing sensation in the heart of the beholder.—Correctly described in the Conference Obituary, as unblemished and highly respectable in character,—kind, sympathetic, and generous in disposition,—sound in judgment,—distinguished for promptitude, firmness, and decision ;—clear and discriminating in his views of truth ;—possessed of deep and unaffected humility,—lively and vigorous faith,—steadfast hope,—and unbounded love.—His preaching eminently evangelical, experimental, energetic, and fruitful.—Sustained the highest offices in the Connexion.—So modest, and deeply sensible of his ministerial defects—though all around were pleased and profited, that he was afraid to open his eyes on his congregation, during the delivery of his sermons, for the space of two years, in the early part of his ministry.—His eyes frequently

suffused with tears, while preaching,—the slightly arched nostril, at the same time, big with feeling.—During an affliction, prior to his last illness, his medical attendants were about to prescribe a little opium to procure sleep and mitigate pain: “No,” said he, “none of that for me; if I am to go to God in this affliction, I am resolved to enter into his presence with my faculties perfectly clear—my soul unclouded.” It is a fine remark of Lavator,—“that the most eloquent speaker, the most ingenious writer, and the most accomplished statesman, cannot effect so much as the mere presence of the man who tempers his wisdom and his vigour with humanity.” Here lay the charm and extensive influence of Walter Griffith.—Travelled forty years; died in 1825. *Thou art unto them as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice, and can play well on an instrument.*

† 76.—ROBERT JOHNSON:—Broad set;—a pleasing countenance,—a tender spirit;—meekly gentle;—conscientious.—A sweet, mellow voice,—inclined to the plaintive and pathetic.—A delightful expositor; particularly in bringing before an audience the historical and biographical parts of the sacred writings,—making all tell with exquisite effect upon the mind, the morals, and the heart,—the whole being addressed to each with a gentle, winning tenderness.—Good sense, and some reading.—“I had often regretted,” said Daniel Isaac, “that I never saw a person die in the spirit of a patriarch: composed, tranquil, assured, communing with his God, as a man with his friend: but when I sat beside Mr. Johnson, and listened to his heavenly conversation, I could almost conceive that the Father of the Faithful was entertaining me with a

description of those spiritual realities, in which he was just about to participate, in all their fulness and glory for ever." Commenced in 1783; finished 1825, at Hull. *They shall spring up as willows by the water-courses.*

† 77.—THOMAS STANLEY:—The townsman of Robert Johnson, and brother of Jacob Stanley, senior.—A clear voice, and distinct enunciation, and when regularly dealt with, agreeable.—Deliberate, except at the close of his discourses, when there were occasional outbreaks, and his voice seemed to gather strength, though somewhat with the barking vehemence of Benson.—Sermons generally short, striking, and judicious.—A good eye, searching its way into the soul of the hearer, and darting from under the long eyebrows, like two daggers, when the head—usually drooping, is partially raised.—Exceedingly shrewd;—amiable and obliging in his temper;—and so rich in anecdote, that a young man, who rose early one morning to set him out of the town of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, when going to visit his parents, was so completely lost to his situation, and beguiled in his feeling, that he never paused—hanging on his lips all the way, till he reached the town of Alnwick, a distance of 35 miles: when Stanley placed him on a chair, in his father's house, sat opposite to him, enjoying the joke; while his young friend, about the same age as himself, awoke from his reverie—began to feel the effects of his walk—habited in his working costume—with the same ground to foot the next day.—One of the most interesting men for young people;—the delight of the boys when Governor of Woodhouse Grove School,—making all happy around him, yet maintaining his authority.—“Come, come Mr. Stanley,”

said one of the bargemen, who plied his vessel in one of the country parts of the Leeds circuit, and who thought that he was long in getting into the more interesting part of his subject, "spread a bit more canvass." "Stop a little," returned Mr. S., "till I have just made a tack or two, and weathered this point, and then we shall be able to get on a little better;" proceeding, in perfect good temper, and with the greatest presence of mind, as if the interruption had constituted part of the discourse.—Having to put a person away from the society for improper conduct, he was accosted by the man at the close of a religious service, with "Mr. Stanley, I wish to speak to you, Sir, before the people." Mr. Stanley, perfectly cool, enquired, "What have you to say?" The man returned, "You have taken away my character, Sir." "I am very glad of that," rejoined Mr. Stanley, "for when you had it in your own possession, it was a very poor one, and not worth keeping; if this, therefore, be your complaint, I may be considered as having done you essential service." The man, who thought of enlisting the people on his side, was dumb-founded, and had the laugh turned upon him.—On letting any one see his faults and errors, it was easily perceived, that the advice was given, not for personal gratification, but for the persons own advantage,—one of the most difficult provinces of friendship. Died suddenly, in London, in 1832, after having travelled 37 years.—A practical exposition on—*Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love.*

* 78.—JOHN RATTENBURY:—Limited attainments,—yet extensively useful.—Sweet, warm feeling;—a good voice;—an impressive manner;—somewhat Newtonian, both naturally and imitatively;—generally attractive and correct. Set out in 1828. *Zealous of good works.*

* 79.—WILLIAM B. STEPHENSON:—Extraordinary imitative powers, as to manner, matter, and voice; but has the good sense and prudence to confine them to the freedoms of social life.—Good voice,—flexible,—well adapted to the softer emotions; least agreeable when loud.—Rather winding in getting into his subject;—invariably loses time here, which he rarely discovers till the close.—Deliberate in the outset—generally impressive—and occasionally tender.—A good memory;—great facility for laying hold of passing events, and turning them to good account.—Considerable tact.—His off-hand strokes and essays often more happy and telling than his studied compositions.—Effective on the platform.—Caustic when necessary.—Affects a gravity and solemnity, not always in keeping with his quiet humour;—naturally playful,—and fond of a pun, especially upon words. Began in 1821.—In good request, and therefore—*In journeyings often.*

* 80.—JOHN BICKNELL:—Stiff,—precise,—clear,—neat,—pointed,—correct,—cold,—rather prosy,—and too much bound to plan.—Gold flattened into leaf, rather than in the ingot.—The whole line of road macadamized.—Memoriter, we opine. Entered the list in 1812.—Allied to one of the ancients, of whom it is observed—*The preacher sought to find out acceptable words, and that which was written was upright.*

* 81.—THOMAS JACKSON:—Has plodded hard since he entered the work, in 1804, to cultivate a mind, not naturally rich, and brought it to yield fair average crops.—Style good,—a degree of polish,—but void of richness and strength.—Expository.—Wants originality.—Good judgment;—an industrious collector; and disposes his materials

to readable advantage.—In all his adjustments, classification and care;—connection rather than beauty;—propriety rather than solidity;—useful rather than attractive.—A sound theologian on plain subjects, though not profound; and well qualified for the office he sustains, as Editor of the Wesleyan Magazine.—An agreeable rather than a rich voice;—and full, but not varied.—A little provincial in his pronunciation, and soonest detected in—BIBLE,—which is somewhere between bawble and boible.—Useful reading, and also creditable scholarship; but unable to enter into the niceties of criticism, or the more subtle distinctions of our eminent divines.—Well acquainted with the Puritans, and Puritanic times.—Published an excellent life of John Goodwin, though not popular, in consequence of a want of domestic and social incident, and savouring too much of the character of a Descriptive Catalogue; and a good life of Richard Watson, though somewhat heavy in material, and himself below the genius of his subject.—The proper person for issuing an edict—*That search may be made in the book of the records of thy fathers.*

† 82.—JOHN STEPHENS:—A noble person;—fine temper;—a superior mind;—fond of epithet;—style inflated;—address grave, and lingering.—Pulpit preparations got up at great cost, and from the labour required, the work of preaching apparently irksome; and hence, attempted as often as opportunity offered to impose it upon others.—Fond of swelling in the ears of the multitude the note of loyalty.—An excellent preacher, when thoroughly in the spirit of his work.—Entered the itinerant work in 1792.—A notice of his death in the “Watchman” of

Feb. 3, 1841, highly satisfactory; but mental and ministerial character too highly wrought by the writer.—Required spurring and support; and was often in the predicament of one of old, but who never but *once* required such aid;—*But Moses' hands were heavy, and they took a stone, and put it under him, and he sat thereon: and Aaron and Hur stayed up his hands.*

† 83.—WILLIAM BUCKLEY FOX:—Born in Saddleworth, Yorkshire, 1787;—travelled six years in England;—sent by the Missionary Committee, in 1816, to the Island of Ceylon;—returned to England, after eight years residence abroad, for want of health;—and laboured in English circuits till 1834, when he died in peace at Tiverton, Devon.—Possessed strong, and highly cultivated intellectual powers,—and had treasured up by close application, great stores of learning and science, all of which were brought to bear upon the work of the ministry.—Universal genius.—Great aptitude for the acquisition of languages;—tenacious memory—what was once gained was never forgotten;—had some knowledge of upwards of twenty, and a critical knowledge of eleven languages;—assisted in translating the Scriptures into Cingalese.—An edifying preacher, a diligent pastor, a devoted Christian, and well reported of all.—His own excellences and attainments seemed concealed from himself.—“If talents create distinction, it is in favour of learning.” So says Trusler, in his Memoirs; and he is correct. A good statesman, a good warrior, may defend his country from invasion, and preserve it in a progressive state of peace and quiet; a good artist or mechanic may gratify the tastes and luxuries of his fellow-creatures—but he who excels in learning and

science, improves his mind, enlightens his ideas, and makes himself useful to society,—he must always have the pre-eminence. This pre-eminence had Mr. Fox, who by the resistless force of perseverance, converted—figuratively speaking, the quarry into a pyramid, the wilderness into a garden, and united distant countries, as by a pathway, with his knowledge of language. *And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues.*

† 84.—JAMES TOWNLEY:—Doctor of Divinity.—Received a liberal education from the Rev. David Simpson, author of the “Plea for Religion.”—Was one of the General Secretaries to the Wesleyan Missionary Society, and elected President of the Conference, in 1829.—Steady piety;—acceptable pulpit talents;—pastoral;—deep sympathy.—“We of this age,” said Dean Swift, “have discovered a shorter and more prudent method to become scholars and wits, without the fatigue of reading or thinking. The most accomplished way of using books at present is twofold: either, first, to serve them as some men do lords, learn their titles exactly, and then brag of their acquaintance; or, secondly, which is indeed the choicer, the profounder, and the politer method, to get a thorough insight into the index, by which the whole book is governed, and turned, like fishes, by the tail. For to enter the palace of learning by the great gate, requires an expense of time and forms; therefore, men of much haste and little ceremony are content to get in by the *back door*.”—Dr. Townley entered by the front door; merited the honour conferred.—Judgment;—industrious;—acquainted with several languages;

—well versed in Ecclesiastical History, and had considerable Biblical knowledge; the latter rare and curious.—The author of different works of great research and merit,—especially “Biblical Anecdotes,” 1 vol. 12mo., and “Illustrations of Biblical Literature,” 3 vols. 8vo.—If “authorship,” in the opinion of Schlegel, “is according to the spirit in which it is pursued, an infamy, a pastime, a day labour, a handicraft, an art, a science, a virtue,”—then the authorship of James Townley was a virtue,—pursued in the spirit of prayer, and with an intention to do good.—Died in 1833,—having travelled 37 years.—Exemplified the truth of that sentiment—*Neither do men light a candle to put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick; and it giveth light to all that are in the house.*

† 85.—THOMAS TAYLOR:—Large in person;—ordinary features.—Good understanding;—a useful preacher;—matter, manner, and style homely, though not coarse.—Rather sententious;—not rapid in his delivery;—and rarely on fire.—Voice a little husky, and natural temper short and peevish, but subdued by divine grace.—An early riser,—a close student,—and fond of a book,—as well as being a book-maker and a book-seller.—Studied the original languages of the sacred text.—Attentive to the flock, in public and in private.—Exceedingly impatient with dulbards and loiterers.—Perhaps increased the number of those who, as Young observes, “are liberal in giving advice,” and than which, he intimates, nothing is more common, “be their stock of it large or small;” not forgetting to suggest, that “it seems to carry in it an intimation of our own influence, importance, or worth.”—With few drawbacks—a fine

specimen of the old school.—Inspired the muse of Montgomery, in his piece, entitled, “*The Christian Soldier*,”—occasioned by the sudden death of the Rev. Thomas Taylor; after having declared, in his last sermon, on a preceding evening, that he hoped to die as an old soldier of Jesus Christ, with his sword in his hand.—Set out in 1761, and died in 1816.—The reader is reminded of what is said of the patriarch—*Jacob was a plain man*.


* 86.—ABRAHAM E. FARRAR:—Tall,—gentlemanly.—A preacher from boyhood; entering the work in 1807.—The voice rather screechy, but far from disagreeable.—Varied matter,—useful,—often tender;—and though apparently affected, never lowers the dignity of the Christian pulpit.—Much beloved,—a kind heart,—and sought after by the first circuits.—Something like a southern climate, gilded with sunshine, perfumed with fragrant gales, and decorated with a profusion of plants and flowers; and though not exposed to pestilential heats, noxious animals, torn by hurricanes, or rocked by earthquakes, yet a little too fond, perhaps, of display and of prettinesses.—Somewhat more of the rougher regions of the north would improve him, by giving a more masculine character to the whole.—For a succession of years, so far as stations go, he has, like—*Abraham, journeyed toward the south country*.

* 87.—WILLIAM NAYLOR:—Commenced in 1802.—A fac simile, in many instances, of No. VII. in this collection, as though he had either taken him as a model, or submitted to his plans, but without the same powers of intellect; we refer chiefly to the vibratory movements of the head, a fondness of epithet and gingling divisions, and the fettering plan of pinning himself down to what is written.—Always

respectable in matter and manner ;—maintains the Christian and the minister ;—ardent ;—without tripping ;—but soon becomes parched about the mouth, which, though without checking the current of thought and expression, nevertheless seems slightly felt by himself.—The voice loud, and full, though rather monotonous.—Sermons well studied and arranged—shewing judgment—though defective in ease.—Appears, owing to his general correctness, like—*A man with a measuring-line in his hand.*

* 88.—PHILIP GARRETT:—"A man," says Dr. A. Clarke, in his Commentary on the Bible, II Kings, xx., *in fine*, "of rare knowledge in the science of *gnomonics*, and ingenuity, in constructing every possible variety of dials ;" assisting the Doctor in forming a dial on the principle of that of Ahaz, serving at once as a *public tribunal*, and as a *dial*, to ascertain all the *inequalities* of the *Jewish division of time*.—Well skilled in astronomy ;—clever at repartee,—great buoyancy of spirit ;—always gay ;—smart ;—sparkling to the top. — Not a correct speaker, but clear, figurative, striking, sometimes queer ;—often thrilling and effective.—Talking to Richard Watson once on the planetary system, and urging some point on which the former was either sceptical, or was disposed to try the skill of Philip, the latter swaggering up and down the room, with his arms swinging, and with the waddle of a duck, exclaimed, "The planets, Sir! Why the works of God are so immense, that the planets themselves are mere marbles for the breeches pocket of a young angel, to play with!" —A voice very like that of Dr. A. Clarke, but more shrill.—The essence of good temper.—Began his ministerial

course in 1799 ;—Has published a work on the construction of Mathematical Tables, on a plan peculiarly his own—clear and simple, and highly interesting ;—a work which ought to be in the hands of every youth with a head for signs and figures.—Can enter into the spirit of the language of the Royal Psalmist—*When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers ; the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained ; what is man that thou art mindful of him ?*

 89.—JOSEPH FORSYTH:—All points and angles to his very walk ;—a weasel eye ;—exceedingly conceited, and fond of paradoxes.—Embraced Dr. Clarke's theory of the Sonship, without understanding it.—Discontented ;—never thought he got circuits equal to his merits.—The Old Connexion everything bad in his esteem, chiefly arising from a knowledge of himself.—Divided the Society at Gateshead, which others had collected ;—got a chapel built, and went over to the New Connexion with the booty,—a Connexion ready, on all occasions, to receive such, giving the preference to him over James Jones, because of the spoils received by the division.—In the course of two or three years, published a pamphlet against the New Connexion, which had been beheld and proclaimed as immaculate, charging the members of its Conference with hypocrisy, falsehood, winking at crime, &c.—Obliged to leave the eight hundred stolen members, together with the chapel, like a dog detected in his neighbour's pantry, and compelled to drop both bone and meat, and to slip off as dogs do, with the back up, and other significant signs.—What has become of him ? —An example of the effects of Prohibition, operating on a perverse nature. The “ Sonship,” as held by Dr. Clarke,

was discarded by the Conference, and the preachers cautioned against it. The very thing for Joseph. Gregorius Leti, in his "History of the Duke d' Ossuna," gives a remarkable instance of this perversity. A rich Neapolitan merchant, Jacob Morel, prided himself in not having once set his foot out of the city, during the space of forty-eight years. This coming to the ears of the duke, Morel had notice sent him, that he was to take no journey out of the kingdom, under the penalty of 10,000 crowns. The merchant smiled at receiving the order; but afterwards not being able to fathom the reason of such prohibition, grew so uneasy, that he paid the fine, and took a little trip out of the kingdom; just as the said Joseph paid the fine of his connexion with the body—took a short trip among the Kilhamites—leaving them, but still a perfect Ishmaelite, his hand against every man, and every man's hand against him.—Burgh on "Human Nature," gives utterance to a truth which seems next to prophetic of "Joseph and his brethren," in the Gateshead division;—"The multitude judge almost constantly wrong on all subjects that lie in the least out of the common way. They follow one another, like a flock of sheep, and not only go wrong themselves, but make those who are wiser ashamed to go right. And yet it is not prudent to be singular in matters of inferior consequence."—Travelled a few years, and was expelled from the body in 1835.—Truly may it be said of all such,—*And they had tails like unto scorpions; and there were stings in their tails; and their power was to hurt men five months.*

* 90.—JOSIAH HILL:—A benignant and intelligent face;—a highly cultivated mind, combined with rare

natural endowments ;—excellent diction ;—wealthy in matter ;—agreeable in manner ;—and a superior preacher.—Few higher treats than to hear John Foster, author of an “ Essay on Popular Ignorance,” &c., and the present gentleman, letting out their souls to each other in mutual discourse on select subjects—calling into light what has lodged in the recesses and secret chambers of the soul—bringing, by occasional hints and incidents, old useful notions to remembrance—and unfolding the hidden treasures of knowledge, with which reading, observation, and study had previously enriched the mind.—Once contemplated a Life of Richard Baxter. Why is it delayed, when materials are collected for it, and there is so much mind to bring to bear upon the subject?—Has good taste,—that kind of taste, which is defined by a popular writer, as being “ A fine, delicate and true perception of all relations of thoughts, in which feeling is either predominant or essential to their existence—which is commensurate with Fancy and Imagination, and with Judgment when employed in those provinces of its empire, where the sensibilities dwell—and which is a poor, low, sensual name, of a rich, high, spiritual power, and should be drummed out of the immortal muses,” as well as literature in general.—Admitted into the Connexion in 1795. *How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace !*

* 91.—RICHARD TREFFRY, SEN. :—Stern in appearance but kind in disposition.—Good judgment,—great perspicuity,—some originality,—careful reading,—and nothing but strong, plain sense from him.—Sober—blunt—honest.—Has published some useful tracts.—“ If,” says Sterne, in his

Letters, and whom we only quote, as we would quote the devil when he speaks the truth,—“If,” says he, “a man has a right to be proud of anything; it is of a good action, done as it ought to be, without any base interest lurking at the bottom of it.”—With Richard Treffry, everything is noble and open;—nothing curtailed. Started in the itinerant race in 1792. *We trust we have a good conscience, in all things willing to live honestly.*

* 92.—JOSEPH FOWLER:—The appearance of snapshiness, but mere mannerism.—A large fund of Wesleyan information, taking notes of everything he hears in Conference, as to the business, doctrines, and usages of the body.—Expresses himself with promptitude and precision.—No useless words.—An excellent preacher—pointed—convincing—and instructive.—Rather abrupt;—but good tact.—Fit to move in the first circuits.—Began in 1811. Has—*The hearing ear and the seeing eye.*

* 93.—BENJAMIN CLOUGH:—Went out with Dr. Coke, to the East Indies, in 1813, and aided in the establishment of a Wesleyan Mission in Ceylon and on Continental India.—Returned to England to recruit his health in 1836, and has since laboured in English circuits.—Sometimes preached four times a day when abroad, and after returning home in the evening, has sat down and wept, because he could not preach oftener; thus giving vent to his feelings,—“If my bones were brass, and my flesh iron, I would cease not to preach day and night.”—Published “A Dictionary of the English and Cinghalese, and of the Cinghalese and English Languages: under the Patronage of the Government of Ceylon,” in 2 vols. 8vo.: a work of great labour,—the first of the kind,—and important to the interests of

oriental literature.—Published and translated other works in the East.—Frank,—generous—useful,—unostentatious, and teeming with interest as an orientalist.—To such men, there is—in connection with their works, a meaning more than ordinary in the language of the prophet—*These waters issue out toward the east country, and go down into the desert, and go into the sea: which being brought forth into the sea, the waters shall be healed.*

* 94.—SAMUEL DUNN:—An intelligent face,—middle size,—active,—industrious.—Entered the work 1819.—One of the first Wesleyan Missionaries to the Zetland Islands.—Author of some useful single sermons, and has also published excellent Selections from the voluminous writings of Dr. A. Clarke, J. Goodwin, Calvin, &c.—Great care—judgment—and somewhat concise, as well as precise.—Clear, good style, though not rich or elegant.—Substantial matter.—Sometimes rousing.—Vehement in his delivery, but not impassioned.—Devout in his manner.—All studied.—Faithful.—Conscientious.—The burr of a Northumbrian in his throat, as if hawking up his words, from the windpipe, like the croaking of a rook; yet not at all disagreeable.—Clear,—good voice;—rapid, when loudest.—Inflexible.—Not wrapped up in the chrysalis of pomp, like an insect in the pupa state, which some showy preachers too much resemble; but a real workman, whom some writers would classify among the principal organs of human greatness.—Perhaps slavishly particular.—Never neglects to say to those around—the passage being the regulator of his own steps—*Make straight paths for your feet.*

* 95.—WILLIAM BEAL:—A geologist, and a divine.—

Published on Geology; also a volume, entitled, "The Fathers of the Wesley Family."—Acute;—lively;—equally logical and sententious.—Partial to the antique.—An acceptable preacher.—Commenced in 1808.—His language is—*Marvellous are thy works; and that my soul knoweth right well.*

* 96.—WILLIAM SMITH, 1st.:—Open;—honest;—fearless;—prompt;—impetuous.—Matter good;—language rather elevated;—rapid in his delivery, but most rapid, when most vehement and excited.—Employs expressions occasionally, which require qualifying.—Good, warm feeling;—firm and affectionate in his friendships.—An excellent preacher.—Entered 1812.—Deeply interested in his work. *Thanks be to God, who put the same care into the heart of Titus for you.*

* 97.—PETER DUNCAN:—Went a Missionary to the West Indies in 1819;—returned to England in 1832.—Examined before a Committee of the Lords, &c., on the subject of West India Slavery.—His testimony told powerfully on the heads and hearts of his examiners; and hastened the deliverance of the Negro.—Would have made an excellent barrister.—Shrewd,—wary,—foreseeing, like most Scotchmen;—inventive,—playful;—has generally an army of reserve;—fine temper.—A good preacher;—powerful,—convincing,—impressive.—Rivets attention, and keeps up the interest. Telling on the platform;—always exciting expectation, without giving the full tale of labour.—A pleasing, though not a harmonious voice.—A cheerful and instructive companion.—A slight smile of waggery, playing about the face, with a sidling glance of the eye—dark, and quick.—Has lived and laboured to good purpose, saying, on every fitting occasion—*Hear me, therefore, and deliver the captives, which ye have taken captive of your brethren.*

* 98.—WILLIAM FRANCE:—Entered the itinerant work in 1802.—Would have no objection to walk arm in arm through life, with Coxius on one side, and the prophet Zechariah on the other; especially the latter, of whom he seems to dream by night, and think by day; and on whose prophecies the world may expect to be favoured—and we hope at no distant period, with a Commentary of no ordinary merit.—A man of good sense and reading, with a knowledge of the learned languages; but, in preaching, often appears like a man struggling with his subject, rather than having the supreme mastery of it; either only perceiving the twilight of it himself, or allowing his hearers, by reason of his metaphysical manner of treating it, or its own more abstruse character, to see no more; being occasionally either like mind ill applied, or not employed to the best advantage, and on the most easy and useful subjects for his hearers.—Now and then like a gun that hangs fire.—Would have yielded fine crops, if he had at first got buried, body and soul, among the little thick quartos, of the old puritans, sparkling with diamonds, instead of logically spinning threads.—Finds it necessary, and properly so, to try to settle with Tucker, in his *Light of Nature*—though in a much more Methodistical way, the real province of reason; knowing that, if parties become litigants at setting out, and are not brought to some agreement, there can be but slender hope of their travelling amicably together the remainder of the journey. Turns his attention to the believer, who is perpetually warning men to beware of reason as a blind fallacious guide, telling them to submit their reason to faith, and believe things they cannot under-

stand ; and next to the rationalist, who will admit nothing of all this, maintaining that reason is the only faculty we can have to distinguish truth from falsehood, right from wrong, and that if we discard this guide, we must grope in the dark without any guide at all : then, steps in between them, —shews that both are useful—that each has its assigned province—that the one cannot perform the work of the other—that they may work in harmony and usefully—and that, like two servants in the same establishment, they are necessary for the work of the house. But it is not always necessary to be forming preliminaries, settling disputes, entering into points of intricacy. The clock ought to go, and to go both long and well, after the wheels are cleaned, adjusted, and oiled,—the hammer striking distinctly on the bell, so as to inform the people of the hour, and the finger pointing to the very minutes and seconds on the face, that they may ascertain exactly the little time they have allotted them for the momentous concerns of working out their salvation with fear and trembling. The same mind employed on less abstruse subjects, would tell much better on an audience ;—the head is comparatively hard—the heart soft ;—hence, the men who are groping about the one, are less extensively useful than those who are fumbling about the other. We have no objection to a man mounting the attics, when he is going a star-gazing on a fine, clear, winter night ; but if he have any wish to keep himself warm, he will prefer the blazing fire below, and invite others to it. The command of the Lord to the prophet is,—*Write the vision, and make it plain upon tables, that he may run that readeth it.*

† 99.—ROBERT SWINDELLS:—One of the first preachers ;

—set out in the Christian ministry in 1741, and died in 1783.—“Patient in bearing ill and doing well.”—The law of kindness was in his heart;—his words dropped honey;—his sincerity was as pure as a ray of unmixed light;—without an enemy;—a martyr in suffering. *Herein do I exercise myself, to have always a conscience void of offence toward God, and toward man.*

† 100.—WILLIAM WILLIAMS:—Travelled 17 years;—died in 1813.—Low in stature—dark complexion—expressive features.—A sound judgment, and a good store of useful knowledge, acquired by close application to reading.—Conducted himself with wisdom and zeal.—Elocution clear and manly;—style elevated, but not showy;—views of divine truth correct and comprehensive;—a good sonorous voice;—deeply impressive; and often highly impassioned.—Ministry not only popular, but greatly owned of God.—“If I am asked,” says Sir William Jones, in his Commentaries, “who is the *greatest* man? I answer, the *best*; and if I am required to say who is the best, I reply, he who has deserved most of his fellow-creatures. Whether we deserve better of mankind by the cultivation of letters, by obscure and inglorious attainments, by intellectual pursuits calculated rather to amuse than inform,—than by strenuous exertions in *speaking* and *acting*, let those consider who bury themselves in studies unproductive of any benefit to their country or fellow-citizens. I think not.” On this shewing, William Williams was—if not one of the greatest—among the great men of the earth; and this will apply to a large portion of Wesleyan Methodist Preachers. *Laying up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they may lay hold on eternal life.*

We commenced with a few full length portraits—then proceeded to mere outlines—and now, like the tapering of a wedge, we are compelled to close with the names of such men as would have profitably employed a few leisure hours, had we not carried our leading operations further than we originally intended,—still leaving hundreds unnamed, who—to do justice to each, would lead at once to what is a disideratum in Methodism—a Biographical Dictionary. We might, for instance— and we only name a *few*, have given a characteristic outline of each of the following, of whom honourable mention is made either in the Minutes of Conference, or who are known to the public ;—James Goffney, Thomas Lee, John Norris, John Peacock, Jacob Rowell, Samuel Wells, Jeremiah Robertshaw, Joshua Keighley, Edward Burbeck, James Gore, Thomas Worell, James Wray, John Braithwaite, Titus Close, Dr. Coke, John Bredin, Joseph Taylor, William Toase, John S. Samp, Jacob Smith, George Morley, Robert M. Macbrair, William Kelk, John Hughes, Jeremiah Brettell, Andrew Blair, Thomas Bridgeman, William Myles, John Murlin, William Moulton, John Nelson, sen., John Nelson, Jun., Joseph Entwisle, jun., Edmond Grindrod, Philip Hardcastle, jun., John P. Haswell, Joseph Cusworth, George Cubitt, Walter O. Croggan, William Wood, Samuel Woolmer, Thomas Wride, John S. Pipe, John Pool, John Riles, Benjamin Rhodes, John Pritchard, Robert Roberts, Thomas Olivers, Booth Newton, Jonathan Parkin, John Pawson, William Radcliffe, John Stamp, William Stephens, Thomas Roberts, Richard Rodda, John Storey, George Storey, Thomas Rutherford, James Rogers, Frederick Calder, William H. Clarkson,

William Clegg, Benjamin Andrews, Alfred Barrett, James Bartholomew, Cuthbert Whiteside, Richard Whatcoat, William Barton, Joseph Taylor, sen., Henry Taft, John Valton, Francis Truscott, Richard Treffry, jun., Thomas Walsh, William Vipond, William Threlfall, Thomas Warwick, Thomas Vasey, E. Hoole, Samuel Taylor, James Oddy, Vincent Perronet, Edward Perronet, Charles Perronet, John James, Arthur G. Jewitt, Edward D. Lloyd, Theophilus Lessey, sen., Thomas Kelk, James Kershaw, Joseph Mann, James Mc. Donald, John Lancaster, Daniel Mc. Allum, Robert Lomas, William Grimshaw, Peter Haslam, John Hearnshaw, Edward Jackson, Paul Greenwood, Henry S. Hopwood, Peter Jaco, John Hampson, sen., John Hampson, jun., Samuel Hodgson, Joseph Hollingworth, James Creighton, Joseph Cownley, John Crooks, Richard Elliott, William Entwisle, Samuel Entwisle, Thomas Harris, Parson Greenwood, Robert Hopkins, William Hunter, John Haime, John Leppington, Cleland Kirkpatrick, Samuel Kittle, John Moon, John Morris, Robert Pickering, Thomas Pinder, Alexander Suter, George Shadford, Joseph Sanderson, John Mason, Robert Millar, Miles Martindale, William Martin, Joseph Drake, John Fenwick, Samuel Entwisle, John Goodwin, John Crosby, Richard Cundy, Jonathan Crowther, sen., Owen Davies, Peard Dickinson, Joseph Cooke, Marshall Claxton, James Mc. Byron, John Dillon, John Doncaster, Thomas Dixon, John Brown, sen., John Brown, jun., William Hosmer, &c., &c., &c.

TESTIMONIES

IN FAVOUR OF WESLEYAN METHODISM,

&c., &c.

No wonder, that to such a class of men, with the exception of those marked with human hands, as "men pointed at," in connexion with their immense and unwearied labours, and their beneficial influence upon society—men who chiefly owe their ministerial existence, under God, to one of the greatest men of the age in which he flourished—JOHN WESLEY; no wonder, we say, that such testimonies as the following should be borne in their favour—unbought—unsolicited—and frequently proceeding from persons the most unlikely to appear at the bar of the public to speak for them—testimonies, by the way, as honourable to the liberality of the testifiers, as they are creditable to the character and sanctified labours of the preachers.

KING GEORGE III., after he had lost his sight, asked Mr. Charles Wesley, nephew of John Wesley, who was with his Majesty one day, "Mr. Wesley, is there any body in the room but you and me?" "No, your Majesty," was the reply. The King then declared his persuasion that Mr. Wesley's father and uncle, with Mr. Whitfield and Lady Huntingdon, had done more

to promote the spread of true religion in the country, than the entire body of dignified clergy, who were so apt to despise their labours.—See *Wesleyan Meth. Mag.* 1834, p. 516.

DR. HAWEIS observes, “The venerable BISHOP of Worcester, during his preaching, had observed a poor man remarkably attentive, and made him some little presents. After awhile, he missed his humble auditor, and meeting him, said, ‘John, how is it that I do not see you in the aisle as usual?’ John, with some hesitation, replied, ‘My Lord, I hope you will not be offended, and I will tell you the truth. I went the other day to hear the *Methodists*, and I understood their plain words so much better, that I have attended them ever since.’ The Bishop put his hand into his pocket, and gave him a guinea, with words to this effect, ‘God bless you; and go where you can receive the greatest profit to your soul.’” Dr. H. gives a sketch of J. Wesley.—*Dr. Haweis’s Church History*, Vol. III. p. 244. Dr. Haweis was Rector of Aldwinkle, Northamptonshire; and published his History in 1800.

DR. HURD, an Episcopalian says, “The great spread of *Methodism* has certainly contributed to set people in general upon things of the greatest moment to them; and I will venture to assert from my own observation, that there has been such an appearance of seriousness, and such a concern for religion, visible in all ranks of the people, since it has so much prevailed, as cannot be remembered in any such period of time since the Reformation. Their very enemies will scarcely deny, that they have greatly contributed to establish order

and civility among the common people; that they are (I mean the real Methodists; for Presbyterians, Quakers, and every other sect have been personated as well as they, for interested and vile purposes) a peaceable, upright, and praiseworthy set of people; that *they cannot, upon their principles, distress, but must add strength to the hands of Government*; and that their rise and amazing progress have roused the Established clergy from that lethargy into which they had fallen, and engaged them to be attendant on the charge to which they were so solemnly appointed.”
 —*Hurd's Hist. of all Relig.* Article Methodists.

BISHOP JEBB concedes, that “With all its alloy, there is much pure gold in Methodism. I soberly believe, that it has been the providential means of reviving and diffusing, far beyond its own sphere, that inward spiritual religion, which is *diffused through our Liturgy*, but which had been, before John Wesley's rise, *almost banished from our pulpits*, by the cold, rationalizing, spiritless system of morals, which came in fashion about the Restoration, and reached its acme about the middle of the last century.”
 —*Bishop Jebb's Life.*

DR. HORNE'S opinion of Mr. Wesley, and of his consistency,—and also Mr. Jones's views of him, are recorded in the Life of the former, by the latter; Bishop Horne replied, on application being made to him for Mr. Wesley to preach in one of the parish churches, “Mr. Wesley is a regularly ordained clergyman of the Church of England; and if the minister make no objection, I shall make none.”
 —*Jones's Life of Bishop Horne*, pp. 156—164.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON, (Blomfield) in one of his late charges, (1837,) remarks, “that the Methodists

have faithfully, though irregularly, preached the Gospel in many *neglected* districts."—*Charges*.

DR. PALEY, Archdeacon of Carlisle, so celebrated for his *Natural Theology*, *Evidences of Christianity*, &c., informs us, "After men became Christians, much of their time was spent in prayer and devotion, in religious meetings, in celebrating the eucharist, in conferences, in exhortations, in preaching, in an affectionate intercourse with one another, and correspondence with other societies. Perhaps their mode of life in its form and habits was not very unlike that of the *Unitas Fratrum*, or of modern *Methodists*."—*Paley's Evidences*, Vol. I. p. 38, first published in 1794.

DR. CORBETT, Archdeacon of the City and West Riding of York, delivered a charge to the resident clergy in the York call of his archdeaconry, Monday, June 3, 1839, in which he observed, "A century ago the Church of England, from the many years of peace she had enjoyed after the struggle of a great rebellion, had, as it seems agreed on all hands, sunk into a state of quietude, which had paralyzed her energies, and nearly destroyed her usefulness. The parochial duties of the clergy—that watchfulness over the faith and minds of their flock—the daily intercourse, the kindly warning, the Christian rebuke—that systematic attention to the spiritual instructions of the young which her canons and rubric enjoin, had all fallen into neglect. The daily prayers were laid aside—the Sunday services of the Church carelessly run over—and the only discourses heard from her pulpits were methodical dissertations or moral exhortations. The consequence of all this was, the higher ranks of society viewed the

ordinances of religion with indifference, and the poorer classes had sunk into the grossest vices. At this period it was that a memorable man, John Wesley, and his associates, awakened our countrymen to juster apprehensions of Christian truth; set before them, with hitherto unseen earnestness, the threatenings and mercies of Jesus Christ; awakened new fears, pointed to higher hopes, and enforced the necessity of purer and more constant gospel obedience. And great indeed was the success which followed their labours. Wesley was a member of the Church of England, and to awaken her clergy to the necessity of greater and better directed exertions was his wish and first endeavour; but so little did his views of religion accord with the prevailing habit of mind and the state of religious feeling among the clergy, that from them, for the most part, he met only with dislike and opposition. The irregularities into which he soon permitted himself to enter widened the breach; and as his sectarian tendencies became more and more powerful over his calmer judgment, he was contented to form and model a school—that Methodism which grew into so much importance—importance ever since maintained. Wesley, however, addressed himself especially to what might be called doctrinal efforts. It was his object to place in the light they must ever claim, those doctrines found only in the gospel of Jesus Christ. He urged upon men the recollection of the fall and corruption of their nature, the necessity of an atonement, the reparation effected by the satisfaction of Christ's sufferings; he urged that this was from grace on the part of God—of merit only on the part of the Redeemer, which was never to be deserved by man. He urged the necessity of

conversion—of faith as the means of conversion, and the manifestation of conversion through the assistance and operation of the Holy Spirit. In a word, he preached the gospel, and the effects those doctrines produced ought to convince them that it was only by so doing they could gain a right influence over the people, and secure their eternal good.”—*York Chronicle*, June 5, 1839.

THE REV. RICHARD CECIL, another clergyman of the Established Church, eminent as a preacher and popular as a writer, says, “*Methodist* is the present term for one who has too much vital and practical Christianity for the bulk of professed Christians; and, of course, for the world at large: and I shall affirm, without fear, that whatever be the rank, talents, and general respectability of such an one, however steady and consistent his attachment and conformity to the Established Church, however free from eccentricity and irregularity in his walk; yet let him be in *earnest* and in *action* as a Christian, and he shall be a proof of my remark.”—After giving an account of what are considered defects in the system, he goes on, and says, “Nothing, however, but ignorance or malice would stop here, in giving an account of these people. With all the disadvantages and abuses which attach to their method, they have laboured and not fainted in planting the gospel amongst the poor, and that with the most surprising success, even in the most dark and profligate places. They have exerted themselves in relieving their bodily, as well as spiritual wants. They have extended their endeavours to barbarous regions; and multitudes of genuine Christians could attest, that whatever they have since attained to in Christianity, and under whatever denomination they

now proceed, they owe their first serious impressions to the labours of these men; many of whom have not only possessed considerable abilities and information, but also apostolic zeal and disinterestedness."—*Cecil's Memoirs of the Hon. and Rev. W. B. Cadogan, A.M.*—Cadogan died, 1797; Cecil, in 1810.

THE REV. RICHARD WARNER, Curate of St. James's parish, Bath, and Rector of Great Chatfield, Wilts, a voluminous writer on Roman and other Antiquities, Topography, Theology, &c.,—an extensive Tourist,—the Defender of the British and Foreign Bible Society,—and a firm friend of the Established Church, as his edition of the Book of Common Prayer and Psalter, preceded by an Introduction, prove;—this gentleman, every way disinterested, observes, after describing the happy change produced in the *minds*, the *morals*, and the *circumstances* of the Cornish miners,—“You will naturally inquire *who* have been the immediate instruments of so much good, in a district so unlikely to exhibit such appearances? And I feel I am but doing justice to a class of people, much, though undeservedly calumniated, when I answer, the *Wesleyan Methodists*. With a zeal that ought to put to the blush men of *higher pretensions*, those indefatigable servants of their master, have penetrated into the wilds of the mines, and unappalled by danger or difficulty, careless of abuse and derision, and inflexible in the good work they had undertaken, they have perseveringly taught, gradually reclaimed, and at length, I may almost venture to say, completely reformed a large body of men, who without their exertions, would probably have still been immersed in the deepest spiritual darkness, and grossest moral turpitude.

The irreligious fools of the world, and the interested asserters of *exclusive establishment privileges*, would probably consider this tribute of praise to the Wesleyan Methodists, as the dotage of enthusiasm, or the cant of disaffection; but from *you* I may expect a more favourable conclusion. In *your* heart there is a corresponding chord, which will vibrate with pleasure at the view of so ample an harvest of good, whoever may have been the labourers employed in sowing seed; and will be ready to bear grateful testimony to that exemplary zeal, which, under the sanction of higher auspices, has been the means of producing it."—*Warner's "Tour through Cornwall in the Autumn of 1808,"* p. 302.

DR. STONEHOUSE's view of Mr. Wesley, is worthy of notice: "Mr. John Wesley is a prodigy. It is amazing what he does; but I think a particular providence attends him, and prolongs his life and usefulness."—*Orton and Stonehouse's Letters*, Vol. II. p. 308.

DR. CHALMERS says, "Methodism is Christianity in earnest."

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON, the Apollo of Literature, has many notices of the Methodists, and the founder of Methodism. "John Wesley's conversation is good," says the Dr., who was favoured with a visit from him; "but he is never at leisure. He is always obliged to go at a certain hour. This is very disagreeable to a man who loves to fold his legs and have out his talk, as I do."—Boswell speaking one day of the success of the Methodists, "Sir," said the Dr., "it is owing to their expressing themselves in a plain and familiar manner, which is the only way to do good to the common people, and which the clergymen of genius and learning ought to do from a principle of duty,

when it is suited to their congregations; a practice for which they will be praised by men of sense. To insist against drunkenness as a crime, because it degrades reason, the noblest faculty of man, would be of no service to the common people: but to tell them that they may die in a fit of drunkenness, and shew them how dreadful that would be, cannot fail to make a deep impression."—When speaking of unhappy convicts, he gives it as his opinion, that a *Methodist Preacher* should be preferred to the regular clergy, for real usefulness.—The Dr. does not only give Methodist Preachers credit for simplicity, but for zeal. "Whatever may be thought," continues he; "of some Methodist teachers, I could scarcely doubt the sincerity of that man, who travelled nine hundred miles in a month, and preached twelve times a week: for no adequate reward, merely temporal, could be given for such indefatigable labours."—After remarking, that the Established Clergy did not preach plain enough; he adds, "Something might be necessary to excite the affections of the common people, who were sunk in languor and lethargy, and therefore he supposed the new concomitants of *Methodism* might probably produce so desirable an effect."—*Boswell's Life of Johnson*, Vol. I. p. 435; Vol. II. p. 122; Vol. III. p. 25.

The great ROBERT HALL, remarks, in looking at public affairs, "Such was the situation of things, when Whitfield and Wesley made their appearance; who, whatever failings the severest criticism can discover in their character, will be hailed by posterity as the second Reformers of England. Nothing was farther from the views of these excellent men, than to innovate on the Established Religion of their country;

their sole aim was to recall the people to the good old way, and to imprint the doctrines of the Articles and Homilies on the spirits of men."—*Hall's Works*, 12mo., Vol. II. p. 294.

DR. PRIESTLEY, so averse to evangelical religion, observes, "Perhaps no man ever trifled less, or gave less time to anything that could be called *amusement*, than Mr. Wesley. His whole life was one scene of serious business, of one kind or other, and of almost unremitted exertion." And in addressing the Methodists, he avers, "By you chiefly is the gospel preached to the poor in this country; and to you is the civilization, the industry, and sobriety, of great numbers of the labouring part of the community owing."—*Original Letters by John Wesley*, published by Dr. Priestley, 8vo., 1791, pp. 5—17.

ARTHUR AIKIN, a member of the Geological Society of London, the son of Dr. Aikin, author of several philosophical and chemical works, and co-editor of the *Annual Review*, with his brother;—Arthur Aikin, a *Socinian* in his religious creed, avows, "I am acquainted with no place, the manners of whose inhabitants are so unexceptionable (as far at least as a stranger is enabled to judge of them,) as Amburch: and the favourable opinion which I was led to entertain of them in visiting the town last year, is confirmed by what I have observed at present. Not a single instance have I known of drunkenness; not one quarrel have I witnessed during two very crowded market-days, and one of them a day of unusual indulgence, that I passed at this place; and I believe no gaol, or bridewell, or house of confinement, exists in this town or neighbourhood. Most of

the miners are *Methodists*, and to the prevalence of this religious sect, is chiefly to be attributed the good order that is so conspicuous."—*Aikin's Tour through North Wales*, p. 148, published, 1797, 8vo.

ALEXANDER KNOX, Esq., remarks of Mr. Wesley, "I endeavoured to consider him, not so much with the eye of a friend, as with the impartiality of a philosopher: and I must declare, every hour I spent in his company, afforded me fresh reasons for esteem and veneration. So fine an old man I never saw. The happiness of his mind, beamed forth in his countenance;—and wherever he went, he diffused a portion of his own felicity."—*Whitehead's Life of Wesley*, Vol. II., p. 486.

LORD STANLEY, son of the Earl of Derby, at a public meeting held at Preston, Lancashire, March, 1839, when a number of gentry and clergy of the deanery of Amounderness attended, with a view to promote "Education on Church Principles," observed, "He himself could speak with pleasure of the services which had been rendered to the cause of education by dissenting communities—of the gratitude which the church owed to men who were professed labourers in the harvest of instruction; and to none did they owe a more large and sound debt of gratitude than to that sect which, he rejoiced to think, differed the least widely from the Established Church—differed in no respects from its precepts and doctrines, and which had ever been the foremost and most active in that work in which they themselves were so deeply interested,—the promotion of religious education. He need hardly say, that he referred to that most important, intelligent, and zealous sect, the Wesleyan Methodists.

Others might speak as they thought, but from his lips the name of John Wesley should never be heard to issue in other than terms of the highest respect and reverence. He was satisfied, that although they might have cause to regret the schism of his (Wesley's) followers—of a most numerous body—from a communion with the Church of England, yet, by his zeal, energy, and pious exertions, Wesley, at a time when churchmen were more supine or less active than they should have been, raised up amongst them a spirit of rivalry; and although at latter times dissent had greatly added to the numbers of those who possessed a large amount of religious knowledge, yet, by kindling the energy of the Church, it had added materially to its efficiency; and he was confident that, had John Wesley lived in these days, and in this state of our Church, he would have been there amidst them as a zealous co-operator. He did not despair of hearing that among the Wesleyan Methodists there were some who, though feeling warranted in conscience in separating from the Church, would yet come forward and assist them in their endeavours to carry out the great object they had in hand."—*Watchman*, April 3, 1839. p. 115.

SIR PETER LAURIE, an active magistrate in the metropolis, among other remarks at the Annual Meeting of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, at which he presided, in Exeter Hall, May 4th 1840, observes, "In every country where civilized man has set his foot, have the missionaries of your denomination endeavoured to propagate the truths of Christianity. I have read your laws and regulations; I am well acquainted with the organization

of your societies; I highly approve of your tenets; and I glory in thinking with you that man is a free agent, and that he is a responsible being. I have been censured for calling your great Founder an Apostle. I here repeat the term. He was an Apostle to the miner and manufacturer. Wherever you see the enterprize of our countrymen establishing mines and manufactories, there you find the unobtrusive, diligent Wesleyans following in the track, and supplying those miners and new settlers with religious instruction, by raising tabernacles for the worship of God, and endeavouring to lead souls to heaven. This has been your conduct through England; and I rejoice, when travelling through the land, to find in every hamlet a little unobtrusive chapel of the Wesleyan Methodists. Oh! ladies and gentlemen, I would much rather see such a building, than a station-house for a rural police; and I would that all the country might embrace your sentiments, and emulate your moral character, for then, indeed, no police would be heard of.—I always loved the Wesleyans. Many a time I have slipped into Hinde-Street Chapel, unknown to any body, and I was always enamoured of your creed. Mr. Dixon has stated you could give a code of laws for New Zealand. Why, the code of laws I have read of the Wesleyan Connexion would afford laws for the government of Europe. If ever I saw perfection in laws, —if ever I saw human wisdom in laws,—it is, in my humble opinion, in the laws by which you are governed.”
—*Watchman*, May 6th 1840.

JOHN BUDDLE, Esq., in a “Narrative of the explosion which occurred at Wall’s End Colliery, on the 18th of June, 1835,” states, “Several benevolent persons in

the neighbourhood exerted themselves in administering comfort and consolation to the afflicted; and the attentions of the preachers of the Methodist Connexion for the same benevolent purpose, were also unremitting and most praiseworthy."—Vol. II. Part II. p. 363, of the *Transactions of the Natural History Society of Northumberland, and Durham, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.*"

Another writer, adverting to Mr. Wesley, and the effects of his ministry, remarks, "His great object was, to revive the obsolete doctrines, and extinguished spirit of the Church of England; and they who are its friends, cannot be his enemies. Yet for this, he was treated as a fanatic and an imposter, and exposed to every species of slander and persecution. Even Bishops and dignitaries entered the lists against him; but he never declined the combat, and generally proved victorious. He appealed to the Homilies, the Articles, and the Scriptures, as vouchers for his doctrine; and they who could not decide upon the merits of the controversy, were witnesses of the effects of his labours; and they judged of the tree by its fruit.—After surviving almost all his adversaries, and acquiring respect among those who were the most distant from his principles, he lived to see the plant he had reared, spreading its branches far and wide, and inviting not only these kingdoms, but the Western World, to repose under its shade. No sect, since the first ages of Christianity, could boast a founder of such extensive talents and endowments. He penetrated the abodes of wretchedness and ignorance, to rescue the profligate from perdition; and he communicated the light of life to those who sat in darkness and the shadow of death. He changed the outcasts of Society, into useful members; civilized even

savages, and filled those lips with prayer and praise, that had been accustomed only to oaths, and imprecations." *Woodfall's Diary*, London, June 17th, 1791.

At the Eighth Meeting of the BRITISH ASSOCIATION for the ADVANCEMENT of SCIENCE, met in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, August, 1838, Mr. Cargill states, "That when the wages of the pitmen round Newcastle were less than they are now, crime was far more abundant:" he adds, "that much improvement in the moral condition of the colliers had been effected by the labours of the Wesleyan Methodists."—*Athenæum*, for 1838, p. 602.

In a critique on the life of Wilberforce, in the EDINBURGH REVIEW, it is affirmed, that the greatest *Moral Reformer* of modern times, with one exception, was William Wilberforce—and that exception was JOHN WESLEY: a compliment coming in the shape of reparation, for the injury done to Methodists and Methodism, in some of the Articles from the pen of the Rev. S. Smith, who at one period, was for having them "cracked" and "killed" like vermin. *Edinburgh Review*, 1839.

THE BRITISH CRITIC,—a literary journal of considerable note, tory in politics, and the advocate of an Established Religion connected with the State, speaks eloquently and strongly: "It is not easy, to imagine," it is remarked, "any thing more comprehensive than the polity, or more perfect than the organization, of the Wesleyan economy. Its discipline and constitution forms a stupendous monument of the genius of its author. They shew him to have been born to leave an indelible impress of himself on after generations. In this respect, Napoleon Buonaparte is not worthy to be compared to him. The name of Napoleon is indeed imperishable. But it is

written on the *annals* of Europe, not on her *institutions*. His gigantic footsteps were on the ocean-sand; and the waters have closed upon them, and have swept away their traces,—even as it were the toyish architecture of childhood. The name of John Wesley lives in the system which he founded. It is written *there*, in characters which are daily expanding, and becoming deeper, as that system spreads. He was a mighty religious legislator. The foundations of his polity are broad and deep: and the spirit of internal discord must become potent indeed, before it can rend his superstructure to pieces!" *British Critic* for 1836.

The same Publication, in a Review of Philip's Life and Times of Whitfield, remarks, "Whitfield was altogether and immeasurably inferior to Wesley. Wesley was a legislator; Whitfield was only an orator. Wesley had in him some of the highest elements of the statesman, or the ruler. He had skill, vigilance, perseverance, the power of calculation, the power of combination, the power of command. Whitfield was eloquent, but nothing more. Wesley has, therefore, left behind him a monument of his exertions, which may be almost said to be as wide as the circumference of the globe. In both hemispheres, there is a vast and increasing number of Christians identified with his memory and his name. Whitfield's influence was merely personal, and has been rapidly decaying and wearing out from the moment of his death. Nay, even to the constituents of eloquence, Whitfield possessed the *external* rather than the *internal*. His matter was often worthless, but good judges were often charmed with his *manner*."—*British Critic* for January 1838, p. 251.

A writer in the QUARTERLY REVIEW, observes of Mr.

Wesley, "He was unquestionably a man of very eminent talents and acquirements:—he preached twice or thrice every day; he rose, for fifty years together, at four in the morning, and never travelled less by sea or land, than 4500 miles in a year."—* *Quarterly Review*.

PRESENT STATE OF METHODISM:

THE REV. DAVID MC NICOLL, remarked, in 1825, in a Review of Everett's Sketches of Wesleyan Methodism in Sheffield—a Review acknowledged by him, that "Methodism has improved its general character with the progress of time. In its early days," continues he, "many eminently pious individuals arose, who have transmitted their own peculiar spirit and example to succeeding times; but there were also many instances of declension and unsteadfastness, such as have not occurred in latter times, either as to the kind of delinquency, or as to the number of the instances. It is an unblushing slander to say, that the Methodists are a fallen people. That they are far from what they ought to be, we allow and lament; but the testimony of the oldest, the most respectable and pious members of the body,—and these are undoubtedly the best judges,—is, that the general improvement both of preachers

* No man has been found to equal him, we would remark, in modern times, except one, and he happens to be a son in the gospel—the REV. ROBERT NEWTON. In a trip to Canada, from April 1st to July 1st, 1840, just *three months*, he compassed by sea and land, besides the Herculean toil of the pulpit, and other public meetings, NINE THOUSAND Miles.

and private members is, most striking."—*Wesleyan Meth. Mag.* 1825, p. 35.

DR ADAM CLARKE, a distinguished preacher, whose character and learning stand exceedingly high, and who travelled in the Connexion nearly half a century, has several times been heard to say "I am sick to hear some people talk about ORIGINAL METHODISM. I declare to you, that, to my own certain knowledge, there is more of genuine piety this day in the Methodist Connexion, taking numbers for numbers, than I ever knew since I began to preach." Mr. Mc Nicoll does not give the name in the above Review; but we have reason to know, that Dr. Clarke is the person alluded to, because he has been heard giving utterance to the sentiment.—*Wesleyan Meth. Mag.* 1825. p. 35.

A friend might be disposed pleasantly to say, "These 'Testimonies in favour of Wesleyan Methodism,' present it in the light of patent medicine, as though people might be induced to swallow it at the recommendation of the British Critic, Lord Stanley, and Sir Peter Laurie." The answer is simple:—Had Methodism not been assailed as a system, and its advocates been reputed by its opponents as the "filth and offscouring of all things," testimonies would have been unnecessary. But those who are not disposed to listen to witnesses from *without*, may turn to the pages which follow, and hear it speak for *itself*. If the MEDICINE be not *genuine*, as well as *patent*, yes, and potent too, it is one of the most consummate pieces of imposition ever practiced on the world; and certainly those who have fewer cases of "cure" to exhibit,—as to what they themselves possess, are not the persons who ought to be the first in the charge of quackery.

STATISTICS

OF WESLEYAN METHODISM.

THE following Statistics—while they are calculated to set to work a number of heads, fingers, pens, slates, and pencils, will convince some of our Statesmen, that Methodism is not the tame, creeping, inanimate, uninfluential thing some of them have imagined; and that it is not to be wondered that the Methodistical voice alone should be sufficient to upset the measures of Ministers on the Education System of 1839, and to render a straight jacket necessary for Daniel O'Connell. Nor do they less support the testimonies of the noble, the wise, and the learned, as already given—with hundreds more that might be added, in favour of Wesley and his Men.

NUMBERS IN SOCIETY, &c.

In the year 1839, the number in Society, in the *United Kingdom*, amounted to 333,451.

In addition to these, there are other religious bodies, that have seceded from the parent stock, as the *Methodist New Connexion*, the *Primitive Methodists*, the *Protestant Methodists*, the *Wesleyan Association*, &c., amounting to at least 130,000.

Among the latter are various minor divisions, affecting only particular towns or districts, at different periods,—as the followers of George Bell, of Mr. Edwards, Leeds; of Dr. C. Bailey, Manchester, together with the “Band Room,” party in that town; of Messrs. T. Bryant and Mc. Nab, Sheffield; Mr. Cook, Rochdale; Mr. Pocock, Bristol; Mr. Atley, Dewsbury; &c., &c. The *Brianites*, or “Bible Christians,” in the West of England, also omitted, amount to 12 or 14,000.

The *Parent Stock*, and numerous *branches*, may be calculated to amount, in round numbers, to not less than 480,000 members.

Persons attending the *Methodist Ministry*, but not united to the body, are generally considered to be *double* the number of the latter; so that the *attendance* altogether on the *Ministry* of the Wesleyans in the three kingdoms, cannot be less than about 1,440,000.

The *regular Preachers*, supported by the *voluntary* contributions of the people, may be calculated to amount to upwards of 12,000, among the various sections of the Methodist body.

In the same sections of the body, there are not less than 18,000 *Local Preachers*, half of whom are probably employed every Sabbath.

The *places* of worship, *chapels*, and *private houses*, amount to at least 4,600; some suppose 7000.

Methodism has long existed in the *West Indies*, where it has 42,928 members.

It also exists in Continental India, in Ceylon, New South Wales, Van Dieman's Land, the Friendly Islands, Upper and Lower Canada, Africa, Germany, France, Sweeden, the Zetland Isles, &c.

The *total* number of *members* under the care of Foreign Missionaries, and the Wesleyan Methodist Church in Upper Canada, amounts to near 86,000, and the number of *Preachers* employed at the various Foreign Missionary Stations, including Canada, is at least 400.

But in no part of the world has Methodism spread so rapidly as in the *United States* of America. The *Preachers* employed in 1837, were 2,933; and the number of members in 1839, were 992,341,—the work itself having only commenced in 1767. This, of course, refers to the Wesleyan Connexion, called in America, “The Methodist Episcopal Church.” In addition to these, there

were in 1833, about 200 Ministers, and 30,000 Members belonging to a seceding body, denominated the "Methodist Protestant Church."

The *total* number of *Members*, therefore, belonging to the various sections of the Methodist body, in the *United Kingdom, America*, and other parts of the world, amounts to 1,423,000; the *hearers* of the Methodist Ministry, to about 4,272,000.

According to a Statistical Account of the increase of Christians in the world, there were in—

The <i>First</i> Century	500,000	Christians.
The <i>Tenth</i> Century	50,000,000	"
The <i>Eighteenth</i> Century	250,000,000	"
The <i>Nineteenth</i> Century	260,000,000	"

If this statement be correct, Methodism has spread more rapidly during its *first* century, than Christianity in the course of its *first* century;—Christianity numbering only 500,000, and Methodism 1,423,000—nearly *three times* the amount, exclusive of 2,849,000, *hearers*, who are otherwise *nominal* Christians, and make, in all 4,272,000, in some way or other connected with Methodism.

MONIES.

N. B. The following calculations are made, in many instances, on the Collections, *probable* and *actual*, of 1838.

1. In Support of MISSIONS, <i>home and abroad</i>	£97,225	15	5
2. Yearly Collection at <i>home</i>	6,617	0	0
3. KINGSWOOD and WOODHOUSE GROVE SCHOOLS, from the circuits, including <i>Donations</i>	8,652	2	2
4. CHAPEL FUND	4,000	0	0
5. JULY COLLECTION	3,693	0	0
6. THEOLOGICAL INSTITUTION	1,747	6	5
7. PREACHERS' AUXILIARY FUND, for England and Scotland	3,507	6	0
8. Average Board of 833 English and Scotch Preachers—say 15s. per week	34,437	0	0
9. CHILDREN of—say 660 families, averaging 4 to the family, on 387 circuits, which will be a sufficient allowance for Preachers on trial, £6, per annum each	15,840	0	0
10. HOUSES for 660 Preachers, at £30, per annum, including taxes, coals, candles, wear and tear of furniture, linen, &c., &c., (allowing only £5, for coals, £2, for candles, and £2, for letters and stationary.)	19,800	0	0

11. TRAVELLING EXPENCES, in horse, coach-hire, &c., for— say 387 circuits, paid at the Quarterly Board, (sup- posing 100 circuit horses at £20 each, and 287 at £10 each,)	4,870 0 0
12. SUNDAY SCHOOLS, containing,—say 400,000 children; and allowing 100 children on the average for each, will make 4000 Schools. Books, rent, &c., for each School £10.. .. .	40,000 0 0
13. PEW RENT, in—say 2,322 Chapels, in England, Scot- land, and Wales, allowing 6 Chapels to a circuit, and <i>two regular hearers for one member</i> , which will make 999,353 hearers. Deduct from the 999,353 hearers, <i>one third for free seats</i> , and then the 666,236 left, averaging the seats at 6s. per. annum, will yield ..	199,870 16 0
14. LOVEFEAST and SACRAMENTAL Collections in 2,332 Chapels, averaging 10s. each—say 6 times in the year	6,966 0 0
15. DORCAS and BENEVOLENT Societies, supposing only in 1000 Chapels, at £6., per annum each.. .. .	6,000 0 0
16. CHAPEL KEEPERS, LIGHTING, CLEANING, REPAIRS, &c., paid out of the Monthly Collection,—say £20 per annum, for 1000 Chapels.. .. .	20,000 0 0
Total for one year, simply to keep the machinery at work.. ..	<u>£473,226 6 0</u>

Admitting the 999,353 *hearers* and *members* in Great Britain to produce, (the hearers, by the way, giving but an inconsiderable portion of it—though full as much as there is just reason to expect,) the sum of £473,226. 6s. 0d.; then, on a fair calculation, the 4,272,000 persons throughout the world, connected with METHODISM, either as *hearers* or *members*, more nearly or more remotely, will produce about £2,022,933, per annum.

REMARKS ON THE PRECEDING.

It may be remarked, in connection with these calculations:—

1. That *Ireland* is not included in several of the items—though it may be seen from what is done in England—the system being the same, what is done elsewhere.

2. That there is no notice of the *erection* and *enlargement* of *Chapels*.

3. That many of the calculations are *below* the actual amount.

4. That the Methodists—though liberal, are comparatively *poor* in the bulk.

5. That, in addition to their other givings, they cheerfully support the *Establishment* and *Institutions* of the country, as well as display great benevolence in *private charities*.

6. That for the year 1839, the *Centenary Contributions* are considered extra—a Free Will Offering amounting to £215,000,—making, when added to the £473,226, 6s., Od., the total for one year, of £688,226., 6s., Od., nearly the *one half* of which Centenary Contributions were paid before the Conference of 1839.

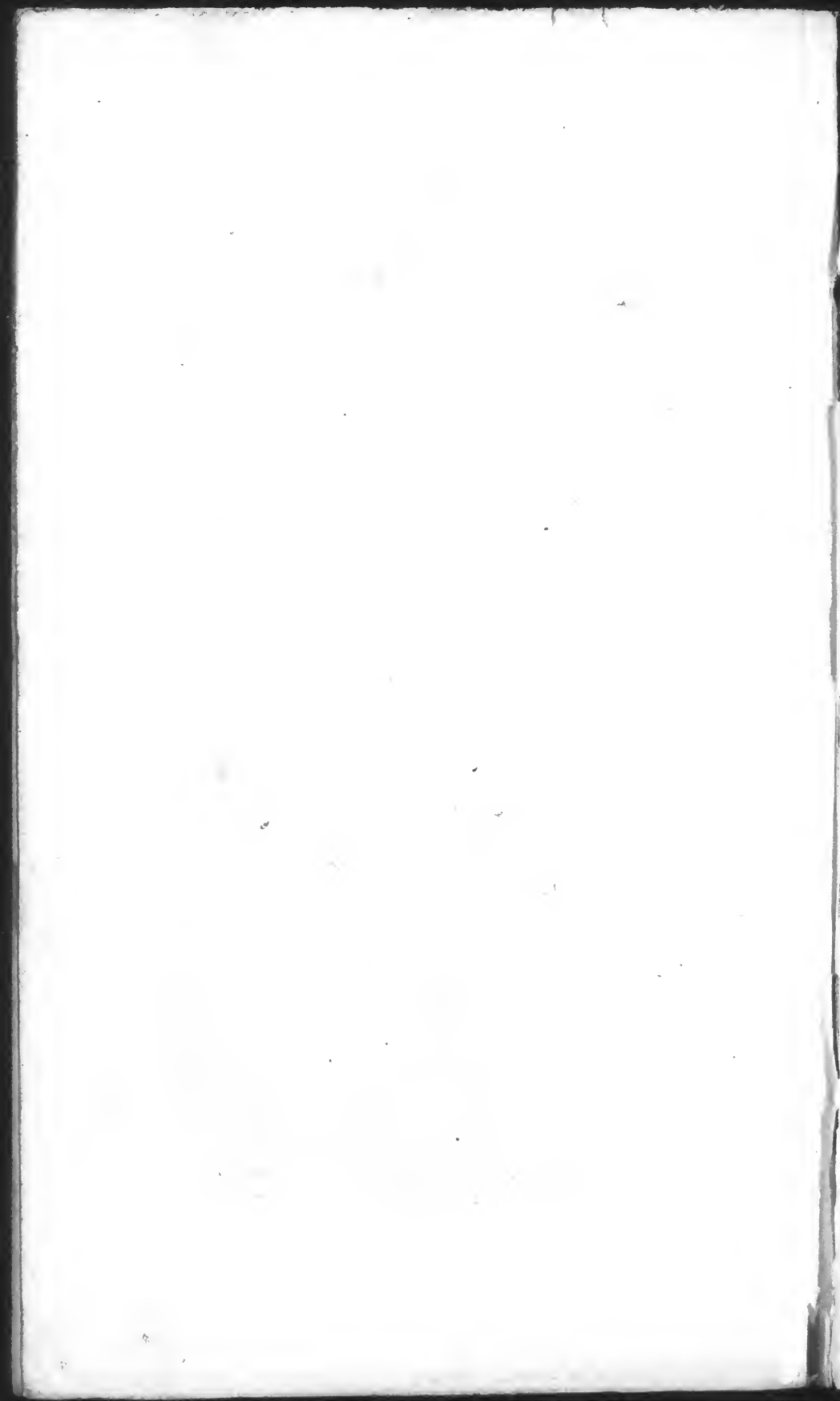
7. That the Centenary Fund is chiefly composed of monies paid by the members of Society.

8. That as it is principally in *seat-rents*, in the *monthly collections*, &c., that the aid of the *hearers* is felt, we may calculate on at least *two thirds* of the £473,226. 6s., Od., being contributed by the *members* of Society.

9. That the *two thirds* of the said sum of £473,226., 6s., Od., divided among the 333,451 members in England, Scotland, and Ireland, as the numbers stand in 1839, only average about 19s., some odd pence per head, being for *one whole year's* givings, considerably *less* than *one week's wage* of many a *mechanic*. Much, therefore, as METHODISM has been *libelled* on account of its *beggings*, *cravings*, and *extortions*, it is, upon the whole, one of the *cheapest systems* of religion—yielding to the poorest of the poor, in *lieu* of what they *give*,—

1. INTERNAL QUIET,
2. DOMESTIC COMFORT,
3. HABITS OF INDUSTRY,
4. A DISPOSITION TO ECONOMISE,
5. MANY OPPORTUNITIES OF USEFULNESS.

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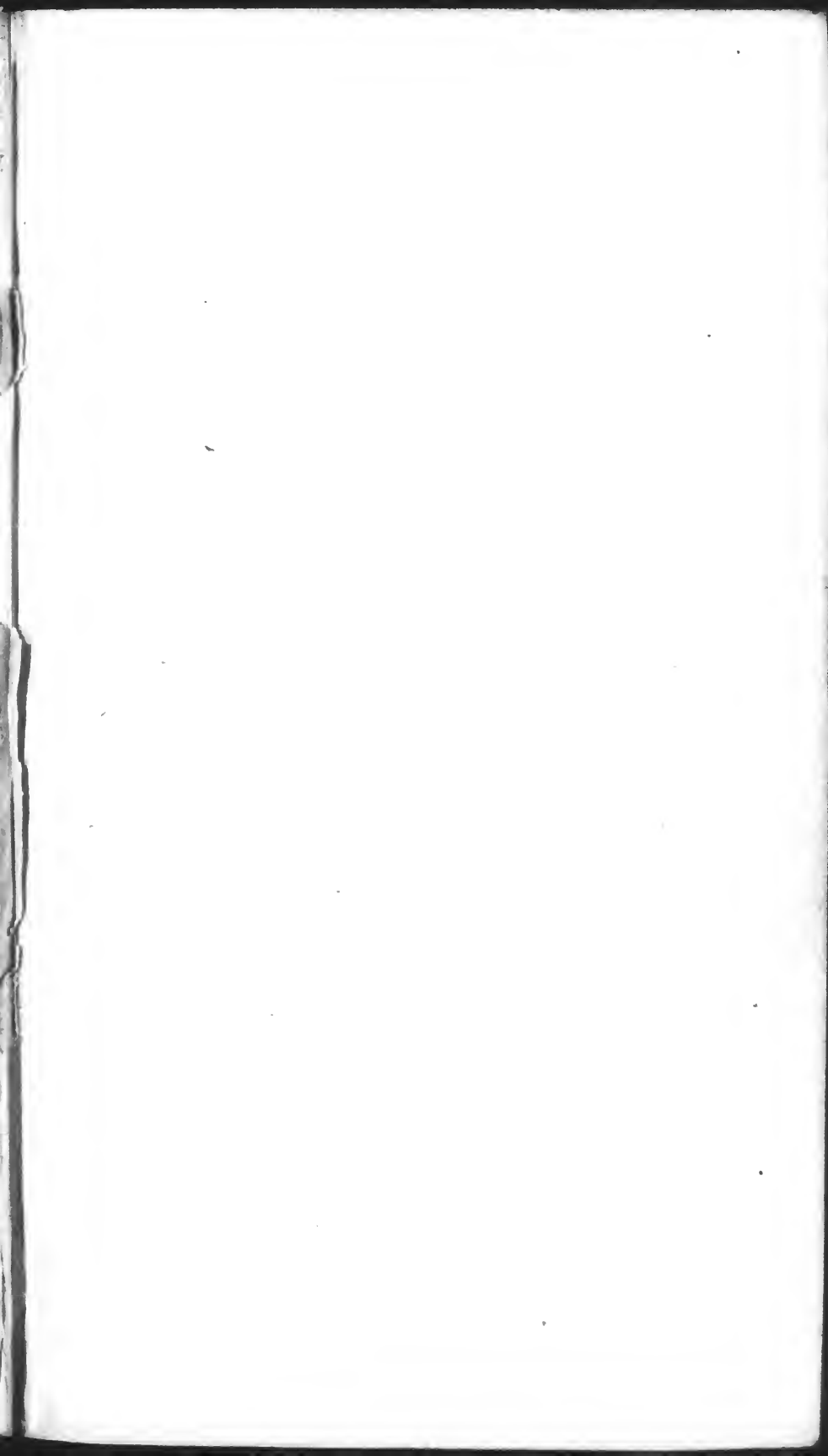
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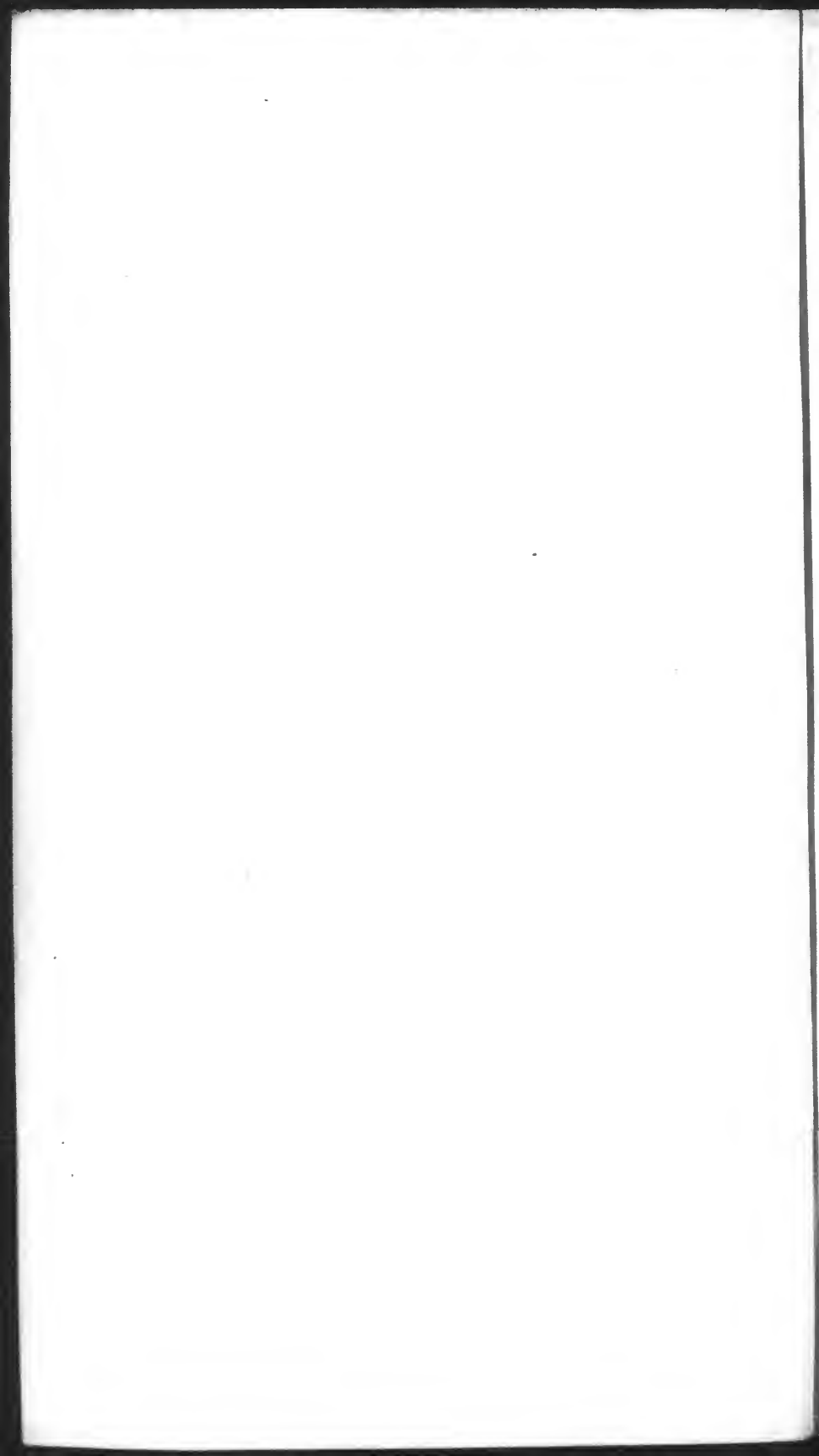
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WESLEYAN TAKINGS:

OR

Centenary Sketches

OF

MINISTERIAL CHARACTER,

AS EXHIBITED IN THE WESLEYAN CONNEXION, DURING
THE FIRST HUNDRED YEARS OF ITS EXISTENCE.

“Whose is this IMAGE?—And they said * * * * 's;
And they marvelled.”

VOLUME THE SECOND.

TO WHICH IS APPENDED

A TABLE,

SHEWING THE AVERAGE INCREASE OR DECREASE PER ANNUM,
RESULTING FROM THE LABOURS OF EACH OF THE TWO HUNDRED
MINISTERS SKETCHED IN THE FIRST AND
SECOND VOLUMES.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY HAMILTON, ADAMS, AND CO.,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1851.

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P R E F A C E .

SOME years have elapsed, since the appearance of the first volume of these Sketches, which took place during the sittings of the first Wesleyan Conference held at Newcastle-upon-Tyne. The present volume,—in conformity with the plan of “taking likenesses” for the Wesleyan Magazine, on the same occasion,—is intended to greet the same “Venerable Assembly,” at its second gathering in the same place.

The work has been delayed, in deference to the opinion of a few select friends; who, owing to their high esteem for the preachers, and a wish to avoid giving offence, have urged its postponement. Latterly, however, their views, like our own, have undergone a considerable change, through the reckless course pursued by many of the chief men amongst the preachers; and we no longer deem it necessary to pay respect to men who appear to have lost all respect for themselves.

The nameless Sketches contained in the first volume having been universally identified, concealment now, whether in reference to the dead or the living, might be deemed a matter of the sheerest affectation. We have, therefore, to state, in confirmation of public conjecture, that No. 1 comprises the sunny side of Dr. Bunting's character; No. 3 is a sketch of the Rev. Isaac Keeling; No. 5, of the amiable, intelligent, eloquent, and much injured Rev. James Bromley; No. 8, of the Rev. William Atherton, since

dead; No. 9, of the Rev. John Bowers; * No. 11, of the Rev. Robert Newton, D.D.+ It may now be added, that No. 102, in the present volume, is a sketch of the Rev. Theophilus Lessey, jun., who, like Mr. Atherton, has exchanged worlds since it was taken, and is now beyond the reach of criticism, so as to be affected by its praise or its blame. The nameless few in this, as in the first volume, are presented as puzzles, to exercise the guessing propensities of the reader; hoping that they will be as readily recognized as were the sketches of their anonymous predecessors. The third volume—and there is scope sufficient for a dozen more—may possibly confirm the conjectures raised respecting the identity of these also.

In addition to the Revs. J. Burdsall, J. Everett, W. M. Bunting, Dr. Dixon, S. D. Waddy, Dr. Beaumont, J. Smith, — Messrs. J.

* The Rev. G. M. called on Mr. Bowers, just after the appearance of the first volume, having come warm from its perusal. "Have you seen the Wesleyan Takings?" inquired Mr. B., anxiously yet doggedly. "I have," said Mr. M., drily, not being willing to show too intimate an acquaintance with such a naughty book. "It is too bad," said Mr. B., "to exhibit one in that shape, it is not at all like me." Then turning from himself, as if anxious to get away, and hide the picture from others, he asked, "Have you seen the sketch of Atherton?" Mr. M. answered in the affirmative; when his interlocutor added emphatically, "It is to the life!" Mr. M. had occasion to call on Mr. Atherton also, and proceeded direct to his house. He found Mr. A., like Mr. R., full to the brim of the "Wesleyan Takings." The same question was put, as to their perusal, and the same affirmative answer was given. "The writers," said Mr. Atherton, "have made me like a great bear, and sent me through the country with a monkey on my back, decked out with a red jacket: have you," he quickly added, "read the sketch of Bowers?" adding, "it is capital,—just the thing." Each could see his fellow, not himself. It was the man looking at his natural face in a glass; but straightway when he withdrew, forgot what manner of man he was.

+ A somewhat ludicrous circumstance occurred, illustrative of the scholarship of Wesleyan Doctors. This gentleman wishing to appear learned at the Sheffield Conference, just after the reception of his *doctorate*, observed, on the Memoir of John Hughes being read, that he was the author of the "*Horæ Britannica*," pronouncing the last syllable hard. "*Britannisa*, doctor," said a brother; "the *cæ* should be pronounced soft." The aptitude of the pupil was instantly perceived, by the learned Doctor repeating the word after his learned preceptor! Titles are awkward appendages when there is nothing to support them.

Holland, Rogers, the author of "Random Recollections," and even J. Montgomery and others, who have been alternately and separately suspected of authorship, suspicion has at length fallen upon Dr. Holdich of America; all, of course, clever hands at the pencil, capable of competing with a Denner, a Lely, a Vandyke, or a Reynolds; while the mere sign-board daubers are never once thought of,—as constituting mere drops in the bucket, or sprigs of grass on the shorn lawn. This is so far complimentary; and our artistic vanity is not a little flattered by the compliment.

Many quiet attempts have been made to come at the artists; and many are the curious colloquies on the subject, to which we have listened, which are preserved in manuscript till a future day, when possibly, in merry mood, we may publish them,—embodying the wise "says" of the shrewd and the profound. The moment the secret was approached, however, it vanished, or, like an *ignis fatuus*, it led its pursuers astray, over bog, and ditch, and brake. At length the test was applied,—for tests are no new things in Methodism. During the Warrenite struggle, Dr. Bunting, who is an adept at occult matters,—though he is unfriendly to the cultivation of the same taste in others,—issued a test in favour of "Methodism as it is,"—that is, as he himself had made it; embodying the tinkerings and tinsellings of between thirty and forty years. Alas, alas! Dr. Beaumont, James Everett, Samuel Dunn, and James Bromley, were profane enough not to lend their signatures to the wily—no, that is not the word—the precious document! Such was their want of discernment, such their folly, as to prefer "Methodism as *is was*," to "Buntingism," as it then existed,—resolving to run the risk of being black-balled for life, rather than be troubled in death, by subscribing to that of which, in their deliberate judgments, they could not approve. This was not forgotten; nor was it to be forgiven. On the publication of the "Wesleyan Takings," inquisition was again made, not from house to house, but in *the*

House, which of all houses is the most open with closed doors, and the most touchy on the subject of clique dignity and power. The affair is not without instruction, inasmuch as it discloses a certain portion of the workings of a comparatively occult system; and as certain documents, like truant boys straying from school, have fallen in our way, we are anxious to communicate a little of the little knowledge we possess, by placing those documents on record.

The gentle reader, then has to be informed, that the London District,—THE DISTRICT of all other Districts, with the Rev. Jabez Bunting, THE PRESIDENT of all other Presidents, as its chairman, took up the subject of these wicked "Takings." And why not? Kings have a right to do what they list at court; and should it be their sovereign will and pleasure to go out of their province by visiting the provinces, where is the wight that dare presume to gainsay? The centralizing leaven began to heave and work as heretofore: and, in reference to the plan playfully proposed at the close of the third preface to the first volume, for the guidance of the Wesleyan "*detective force*," sent out to hunt for the devoted authors,—a plan followed even to the letter by the Wesleyan Conference,—the worthy chairman exclaimed, with a touch of crimson beyond ordinary, and with all becoming majesty,—"Every man of them shall be questioned!" That was enough: Jupiter had not only nodded, but thundered! Preparatory to the great Interrogatory Day, a letter, of which the following is a copy, was transmitted to each of the brethren whose names have just been announced.

Stoke Newington, London, 24th May, 1841.

Dear Brother,—I am directed by the London District Meeting to send you a copy of the following resolutions:—

The attention of the meeting having been called to a preface to the third edition of a book entitled, "Wesleyan Takings," from which preface copious Extracts were read, it was unanimously resolved,—

1. That this meeting records its entire and most cordial approval of the faithful and Christian strictures which the editor of the Wesleyan Methodist Magazine inserted in that periodical, when he introduced a short review of the book called "Wesleyan Takings;" and tenders to him its grateful thanks for the service which he rendered on that occasion to our Body.

2. That, while, in accordance with the strictures contained in the Magazine, this meeting expresses its strongest disapprobation of the general character of the book above named, it feels particularly called upon to declare its abhorrence of the false, calumnious, and injurious aspersions with which the preface to the third edition of that book is largely fraught.

3. That, as reports are freely circulated concerning the share which some minister or ministers in our Connexion have taken in the authorship of the aforesaid book, this meeting recommends that the Conference institute close inquiries on this subject, and thus afford any minister who may labour under suspicion a fair opportunity of clearing himself from a charge so seriously affecting his character as a man, a Christian, and a Christian minister.

4. That as the names of certain ministers are mentioned in the place above noted, on whom it is there signified that report has fixed the charge of writing the "Wesleyan Takings," a copy of these resolutions shall be sent to each of the ministers so named.

Yours respectfully, JOHN FARRAR, Secretary.

Of this royal document, it appears, the two suspected delinquents resident in the city of old Ebor, took no notice, but calvinistically "passed it by;"—a crime in Methodism tantamount to holding "the horrible decrees." The Conference of 1841 arrived: Dr. Dixon, with all his diplomatic honours fresh upon him, was President; and he, poor man, was compelled, at the bidding of Dr. Bunting, to leave the presidential chair, and to purge himself of all unholy alliance with a book of such acknowledged wickedness as the "Wesleyan Takings." In brother Isaac's case, as it regarded his "Ecclesiastical Claims," it was not the *man*, but the *book*; in this case, it was not so much the *book*, as the *man*; and to detect the man, was the great business of this grave "Assembly of Divines." The President having solemnly abjured all participation in the horrid affair, resumed his seat; and, innocent of the great transgression himself, pro-

ceeded to interrogate the other brethren, present on the occasion, for the satisfaction of his superior. All submitted to the humiliating ordeal of "Question by Penalty," with the exception of Dr. Beaumont, who enquired with pungent severity, whether any one could be induced to believe that he would ever have presented the public with such a sketch of Dr. Bunting,—referring to its laudatory character,—as that which had been given in the "Takings." This was keenly felt, as, no doubt, was intended. Nothing having been elicited from the brethren present, the screw and the boot were forthwith prepared for the two absentees,—Messrs. Burdsall and Everett. The following letter was accordingly despatched to York.

Manchester, July 30th, 1841.

Dear Sir,—The serious attention of the Conference has been officially called to a book entitled "Wesleyan Takings," and especially to the preface of what appears to be the third edition of that work. The Conference strongly disapproves of the general spirit and tendency of the book itself, as calculated to injure the spiritual interests of our people, and to diminish the proper influence and beneficial effects of the Christian Ministry, as an ordinance of God. And the Conference has good reason to believe the preface in question contains passages which are in the highest degree unworthy of any person sustaining the Christian or ministerial character, and which are, in various instances, most calumnious and unjust. In that preface, several preachers are named, as persons to whom the authorship of this book has been ascribed; and the Conference, in the exercise of its unquestionable authority has deemed it right, during the usual examination of characters, to give those of the preachers present at the Conference, who had been so mentioned, the opportunity of denying, if they were able to do so with conscientious integrity, the truth of the injurious imputation of the writer of the preface. Most of them have accordingly unequivocally, honourably, and indignantly denied that imputation. To you, not being present, the Conference now gives, for your own sake, a similar opportunity of clearing yourself from all suspicion; and assures you, that, in its solemn judgment, your Christian reputation, your ministerial usefulness, and your interest in the esteem and good opinion of the Conference, will all be materially promoted by your simple and honest disclaimer, if you can with truth furnish such a disclaimer, of the authorship, in whole or

part, of the "Wesleyan Takings," and especially of the disgraceful preface already specified.

Signed, on behalf and by order of the Conference,

JAMES DIXON, President,
JOHN HANNAH, Secretary.

What was to be done? Can it be credited? Each of these guileless suspected ones, in his own peculiar style, from Dove-street, where, it is stated, they had each his separate dove-cote,—poured forth the following notes; which, to the nicely adjusted ear of Conference, were more like the croakings of a raven, than the cooings of "a pair of turtle-doves."

York, August 2nd, 1841.

Rev. and dear Sir,—Having received, under your signature as President of the Conference, a letter requiring me, as a person suspected of being the author of the "Wesleyan Takings," and of the obnoxious preface to the third edition of that work, to purge myself from such suspicion, *if I can with conscientious integrity, as I would retain my Christian reputation, my future ministerial usefulness, and my interest in the esteem and good opinion of the Conference*; I have to say, in reply, and I say it with all respect to you as my friend and brother, and to the chair which you now fill as our chosen head, that I do not think I ought to answer the inquiry which your letter *covertly* proposes, and that for several reasons, three or four of which I will assign.

And, 1. The London District Meeting, whence this question issued, in defending some of its members from the attack made on them in the preface to the third edition of the "Wesleyan Takings," has assumed that the vague report named in that preface, which attributes that work to me, either as its sole or as a joint author, is *probable*, if it is not *true*; for which reason it doubtless was, that it sent a copy of its famous resolutions on that subject to me; and as Dr. Bunting has expressed himself to the same effect in open Conference, and the Conference has thought proper to adopt his belief, as appears by its sending his question to me for my yea or nay;—being thus placed before my brethren as a suspected man, and that by a *precipitate* and *one-sided* judgment, I cannot think myself in any fairness called upon, in this stage of the business, to answer the inquiry. In the

2nd. place. I most decidedly object to the first of the London resolutions, which cordially approves of the short review of the "Wesleyan Takings," inserted in our Magazine, as faithful and Christian; believing, as I do, that that review is anything but *Christian* and *faithful*. I cannot, therefore, think that the breth-

ren who were in the temper so cordially to approve of that article, were under the influence of such judgment and feeling as entitled their enquiry to any respect from me. But,

3. The right of the London District Meeting to interfere with the members of another District, except in a *legal* and *constitutional* way, the very reverse of that which it has adopted in this case, I utterly deny; and hope the Conference itself will well consider how it allows of any such assumption of power, by one District Committee over that of another, even though it should be the metropolitan District that should attempt it. I, for one, can never be a party to any such proceeding as that which is now going forward, and therefore decline making what is covertly called a disclaimer. Hence,

4. If the Conference itself will follow in the track marked out for it by the London District Meeting, and assume my guilt on a vague and baseless report, it must finish its own work, and if it can, *prove* my guilt, as it has assumed it; but that I both challenge and defy it to do: or, if it will consider my guilt as *established*, until I shall have purged myself from its suspicion, it shall have all the *credit* it can acquire from that belief, as it will reflect no *discredit* on me, with any who shall hear the reasons I have assigned for my silence in this case.

Praying, rev. and dear Sir, that you and the brethren may be preserved in Christian temper in the discussions and debates that may arise during your several sittings, and that you may be guided to a right decision in all cases, especially all knotty and perplexing ones, I remain, rev. and dear Sir, with all respect to yourself and to my fathers and brethren,

Yours sincerely and affectionately, JOHN BURDSALL.

To the Rev. JAMES DIXON, President of the Conference.

York, August 3rd, 1841.

Rev. and honoured Sir,—I am in the receipt of a letter, under your authority, dated "Manchester, July 30th, 1841," which I received three days after date, requesting an answer to a question respecting the authorship of a book entitled "Wesleyan Takings," in which I am *suspected* and *reported* to have a share.

When I first received a copy of the resolutions of the London District Committee, in May last,—a Committee assuming the prerogative of a COURT of INQUIRY over other Districts, by issuing interrogatory *tests* to the members of those Districts, and which the Conference, I hope unwittingly, have been pleased to sanction,—I thought I beheld certain important scriptural, connexional, social, and civil privileges and principles involved in the measure, and resolved at once, and at all hazards, to resist the encroachment. In this assumption, I perceive—and I hope the eyes of the brethren will be opened to it, before it be too late to retrace their steps—a Conference rising up within a Conference,

of as great power as the Conference itself, in a place where power has been gradually concentrating its energies, instead of being equally diffused through the different Districts of the Connexion. I am glad, however, to find from your letter, that some are awake to it, and that only "most," not *all*, have furnished an answer to the inquiry; I say, I am glad of this, for it is some consolation to have companions in feeling, judgment, and conflict.

As to the *bonus* offered, in case of a disclaimer of authorship,—that my "Christian reputation," my "future ministerial usefulness," and my "interest in the esteem and good opinion of the Conference, will be materially promoted by" the same, whether "in whole or in part,"—I have to observe—that if the same Conference can take up a *report*, and load me with *suspicion*, without *proof*, then, should the *reverse* of all this be what I am destined to experience, I am resolved, rather than gratify the suspicions of the suspicious—which is the last propensity in a person that ought to be indulged, and especially in those who profess to be guided by the "charity" that "thinketh no evil,"—to suffer any indignity that can be heaped upon me. If past history is to be a rule of judgment, it will appear pretty evident, that I never had the confidence of the leading men in the body—for what reason is best known to themselves; and if I had it not before the book in question was published, I cannot see how a denial of its authorship, which leaves me as I was, can at all ingratiate me into their good opinion. What are called the honours of the Connexion I never possessed, so that there is the less to be withheld. After those honours I never aspired, and shall feel the less disappointed at their non-appearance. I have often been placed in what some would deem a humiliating position in Methodism; but, as I have ever considered the lowest place in the church of God a high honour, I have never felt it, being always aware that I have had more than I deserved. The question, however, which places a man in the unfair, un-English, humiliating, and *equal* position of proving his *guilt* or his *innocence*, and which, by thus furnishing him with an "*opportunity*" of *proving* his guilt, if he be guilty, is called "*fair*" by those who are anxious to criminate but want the *means* of doing so—requesting, with a profession of candour, the suspected party to furnish the *needful* in his *reply*, is one which I shall never answer,—no, not if my place in the Connexion rested upon it—a Connexion which, to me, is as dear as life, and to the door-posts of whose temples I would still cling, if expelled from its pulpits: and in this, I am inclined to believe, there is as much principle involved, and as great credit due to me, as in threatening to withdraw from the body, in consequence—if I had a desire for such things—of my not being permitted to wear a *gown*.

It appears from your letter, Sir, that *some* of the brethren who were *suspected* and *questioned*, have disavowed all connection with the authorship of the "Wesleyan Takings;" and this *may* equally

be the case with others, who refuse to be catechised on the subject at the suggestion of the London District Committee, at whose head Dr. Bunting was placed,—one of the last men in the Connexion who would submit to be catechised on any subject, to sit down with any indignity from his brethren, or publicly to defend himself against calumny, and who ought to have been one of the last men in the body to allow such a measure to pass in his District. He ought to have reminded the brethren of the manner in which he himself had been treated, when various *reports* were in *circulation*, prejudicial to his own *character* and *ministry*; in which case, the brethren, instead of instituting an inquiry—instead of taking things for granted—instead of trying to confirm the reports, and give currency to them, by a string of questions—instead of being forward to criminate, and willing to believe anything to his discredit, moved resolutions of *confidence*, *gratitude*, *condolence*, and *sympathy*, on the occasion (Minutes, vol. vii. p. 296); and he ought to have recollected too, that, on that occasion, both in a public journal and in a separate pamphlet, I came forward in his defence. You will allow me, Sir, to be a little sensitive here. From Dr. Bunting I never asked a favour; with Dr. Bunting I have had little intercourse, for a period of twenty-six years; I cut with him, in everything like friendship, twenty years ago; and now, whatever may be my views of him as a man of talent, I am as fully prepared as himself to *shun* as to be *shunned*—for the *absence of fellowship* as for its *presence*.

Your question, then, honoured Sir—and there is no minister in the Wesleyan body I more highly esteem—I am not at liberty to answer:—

1. Because of the *suspicious* circumstances in which I have been placed by *Dr. Bunting* and his *Committee*, and subsequently by the Conference: nor shall I answer it, till,

2. I have it *proved* to my satisfaction, that no one but a *Methodist preacher* could write the book in question; till,

3. I have a *pledge* from those who propose the question to me, that the question shall go the round of the Connexion, among preachers both at home and abroad, “that there be equality:” till,

4. I am vested with the *same power* to *ask* such *questions*, and to *demand* such *answers*, personal and connexional, as I may deem it proper to propose; till,

5. —For I have seen enough of *partiality*, both in the church and the world, to abominate it as much as the framers of the London resolutions abhor the “Wesleyan Takings,”—till, I say, I am assured, that *all* other *slandrous* and *anonymous* publications shall be enquired into, commencing with that in “The Patriot,” of July 29th, 1841, signed “A Wesleyan.”

On the other hand, should the *point blank charge* be preferred, which I fearlessly invite, then,

1. Let me have it *clearly stated* in *writing*.

2. Give me the *names*,—not of *inquirers*—not of *believers*—not of the *suspicious*,—but of open-fronted *accusers*. And,

3. Let them *adduce* their *proofs*.

Should this not be agreeable to the brethren,—preferring to adhere to their own *novel plan*, as more *accommodating* to the *circumstances* in which they find themselves placed, and as adapted to accomplish *ends* which they cannot otherwise accomplish,—then, I shall never, as another added to the number of dissentients, give the least countenance to such a mode of proceeding, which only requires another step to complete it, for the purpose of enquiring into personal property and domestic privacy. Perfectly satisfied with the old, straightforward, Wesleyan, English plan of proceeding, and in love with Methodism, as the best religious system in existence for the conversion of the world, I am, Reverend and Honoured Sir,

Your sincere helper in the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ,

JAMES EVERETT.

To the President of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference, held at Manchester, July and August, 1841.*

Such music in the ears of Conference—that “AUGUST BODY”—that “VENERABLE ASSEMBLY,”—“august,” as a select band of consecrated artizans,—and “venerable,” in consequence of about a score of them being *senior* to the interrogated;—such music was still less tolerable than previous silence. The result was, a second peal of thunder from the throne of Jupiter, whose reverberations were heard from Manchester to York, a distance of about eighty miles :

Manchester, Aug. 13th, 1841.

Dear Brother,—We are directed to transmit to you the following extract from the Conference Journal:—

Question.—What is the judgment of the Conference on the subject of a book entitled ‘WESLEYAN TAKINGS,’ to which its serious attention has been officially directed ?

Answer.—The Conference hereby expresses its pain and grief that such a book should ever have been published. It strongly disapproves of the general spirit and tendency of the book itself, as calculated to injure the spiritual interests of our people, and

* This letter was somewhat significantly and waggishly sealed with a seal bearing the impressions of a negro in chains, with one knee upon the ground, the hands clasped, and the eyes imploringly turned to heaven, saying, “Am not I a man and a brother;”—the seal employed by the Anti-Slavery Society, than which not anything could be more appropriate, and would no doubt be felt.

to diminish the proper influence and beneficial effects of the Christian ministry as an ordinance of God. And, with regard especially to the preface of what professes to be the third edition of that work, the Conference has good reason to believe that such preface contains passages which are in the highest degree unworthy of any person sustaining the Christian or ministerial character, and which are, in various instances, most calumnious and unjust.

2. The Conference resolves, that the letters which have been received from Messrs. John Burdsall and James Everett, in reply to applications which it had deemed right, in the exercise of its unquestionable authority, to address to them, as two of the persons to whom, in the preface above-named, the authorship of that book has been ascribed, are most unsatisfactory, and unworthy of the character of Christian and Wesleyan Methodist Ministers. The Conference declares its condemnation of the letters in question; and believes it to be its duty to record its judgment, both of the book itself and the letters, in its Minutes or Journal. The Conference further directs that copies of this judgment shall be transmitted to Messrs. Burdsall and Everett.

Signed, on behalf and by order of the Conference,

JAMES DIXON, President.

JOHN HANNAH, Secretary.

A sad affair! Yet so slight was the impression made upon the mind of Dr. Dixon, as to Mr. Everett, one of the poor heretics, that—so we have been informed, he sought him out, when passing through Derby, where both were to be domiciled for the night, and gave him a fraternal greeting. Not so Dr. Bunting,—who hinted in the Conference,—hoping thereby to place the extinguisher on the candle,—that if the said incorrigible brother Everett should be invited to open chapels, preach school or missionary sermons, &c., the people need not expect him to engage in any part of the services. Another melancholy affair! No wonder, on the application of the Osbornian Test, of 1847, that Messrs. Burdsall, Everett, Dunn, Beaumont, and Bromley should kick, when the collar—from such a harness-maker—was about to be fitted to the neck! But to return:

If an apology is to be offered to any one, who may have suffered in consequence of our doings, it is to our old friend Everett, who has borne the burthen and heat of the day—dear man—of

Wesleyan contumely. Yet, in the midst of all, we have often been astonished,—when moving about in our invisible costume, left to us by the “Great Unknown,” to find him as “merry as a jay,” and as light of heart as a child in a flower garden, while comfortably seated, as in an arbour, amidst a shower of taunts, enquiries, criticisms, and sly and suspicious looks. And why not? Is it nothing, whenever a clever thing is born into the Wesleyan world, for him to have the credit of its paternity. Nothing for him to be elected, as it were, into “The Hundred,” by universal suffrage, and so constituted THE ONE of between three and four hundred thousand Wesleyans; while so many others are set aside as incompetent to handle the brush? Is it nothing either, now that he appears as “a castaway,” having been politely dismissed from the Wesleyan body by a single stroke of President Thomas Jackson’s pen, on suspicion of a few *strokes* from his own—a pen, be it known—not of the *goose*, but of the hardest *steel*;—is it nothing, we again enquire, to be saved from an ignominious death, in the Minutes of Conference—Minutes, in which,—had he been permitted to live and die in the body, he would, on the Conference sitting in judgment on his case, have been consigned to the grave without hope of happiness, or, at most, with—the somewhat doubtful epitaph on his tomb:—“We hope he died in peace.” Professing, as they do, to possess the “*keys*”—some of them, by the way, of a somewhat suspicious “skeleton” aspect,—they would never have allowed such an artist—such a dauber—nay, in the language of a publication stamped with the authority of the Book-Room and of the four Missionary Secretaries—Messrs. Mason, J. Bunting, Beecham, Alder, and Hoole—such an “arch-fiend” to pass muster. Let the balance, then, be fairly struck, between profit and loss, between praise and blame, and the hope of falling into the hands of a merciful Creator, instead of the hands of erring man; and the apology which we now tender, will, we trust, be deemed suf-

ficient, and will be graciously accepted. It should also be borne in mind, that Mr. Everett, together with the other innocent in corrigibles, is what Methodism has made him,—and if the *fruit* be bad, what must be the *tree*? Concealment has been the order of the day during the whole of the present dynasty; and if it were even admitted that these gentlemen have practised concealment, they cannot be justly blamed for imitating those who claim to be their superiors and judges, who, in a thousand instances, have set them the example.

Speaking of dynasties, Methodism seems to divide itself into three eras. The first was an era of simplicity, openness, toil, and success, under John Wesley; the second, an era of concealment, of intrigue, of finance, of luxury, of embellishment, and of comparative ease, under Dr. Bunting; and the third,—which is now on the way, unless the present commotion should sweep it into oblivion, to make way for a better,—as the fruit of the second, is one of inefficiency. The first was gold in the ingot; the second, gold expanded into leaf; the third, mere tinsel; chiefly effected by the Theological Institution, whose sprigs, to change the allusion, will furnish some fine specimens for our third volume, which, it is opined, will be much less tardy in its appearance than the second. Some of these will not only furnish extraordinary contrasts, in bringing the past to bear upon the present, with reference to themselves, but, as a whole, they will exhibit singular specimens of artificial productions, when placed side by side with the fine *natural characters* that formerly graced the Wesleyan pulpit. One or two specimens have already appeared in the present volume; and when we next take up our pencil, we hope to do justice to their brethren, not only by furnishing the public with life-like “effigies” of the Rev. gentlemen, but also with the result of their labours, as contrasted with those of their predecessors.

WESLEYAN TAKINGS.

No. CX.

WESLEY.

"In hardy health he rear'd his front sublime,
Like the green aloe, in perennial prime,
When full of years it shoots forth all its bloom,
And glads the forest through the inmost gloom :
So, in the blossom of a good old age,
Flourish'd amidst his sons that peerless sage."

MONTGOMERY: World before the Flood

"*I also will shew mine opinion,*" is the language of one of the ancients. An opinion, however, independent of the person who expresses it, is so far valuable only as it accords with truth ; and so far important as it proves beneficial to man. Various are the opinions that have been expressed of JOHN WESLEY, the Founder of Wesleyan Methodism, by men of almost all countries, ranks, and creeds. No less than *six* LIVES have been published of him, besides innumerable SKETCHES; each professing to give a

portrait of the man, and each with its own distinctive claims to public attention ;—a portrait either in full size, or in miniature—and always to the life.

The first full Life was printed in Sunderland, in 1791, the year in which the subject died, in 3 vols. 18mo., entitled, “Memoirs of the late Rev. John Wesley, A.M., with a Review of his Life and Writings, and a History of Methodism, from its commencement in 1739, to the present time. By JOHN HAMPSON, A.B.”—with the following motto from *Plato* :—ὁ δὲ ἀνεξέταστος βίος, εὐβίωτος ἀνδρῶν. The author was at that time Rector of Sunderland—was the son of a Methodist Preacher—had been educated at Kingswood School—and was himself an Itinerant Minister under the Founder of Methodism. The work was written under disappointed and exasperated feeling, which had been cherished for years, and was ready—reminding us of the dead lion—to issue from the press, the moment the subject breathed his last. As a composition, it is easy, with a remote approach to elegance ; but it is feeble ; and, notwithstanding the two or three attempts at jocularities, a considerable portion of bad feeling, and consequent partiality, is perceptible. Methodism rescued the author’s father from humble life, and was the cause of raising himself ; and he has left the Memoir as a monument of his ingratitude to the man, to whom, under God, he owed his all.

The second Life, in 1 vol. 8vo., was written by DR. COKE, and the REV. HENRY MOORE. This was composed and published in *haste*, with a view to take possession of the market and of the public mind, before another—promised, and in a state of progress, should occupy its

place ; composed too, with all the veneration and affection of children, who had been recently bereft of a father, with whose full value they were deeply impressed, and whose memory they were resolved to embalm. It is deficient in incident, and furnishes no proper analysis of Mr. Wesley's intellectual character. As a joint production, it cannot be stated of its authors, that "Two are better far than one."

The third was in 2 vols. 8vo., entitled, "The Life of the Rev. John Wesley, A.M., sometime Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford. Collected from his Private Papers and Printed Works; and written at the request of his Executors. To which is prefixed, some Account of his Ancestors and Relations: with the Life of the Rev. Charles Wesley, A.M. Collected from his Private Journal, and never before published. The whole forming a History of Methodism, in which the Principles and Economy of the Methodists are unfolded. By JOHN WHITEHEAD, M.D. To which is subjoined an Appendix, containing Characters of the Rev. Messrs. John and Charles Wesley, as given by several learned Contemporaries." This work was first published in London; an edition was also published in Dublin, in 1805, "chiefly from the London Edition." Dr. Whitehead was a poor weaver-boy, in the neighbourhood of Ashton-under-line, who joined the Wesleyan body at an early period of its history, gave himself to reading, studied medicine, and acted in the capacity of a local preacher under Mr. Wesley. The Life was written in the midst of contention, and partakes—though not bitterly, of a portion of its spirit. The work comes more in the shape of a compilation, than

a piece of well-written biography. Though tolerably clear as a composition, it is plain and prosy; and leaves the impression on the mind of the reader, that the author had no claims of taste or of intellect over Benson, Olivers, and some of his brethren, to lead to his selection as the biographer of Wesley. The interest of the work, therefore, arises not so much from the manner of handling, or the spirit which the author has infused into its pages, as in the matter forced upon him, from which there was no escape, and which might have been disposed of to advantage by any ordinary mind. In this way, it serves as an authentic history, and may be consulted with advantage by a future biographer. Instead, however, of being carried pleasantly over the ground, the reader has to plod his way over arid soil, fatiguing to the step: he is remunerated with the matter, but far from being captivated by the manner.

The fourth, in 2 vols. 8vo., was published in London, in 1820, and entitled, "The Life of Wesley; and the Rise and Progress of Methodism. By ROBERT SOUTHEY, Esq., Poet Laureate:" with the following motto from Lord Bacon,—“Read not to contradict and confute; nor to believe and take for granted; nor to find talk and discourse: but to weigh and consider.” Up to this period, Mr. Wesley's *literary* and *intellectual* character—except so far as the same are to be perceived in his writings, never stood so high before the public, as in this work, over the pages of which the writer has thrown a charm—as he has done over all his other productions, which leaves preceding biographers immeasurably in the distance: but then, he knew next to nothing of the *religious* character of his subject—of the “*new man*,” to which he laid claim,

and of which he wrote, and spoke, and preached; and hence, we are sometimes indulged with poetry, when we are in quest of fact. Happily for the public, and for the Wesleyan body, the religious character of Wesley is to be found in his Journals; and in these—if a thousand biographers were to start up, that character—altogether undesigned on his part, unfolds itself pure, and beautiful, and entire, so far as humanity is under the influence of divine grace, and much more imperishable, by means of the press, than the monuments of either classic Greece or Rome. Though we are persuaded Mr. Watson, in some instances, misunderstood both the motives and character of the Laureate, and has occasionally overstrained his meaning, as well as undervalued several of his suggestions; yet with his “OBSERVATIONS” as an accompaniment, no man can read this “Life of Wesley,” without being impressed with the fact, that he was one of the most extraordinary men that ever lived. The title of this work too, is an improvement—“The Life of Wesley;”—for, of the multitude who sustain that name—and there are many of high honour, there is but ONE who could be considered as alluded to by the public, if the surname only were mentioned, and that individual would be JOHN;—yes, John—who, like Saul among his brethren, is “the head and shoulders taller.” Had the Laureate only had a little wholesome Wesleyan training, his errors would not only never have appeared, but he would have furnished a piece of biography as worthy of the public eye, as his song is of the public ear. As it is, it cannot be read without deep interest; and the Wesleyans, who owe him a debt of gratitude for his labours, at this moment—while

dark, instead of sunlit clouds, are spreading over the face of his evening sky, should let him have an interest in their prayers. He intended well.

The fifth was also published in the metropolis, in 1824, of the same size and number of volumes, as the two preceding, and was entitled, "The Life of the Rev. John Wesley, A. M., Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford; in which are included the Life of his Brother, the Rev. Charles Wesley, A. M., Student of Christ Church, and Memoirs of their Family: comprehending an account of the Great Revival of Religion, in which they were the First and Chief Instruments. By HENRY MOORE, only Surviving Trustee of Mr. Wesley's M.S.S." There are three mottoes; the first from Numbers,—“According to this time it shall be said, What hath God wrought?” the second from Zechariah, “Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts;” and the third from Virgil's Georgics,—

*“Venturæque hiemis memores, æstate laborem
Experiuntur, et in medium quæsitâ reponunt.”*

The biographer displays great point, and strong sense; and furnishes a fund of interesting anecdote: but there is often a want of feeling, and the style is unpopular. Could Southey and Moore have been united in the same person, this would have been an interesting piece of biography.

The sixth, in 1 vol. 12mo., proceeded from the pen of the Rev. RICHARD WATSON. This writer brought talent, style, and piety to the work, but he was wanting in personal knowledge; and without this, a writer must

labour under many disadvantages,—disadvantages similar to those which a person must experience, who describes a country he never saw ; and, in this case, with the exception of Mr. Wesley's own writings, must deal only in materials at second hand. Though little that is new is perceptible, as to fact, yet it is easy to perceive that a first-rate artist has been at work with the materials, and that these materials have undergone a change equal to conversion : —We say conversion, for when a man is converted, he does not receive a new soul, but “another spirit.” He does not receive new faculties, but new qualities. The voice is the same, but a “new song” is heard. The instrument and its strings are recognized as heretofore ; but another musician is employed, who, in consequence of his superior skill, brings out sweeter, and deeper, and more varied tones,—making delightful melody in the ear of heaven.

Few men, it will be perceived, have thus had higher biographical honour conferred upon them than JOHN WESLEY ; and few men have deserved better of their country and of the world. We have often regretted, that there was no one of competent abilities to follow him, as Boswell followed Dr. Johnson. Spence, who followed Pope, and who published “Observations, Anecdotes, and Characters of Books and Men,” and from whom Boswell appears partially to have taken his plan, would not have been the man. He possessed tolerable accuracy, but he wanted industry—quickness—tact—and would have had too much verbiage for Wesley. Boswell's is the plan, and Boswell would have been the man, had he tasted “the powers of the world to come.” The only full

account, perhaps, which we can now hope to have, of the Life and Labours of this extraordinary man, rests upon the adoption of a suggestion thrown out by the Editor of Dr. Adam Clarke's "Miscellaneous Works," in a foot note, vol. II. p. 317, of "The Wesley Family:" the purport of which is; first, to incorporate the whole of Mr. Wesley's Letters, printed and in manuscript, into his Journals, agreeably to the respective dates of each; secondly, to append to the work as notes, the best authenticated anecdotes, conversational remarks, &c., from the different accounts published of him, carefully observing, as in the case preceding, the respective periods.

JOHN WESLEY is as much a subject of study for Christian Ministers, as are the Elgin Marbles, and other remains of Grecian sculpture, for young artists who wish to vie with Phidias, who, as a statuary, while he enriched and adorned Athens, won the admiration and excited the wonder of the world. There is, however, one point on which we would for a few moments dilate, which is not sufficiently prominent even in the thinkings and writings of his followers: it is this:—The position which he takes, and the attitude he assumes, as the LEADER of a Religious Community. It would reflect no great credit upon a people to be led on to any enterprize by "Janes and Jambres," who, by their enchantments, withstood the Hebrew legislator in Egypt; but it would be highly creditable to have Moses for a lawgiver and Aaron for a priest. It would be no high honour to be preceded by Simon Magus; but it would be truly honourable to be able to lay claim to Peter, James, or John, as an apostle. It would be no compliment to character to move in the train of Mahomet,

dripping with human gore, with a sensual paradise in prospect ; but it might be laudable to have a St. Benedict, and even a hundred of the more respectable class of saints, taken from the Roman calender, for an exemplar. It would be no high honour to be employed in Smithfield, under Bonner and Gardiner, to sacrifice life and roast human flesh ; but it would furnish a beautiful wreath for the head to be led to the stake in company with Latimer, Ridley, and Cranmer. It would be no great praise to be found sitting and listening to the ravings of Johanna Southcote—a subject enough to make us ashamed of our common nature, that any one should be found so foolish—though it might be no disgrace to witness the silent homage of the followers of George Fox, the leader of the Society of Friends. It would be no great credit to a man's understanding to attend with patience to the strange tongues of Edward Irving and his followers ; though it might be praiseworthy to embrace the secret counsels and decrees of John Calvin, respecting which we might know just as much as John himself, and be led to enquire, if secret, how the existence of such things came originally to be known.—Now, look over Picart's "Religious Ceremonies of all Nations,"—look over Hurd's "Universal History of the Religious Rites and Ceremonies of all People,"—look over Hannah Adams's "View of all Religious Denominations,"—look over Evans's "Sketch of all Religions,"—look over Buck's "Theological Dictionary," improved by Dr. Henderson,—look over the Ecclesiastical Histories of Eusebius, Socrates, Sozomen, and Theodoret, among the ancients ; and those of Fleury, Dupin, Mosheim, Fuller, Miller, Milner, Haweis, and

others, among the moderns,—and then turn to the different Biographical Dictionaries within reach, and say, whether amidst—we had almost said, the mob of leaders of different religious sects, noticed either incidentally or otherwise, there is one man to be found—exclusive of the Apostle Paul; who, by the way, was not in the strictest sense a leader,—able to compete with John Wesley, in the full sunshine of his piety and mental powers, in the herculean character of his labours, and in the beneficial result of those labours upon the human species! Rarely did ever a sun of purer lustre gild any reign more brightly, than did Wesley the reigns of the second and third of the GEORGES. We are not now instituting a comparison between their reigns and the age of Pericles, or of Augustus, or of Leo X., or of Louis XIV., or of Elizabeth, for great men, during the latter of which we find a Shakespeare, and a Bacon, and a Spencer, and a Sydney, and a Hooker, and a Taylor, and a Barrow, and a Raleigh, and a Napier; neither are we exhibiting him as a prodigy for real force and originality of genius; we simply refer to him as a man, enlisted on the side of God and of Truth, and ask for a single glance—his peculiarities apart, of his fellow as a leader, in the length and breadth of his doings among men. We deny not to many, high eminence for talent, piety, and usefulness; but, “take him for all in all!” Of such a man, the Wesleyans have no occasion to be ashamed, but rather high cause of exultation. Luther had more of the boisterous character of native courage—admirably suited, be it remembered, to the times, than had Wesley; but he had not more of its strength, and firmness. The

oak was perceptible in both, only the latter was much less gnarled than the former. Others might be noticed, with their distinctive peculiarities and excellences; but it would be difficult to select one with such a combination of extraordinary qualities, as the Founder of Methodism; or one, with regard to whom, something equally ennobling and effective could not be found. Compared with the mass, he obtains as great a prominence among other leaders, as they themselves very often occupy at the head of their respective communities,—towering like a rock in the midst of the ocean; or more appropriately, perhaps, like Mont Blanc amidst other alpine heights, crested, from its altitude, with the light of the morning sun, while the vallies are all in shadow, and the peaks of its noble, though less elevated compeers, are only visited by the twilight or earlier dawn. This, of course, applies chiefly to his position; to the general notice he has attracted beyond the common run of men whose names are still living in those of the sects to which they have given rise, and which will, with his own, be handed down with honour to posterity.

After this comparative view of the rank he takes in Christian society, it may be proper to ascertain the cause of his elevation; and here we may commence with experimental religion,—for, without this, whatever might have been the native vigour of his mind, or his classical attainments, the probability is, that he would have lived and died without a follower beyond the precincts of his parish, surviving the term of his own natural life. In all the first efforts of the human mind, the objects of search are directed to final causes. To solve the phenomena,

we call into our aid the intervention of supernatural agents, either more or less numerous, or more or less arbitrary. These explain the anomalies of the universe. This is the first theoretic stage of our philosophy, and has very properly been denominated—theological. It is the philosophy of children, and of all nations in an infant state,—for all believe in invisible beings, in supernatural agencies. Why should that, then, be denied in religion—so essential to its character, which we admit in the outset of our philosophical career? Allow a supernatural agency in the case of Wesley, and every thing is plain; deny it, and his success, morally and religiously considered, will be an enigma to the end of time. And this is forced upon us at the threshold of our enquiries. He possessed ability, learning, influence, the fear of God; was in fastings oft—in labours more abundant, while at Oxford: but what was effected? Comparatively nothing. With these prerequisites—and others might be named, he assumed the character, and entered upon the toils of a Missionary. And what were the wonders wrought in Georgia? Here again, we are presented with little more than a blank. But on his return to England, the moment he professes to know anything of the simplicity of faith—the moment he is converted to God—the moment he receives the seal and witness of the Spirit,—that very moment the word spoken runs like fire among dry stubble, and miracles of grace are wrought upon the people. Whence is this? The same man and the same mind are at work, in both cases; the same gospel is the subject of appeal; and the good of the people is the object proposed. We can only account for it on the great principles recognized in the

Bible, and in the difference between "the old" and "the new man." John Wesley the first, has the mere semblance of Christianity;—its form without its power, —its leaves without its fruit,—its letter without its spirit, —its notions without its faith,—its toils without its pleasures. In John Wesley the second, every thing is reversed. Collect the simple facts. Here is a man of unimpeachable veracity, states himself to be without saving faith during the early part of his personal history; and confirmatory of this statement, we have the fact of an unproductive ministry. This same man professes, at a certain period of his history, to experience a new birth unto righteousness; and in support of this, we have the fact of innumerable conversions to God, through the instrumentality of the word he proclaims. God was not in the man, in the first instance; and was therefore, not in his ministry: He was in him in the second, in the energy of the Holy Ghost; and was no less in the gospel he preached. This is important to Christianity; much more so, than if he had not previously officiated, but had simply been translated from the world to the church—passed from private life to the pulpit; thus furnishing one of the most striking examples of the difference between the letter and the spirit of biblical Truth. His conversion to God was his "day of Pentecost;" prior to which, he saw as little fruit of his ministry, in the conversion of sinners, as did the apostles, till they themselves received the Spirit, after that He had been poured from on high; exhibiting in both cases, in their separate states, an effective and an inefficient ministry, in the same persons. It would be impossible to account for this, if we were not

aware of the distinction maintained by St. Paul—himself furnishing another example—between the “form of godliness” and its “power;”—of the fact, that Christ himself “did not many mighty works, because of unbelief;”—that, “without faith,” it is as “impossible to please,” as to work for God;—and of the effects attributed to faith in the eleventh chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews.

Enthusiasm has done much; and what the Wesleyans denominate experience, has been deemed the mere workings of imagination, without the least vestige of either truth or reason for its support. But enthusiasm has effected nothing equal to this. Whatever Wesley might imagine he felt, he could never—without giving him credit for greater sagacity than his enemies are disposed to grant—have persuaded thousands of human beings, in the perfect use of all their rational faculties, that they felt the same. The Christian, whose experience accords with the Oracles of God, has no more reason to suspect its reality, than he has to doubt the existence of an object presented to the eye, or to call in question the sound of the most delightful music falling upon the ear. When the organs are in a sound, healthy state, there is no ground for suspicion;—so also of the mind. But where is the proof of any mental defect in the case of Wesley?—Wesley, who examined every inch of ground with the Bible in his hand—with all the care and precision of a mathematician—and with all the anxiety of a person seeking to avoid a precipice, as well as to secure a place of repose! Prove the Bible to be a fable, in its various statements on the subject of a change of heart, and you at once prove Wesley to have been a fool. Admit,

on the other hand, the design of God in the gospel to be the same in every age—that of the salvation of man ; and let a minister be filled with faith and with the Holy Ghost, and then it is as easy to account for the success of Wesley in England, and of the Wesleyan Missionaries in the South Sea Islands, as for the three thousand converts on the day of Pentecost.

His Sermons on “ Justification by Faith,” the “ Witness of the Spirit,” &c., and his short “ Plain Account of Christian Perfection,” could only have been penned by a man whose mind was imbued with the Holy Ghost, and otherwise deeply versed in the things of God. These are the three subjects which occupy the most prominent place in his creed ;—for preaching these, he was expelled from several of the pulpits of the Established Church ; they constitute the three fixed stars in his religious system, and will shine on to the end of time ; and they are the topics which furnish the most ample materials for religious discourse among his followers, whether in the lovefeast, the band, the class-room, or the social circle. The late Rev. David Mc. Nicoll—a man of great wealth of language, amazing luxuriance of thought, and of a highly elevated genius, devoted a considerable portion of his time to the work of collecting Testimonies in favour of the Witness of the Spirit, from both ancient and modern writers, that he might raise a standing witness for God in the Church, apart from Revelation, and yet founded upon it ; extending, like a continued chain, from the apostolic age to the present times. But had he lived to accomplish his purpose, he would have found not a few of the links of that chain of iron, and not a few of brass, copper,

or some other inferior metal, webbed to the silver and the gold: yes, he would, in some instances, have found the doctrine denuded of its own expressive terms, sometimes exceedingly mixed, sometimes involved in obscurity and mysticism. John Wesley alone, in modern times, appears to have plucked a feather from the pinion of an angel of light; with which, dipped in eternal truth, he wrote on this all-important subject with the transparency of a sunbeam. Understanding the subject himself, he rendered it intelligible to others. The three doctrines in question, in short, were, with him, truths of the heart; and having felt them, he gave utterance to them in public, and was the honoured instrument of communicating them to hundreds of thousands of his fellow-creatures. And each, in his writings, is not only clearly defined, but is as distinct from the other, as the most prominent of the heavenly bodies—each in its own assigned orbit, and shining out in all its strength. He never confounds Justification with Sanctification; but considers the former as admitting us into the divine grace and favour, and as laying the foundation of sanctification or Christian holiness in all its extent—the one, in its natural tendency, conducting the soul to the most exalted state of the other. It was a height and depth of experience, in these vital truths, that gave rise to what was observed in him by Mr. Knox, when he affirms, “So fine an old man I never saw. The happiness of his mind, beamed forth in his countenance. Every look shewed how fully he enjoyed ‘The gay remembrance of a life well spent;’ and wherever he went, he diffused a portion of his own felicity. Easy and affable in his demeanour, he accommodated himself.

to every sort of company, and showed how happily the most finished courtesy may be blended with the most perfect piety. In his conversation, we might be at a loss whether to admire most, his fine classical taste, his extensive knowledge of men and things, or his overflowing goodness of heart. While the grave and serious were charmed with his wisdom, his sportive sallies of innocent mirth delighted even the young and the thoughtless; and both saw in his uninterrupted cheerfulness, the excellency of true religion. No cynical remarks on the levity of youth, embittered his discourse: no applausive retrospect to past times, marked his present discontent. In him, even old age appeared delightful; like an evening without a cloud." We repeat it,—we must look to his personal religion, as the basis of all his greatness. John Wesley's memory has been overlaid, like that of Dr. Jenner, an eminent physiologist, in reference to vaccination, by the vast benefit and importance of his services to mankind—they have hid, rather than illustrated, the qualities out of which they sprang. Hence, some have estimated him as a man, who, by the state of society and circumstances of the times, had the luck or acuteness to turn them to practical advantage; without looking at his amazing powers, his piety, and the power of a Supreme Being.

It is in his genuine piety too, as already stated, that we find the secret of his success in the ministry; and both as a sermonizer and a preacher, he excelled. We make a distinction here. Dr. Johnson wrote sermons, but he never preached them. To persons who never heard Mr. Wesley preach, but have only read his Sermons—and we pity the Methodist who has not thumbed his

pages—he cannot but appear as a man of mind, and a man of God. The Rev. H. Moore's remark on the characteristics of John and Charles Wesley's preaching, is worthy of himself: "Charles's was all aphorisms; John's was all principles." Even in moments of great physical exhaustion, the celebrated Dr. Beattie—who heard him under these disadvantageous circumstances, could say, "It was not a masterly sermon; but none but a master could have preached it." In the introductions of some of his sermons, there is an appearance of egotism, when he speaks of the errors of others, and of his own views, as if the period had been delayed, and had now arrived, for the enlightenment of the world through his own immediate instrumentality. But this arose from matter of fact—and fact too, unfelt by pride. He had, as we have had occasion to observe of another, but here in a still stronger and more perfect sense, a day-light of his own: that day-light he shed upon every subject he approached; and no one, hearing or reading him attentively, could remain for any length of time in the dark.

What aided him in imparting the lucid conceptions of his mind to others was, a style distinguished for brevity, force, and perspicuity; never, as acknowledged by the most competent judges of style, losing sight of the rule laid down by Horace—

*"Est breviate opus, ut currat sententia, neu se
Impediat verbis lassas onerantibus aures."*

His words were almost invariably pure in character, appropriate as to subject, and precise in meaning; while his sentences were remarkable for clearness, unity, and power;

both displaying the hand of a master, and vieing—though perfectly unstudied, with the best writers in the English language for accuracy, transparency, and a fine flow of natural ease, combined with manly strength. As an apology for his style—an apology, nevertheless, which he, of all men, the least required, he observes in the Preface to his Sermons, “I design plain truth for plain people. Therefore, of set purpose I abstain from all nice and philosophical speculations, from all perplexed and intricate reasonings; and as far as possible from even the shew of learning, unless in sometimes citing the original Scripture. Nothing appears here in an elaborate, elegant, or rhetorical dress. I mention this, that curious readers may spare themselves the labour of seeking for what they will not find.” The style and character of his sermons, confirm the truth of this declaration: and yet, when he bestowed the time and attention necessary for elegant composition, both the subject and manner of handling, display eminent skill, taste, harmony, and beauty. His ear was as exquisitely formed for music, as his knowledge of the English language was accurate and copious. And now that his sermons have been adverted to, for the purpose of arriving at the assignable cause, rather than the precise character of his style, it will be perceived, that he is never winding and parenthetical; that he never, like the celebrated Saurin, attempts to raise a dust for the purpose of shewing his dexterity in allaying it; that he never attempts to dazzle or perplex, but is more in the character of a master instructing his pupils, than otherwise; not lording it over them by his supercilious airs, but meekly and condescendingly

accommodating himself to their waywardness, infirmities, and capacities. Two objects are preserved in view in all his sermons: he proposes to enlighten the mind, and impress the heart. In this, he resembles St. Paul, whose Epistles, to employ a simile of St. Chrysostom, have always two legs to go upon; viz., "explication of holy doctrine, and exhortation to a holy life." Such is the value that the sagacious Henry Moore places upon the sermons of Wesley, that, during a considerable period of his patriarchal life, he has read them regularly through once a year. A fine example for Wesleyan ministers! especially the young, who may be tempted to pluck the flower instead of the fruit, and pursue the butterfly rather than dig for the solid gold.

What gave considerable effect to his sermons in the pulpit, abstracted from the divine influence that attended them, was the manner in which they were delivered; his attitude being almost invariably graceful and easy, his action calm and natural, his mode of address chaste, simple, and noiselessly fervent—though solemn, and pleasingly impressive; the whole being accompanied with a voice, which, though not loud, was clear and manly—and a style, as just noticed, adapted to every capacity, so securing to himself a hearer in every auditor. His person, which is not often the case with men of inferior size, was commanding. Jackson's portrait of him, composed from several copies, and judged of by a committee of persons who had seen and remembered him, from hints dropped by them, was painted to be a standard likeness: but it is too gross in matter, and huge in size; nor less laughable to connoisseurs, when they recollect

that the original had been in the grave upwards of forty years. His habit of body, in every period of his life, is known to have been the reverse of every thing like corpulence, expressive of the most rigid temperance, and constant exercise. His step was firm, yet elastic ; and, till within a few years of his death, his whole appearance, though small, was vigorous and muscular—upright, graceful, and active ; his attire being remarkable for its plainness, neatness, simplicity, and cleanliness. In the pulpit, his stature was partially concealed, and the gown gave a fulness to his person, which did not belong to him in the social circle. But in the former—the pulpit—were always to be seen the clear, smooth forehead, the aquiline nose, the bright piercing eye,—an eye, according to Dr. Haweis, with “a little cast,” but which we are inclined to think, could only be perceived by the nicest observer on particular occasions ; the whole face beaming with intelligence, with a freshness of complexion, even in venerable age, expressive of the most perfect health. Persons, who have been known to entertain a strong prejudice against him, have been subdued into reverence and esteem, the moment they have entered into his presence.

Passing from the pulpit to social life ; cheerfulness and gravity mingled in his countenance and demeanour,—throwing a sunshine on all around, while frivolity was preserved in check ; a cheerfulness which was the result of an unusual flow of spirits, and yet accompanied with the most serene tranquillity. His aspect, particularly in profile, was often remarked to have a strong character of acuteness and penetration ; a fact well supported by his writings, all being indicative, not only of a mind

highly cultivated, but a naturally excellent and acute understanding. What is the decision of those who have enjoyed his society, on the subject of his conversational powers? It is this;—that he had the most exquisite talents to render himself agreeable in company;—that, having been much accustomed to society, the rules of good breeding were habitual to him;—that the abstraction of the scholar never appeared in his behaviour;—that he was invariably attentive and polite;—that he spoke most where he saw it was most expected, which was generally the case wherever he visited—his invitations to the best families being given with a view to shew him respect, and to hear him converse on such subjects as might be proposed;—that, having seen much of the world in his travels, and read more, his mind was richly stored with an infinite variety of anecdotes and observations;—that there was a certain charm in his manner, which gave an interest to every thing he touched—being equally sprightly and pleasing;—and that it was impossible to be any length of time in his company, either in public or private, without partaking of the placid cheerfulness of his spirit, which the infirmities of age could never abate, but which was as conspicuous in the eighty-seventh year of his age, as when he attained his majority. Even Dr. Johnson, who was personally acquainted with him, and was a first-rate judge of a man's talents in this way, could say, “Mr. Wesley's conversation is good;” and on another occasion, “He can talk well on any subject.” But Wesley, with all his conversational powers, was a mere human time-piece; and having other work, and every hour to fill with that work, he was off the moment the minute-finger pointed

to other duties: hence, Johnson had to complain—which is yet a high compliment to the charm he felt in Wesley's society; "He is never at leisure. He is always obliged to go at a certain hour. This is very disagreeable to a man who loves to fold his legs and have out his talk, as I do." Disagreeable indeed! Wesley had to cross the saddle, not to fold his legs.

But popular as was Wesley, as a preacher, and exalted as were his conversational powers, he particularly excelled—and it is not too much to affirm, that he outshone himself in both of these, as a polemic. There were persons who affected to insinuate, that he was a man of moderate capacity; but they were persons who had either never heard him preach, or never read the productions of his pen. It is impossible to read a page of his works, without being impressed with the clearness of his apprehension, the quickness of his penetration, the discrimination and soundness of his judgment: nor would he ever have acquired the celebrity he did, in the office he held at Oxford, in comparative youth, and among other aspirants—to say nothing of his government of a large body of preachers, of different habits, interests, temperaments, and principles, for a series of years, with calmness and regularity, moulding all to his will,—if he had not had a strong, capacious mind, which could at once comprehend and combine a vast variety of circumstances, often adverse to each other, and direct their influence through the immense body beneath his immediate inspection, and over which he presided. His treatise on "Original Sin," and his "Predestination Calmly Considered," are masterpieces of their kind, and exhibit him as an adept in the

“art of logic.” And yet, logic was not with him what it is but too often considered to be—the art of conjuring up and making endless and frivolous distinctions without differences, as was frequently the case with the Schoolmen ; but, in his own language, it is the “art of good sense ; the art of comprehending things clearly ; of judging truly ; and of reasoning conclusively : or, in another view of it, the art of learning and teaching.” This was the kind of logic which he employed with such inimitable skill : and, for a “Search after Truth,” he possessed every qualification ;—a strong natural understanding, mental cultivation, a mind stored with a knowledge of the languages, the arts, and sciences—a profound reverence of the Supreme Being—tenderness of conscience—intense application to every subject of enquiry—caution—a love of truth for its own sake—resolution to retain it, and honesty to avow it, however unfashionable, and at whatever cost. Possessing the prerequisites for the acquisition of truth, and skilful in defending it, no wonder that he should accost Dr. Rutherford, one of his opponents, in what might be deemed by some the language of bravado, but nevertheless the bravado of the apostle, when he said, “I speak as a fool ;”—no wonder that he should say, “One and another of the objectors stretched his throat, and cried out, ‘Evasion ! Evasion !’ And what does all this outcry amount to ? Why, exactly thus much : They imagined they had tied me so fast that it was impossible for me to escape. But presently the cobwebs were swept away, and I was quite at liberty. And I bless God I can unravel truth and falsehood, although artfully twisted together. Of such evasion I am not ashamed. Let them

be ashamed who constrain me to use it." It was no mean compliment in such a man as Dr. Doddridge, to state to the world, that he had read his "Appeals to Men of Reason and Religion" with emotion; and that, on finishing them, he wrote on the back—"How forcible are right words:" though a higher compliment was paid to him by Dr. Samuel Johnson, when the latter, on acknowledging the receipt of his "Notes" on the Bible, observed in the same letter; "I have thanks likewise to return you for the addition of your important suffrage to my argument on the American question. To have gained such a mind as yours, may justly confirm me in my opinion. What effect my paper has upon the public, I know not; but I have no reason to be discouraged. The lecturer was surely in the right, who, though he saw his audience slinking away, refused to quit the chair, while Plato staid."

Few things are more calculated to shew Mr. Wesley's thorough knowledge of any subject upon which he might enter, and the best way of handling it, than his controversy with Dr. Taylor. Though he respected the talents and learning of his opponent, and bestowed all the care and attention on the subject of which he was capable, in the course of its investigation, yet he studiously avoided all minute metaphysical disquisitions; aware that whatever might be advanced on one side of the question by this mode of reasoning, might be denied with plausibility on the other. He, therefore, defended the doctrine of "Original Sin," in a deduction of the actual state of public morals in all ages, under the imposition of every species of restraint; or, as he expresses it, "From Scripture, Reason, and

Experience:" thus deducing, from a uniform series of facts, a principle sufficient to account for them, in a way somewhat similar to that adopted by the most eminent philosophers to explain the system of the world. And so forcible was his reasoning in this way, that Dr. Taylor never attempted to answer him, and never spoke of him but with respect.

As a controvertist, he is a perfect model. There is no fear—no blinking the question—no artifice—no evasion—no brandishing of the sword before the grand thrust; it is the word and the blow—the flash and the thunder-peal. He expends no time in useless words—not a syllable more than what is necessary.* Between Fletcher and Wesley, there is a perfect contrast. While Fletcher is engaged in embellishing his subject with all the beauties of imagination—is employed in giving the euphony of verse to some of his periods—and is lingering in the field, with a view to coax his opponents into a love of himself and his subject, Wesley deals only in naked truth—leaves it to operate in the system like medicine—and is anxious only for its success. While Fletcher is desirous of maintaining his Christian character, in all its loveliness and sweetness, and to come out of the battle-field unscathed, Wesley is solicitous only how best to point his shafts, and wing them to their destined place. Both of the men have the

* The last time he was in the North of England, a legal gentleman presented him with a new trust deed of the Orphan House at Newcastle, one of his first and favourite "preaching houses." "Why," said he, on hastily looking at it, "have you drawn such a long deed as that? I cannot sign any such deed." So saying, he left it unsigned. What would the laconic Wesley have said of the will of Lord Eldon, born in the same town, which covered 70 folio pages?

same object in view ;—both are purposing to reach the summit of the same ascent : but while Fletcher is walking round the base of the hill, trying to find out the most easy and agreeable mode of ascent, Wesley rushes into the first accessible path, as possessed of the instinct of infallibility, and is seen waiving his banner in triumph on the top, while his contemporary is struggling his way upward a considerable depth below. The former rushed into the field at once, tore the visor from the face of error, and was desirous only of displaying the omnipotence of truth. “ Child,” said his father to him once, when very young, “ you expect to carry every thing by dint of argument.” Yes, he passed not only the outworks, but made forcible entrance into many a citadel in this way. And although his temper was naturally warm, yet, in controversy, as in his manners, which were gentle, simple, and uniform, he lets his “ moderation be known unto all men ;”—never dishonouring himself by indulging in abuse and personalities, as was too often the case with some of his opponents ; nor yet in contempt of an assailant, as was occasionally the case with Mr. Law ; but displaying the Christian, the gentleman, and the scholar ; guided, apparently, by the rule of the excellent Hooker,—“ To your railing I say nothing, to your reasons I say what follows.” Bishops and dignitaries entered the lists against him ; but he never declined the combat, and generally proved victorious. He appealed to the scriptures, the homilies, and articles, as vouchers for his doctrine ; and they who could not decide on the merits of the controversy, were witnesses of the fruit of his labours. He never wrote merely to please—never wrote for the sake of

conquest—never wrote for money. His objects were the illumination of the understanding, and the improvement of the heart. He combated opinions, not men; and studiously avoided all party spirit. In short, as a polemic, his judgment was quick, sound, and sure; he foresaw the success of each step that had been taken. His decision was not bold, yet decisive, cautious, and enlightened, at each turn. He always dismissed a subject in few words, and like a master. He rejected every thing that did not help forward his cause; and would sacrifice nothing for the sake of rhetorical triumph. He was conscientiously plain; always simple, natural, and amiable—full of humane feeling and affection.

His skill, as a critic, and his character, as a scholar, have been incidentally noticed. To dismiss this subject in the compass of a single sentence, would be a reflection on his memory. In this department, he occupied a high rank. He is known to have been a thorough critic in the Greek and Roman classics, and to have been well acquainted with the Hebrew; having published Grammars of each of these languages. Among the European languages, we have been able to ascertain, from a perusal of his Works,—and a reference to the first and second volumes of his Journals will substantiate the fact,—that he was conversant with the German, the French, the Spanish, the Dutch, and the Italian. But the Greek was his favourite, in which his knowledge was both extensive and critically correct; and to satisfy himself, on one occasion, on the doctrine of justification alone, he tells us, that he read his Greek Testament over—the source indeed of all his Christian theology. When his memory failed him, in

quoting a passage from the regularly authorized version, he has been known, with perfect ease and precision, to give it in the original. It has been confessed by good judges, and persons too, who had no great relish for his religious principles, that when at college, he furnished exalted proofs of fine classical taste; and some poems are still extant, which shew that he formed his taste on the best models of antiquity. Nor could persons of learning be in his company, either on the road, or in the social circle, without hearing—as circumstances and occasions elicited them, appropriate quotations from the Greek and Roman classics, sufficient to prove that he had read them as a critic, admired their style, entered into their spirit, and duly appreciated their beauties. From these he made selections for the use of the children at Kingswood school, and occasionally read them for amusement as he travelled along the road. But still, they were the Sacred classics, that constituted his chief delight. While at college, he studied with great care, Euclid, Keil, Sir Isaac Newton's Optics, &c. : and whether he is viewed in his attainments in the learned languages, in metaphysics, in logic, in oratory, or in criticism, he cannot be otherwise viewed than an extraordinary man, and capable of attaining a high elevation in any profession to which he might have been disposed to devote his time and attention. Not only are his criticisms on the sacred text valuable; but his notices of books, interspersing the pages of his Journals, are a literary curiosity,—hitting off the character of a work, or an author, by a single stroke of his pen, like Cruikshanks—only with greater gravity, though not with less truth, furnishing a subject in the fewest possible lines.

We say, he might have excelled in almost any profession, or any art. Take the art of poetry, to which, like most young persons of genius, he turned his attention in early life, and to some of the compositions of which period, allusion has just been made. They, together with some of his lyric compositions in mature life, exhibit poetic genius, poetic expression, and poetic feeling. But he excelled most, perhaps, in poetic taste, which was exceedingly severe: and one of the highest compliments that can be paid to his character in this respect is, that whenever a Collection of Hymns is contemplated by any religious community, the compiler is sure to help himself liberally out of what is denominated in the Wesleyan body, the "Large Hymn Book." Excellent as is the "Supplement," yet, when compared with its predecessor, just named, there is a serious falling off, and an evident defect—to say nothing of poetic taste, in both the eye and the ear of the person who could introduce some of the Hymns which disfigure its pages. Nor would Charles Wesley himself—a subject delicately and judiciously touched by Montgomery in one of his Introductory Essays, ever have risen so high as he did, had it not been for John. John was to Charles what Phocian was to Demosthenes—"the pruning hook of his periods;" or, perhaps, more properly, "the pruning hook" of both verses and entire pieces. Charles always soared highest, as we have taken occasion to notice in our sketch of his character, in the first volume, when he was borne on the pinions of others, as in the Hymn—

"Stand th' omnipotent degree,"

in which he stands deeply indebted to Dr. Young, at

the close of Complaint VIth., in his "Night Thoughts." John could mount by the strength of his own pinions, and soar away, if not to regions where all was impassioned, at least to regions purely intellectual. Charles had more fire than John; but John had more transparency than Charles. The fire of Charles was like that emitted from coal—the flame somewhat red in its glare; but John's was that of the pure gas—simple, liquid, bright; yet not injurious or offensive to the eye—occupying a wider space, and giving distinctness to every object within its range. His clearer head and cooler temperament, enabled him to chasten down, and regulate the exuberant fancy of Charles; just as Beaumont did Fletcher, both of whom were engaged in much inferior work, and on less Christian subjects. The Hymns proceeding from the pen of John, as far as they can be ascertained, are among the finest specimens of that kind of composition.* They do not create much effervescence of feeling; but they inspire a

* The late Rev. John Gaulter, who possessed a fair stock of Wesleyan lore, attributed, Hymns 240, 241, pp. 231—234, of the Large Hymn Book to John Wesley, beginning with—

"O God, thou bottomless abyss! &c."

For this, he might conclude he had sufficient authority, from a "Collection of Moral and Sacred Poems," 3 vols. 12mo., by John and Charles Wesley, printed at Bristol, in 1744, where both are to be found, Vol. III. p. 206, headed, with other pieces, "The Poems that follow are by the Rev. John and Charles Wesley;" the two Hymns constituting one entire piece, and entitled, "God's Greatness." The piece is also found in the first Hymn Book, published in 1739. But admitting John to have had anything to do with the composition—and there is evidently too much polish, and too little fire and impetuosity for Charles, still it is not to be considered as an original, but a translation; for in "Hymns and Sacred Poems," published by John and Charles, in 1756, 5th edit. 12mo., it is stated to be "*From the German*," p. (100) 106.

calm, sweet, reverential awe of God, somewhat similar to the feelings which may be supposed to have pervaded the soul of the author. But as time advanced, and work accumulated on his hand, the muse was less and less courted by him. His opponents, and his anxiety to diffuse religious knowledge, levied unceasing contributions on his prose, from which there was no chance of escape.

Some remarks have already been made on his character, as a preacher and a sermonizer ; but a man may be both, and yet be unable to establish legitimate claims to the character of a sound divine ; otherwise, the author of " *Tristram Shandy* " might be disposed to interfere in this way—one of the last men whom we should be disposed to introduce into the Christian pulpit. But though we have in part anticipated ourselves on this head, we wish to confer upon it a distinct notice, merely by way of adverting to the soundness and extent of his theological knowledge. Various editions of his *Sermons* and entire *Works*, have been published. His *Sermons*, several of which were at first published in a separate form, both for sale and gratuitous distribution, were collected and given to the public in three duodecimo volumes ; the first bearing the date of 1746,—the second, of 1748,—the third, of 1750,—and the fourth, of 1760. The first uniform edition of his *Works* was published in 32 vols. 12mo., between the years 1771 and 1774 ; the second, between the years 1809 and 1813, in 16 vols. 8vo. ; and the last, which is by far the best, and does the editor, the Rev. Thomas Jackson, great credit, in 1829, closing in 1831, in 14 vols. 8vo. In these volumes is to be found a system of the purest theology. Add to these, a part of the editorial

labour of the "Arminian Magazine"—his extensive "Correspondence"—the "Christian Library," in 50 vols. 12mo.—his "Notes on the Bible," 4 vols. 4to.—and his "Natural Philosophy," in 5 vols, 12mo. ; and then, in a review of the whole, we need not be surprised at the eulogy pronounced upon him as an author, by one of his biographers,—"If usefulness be excellence ; if public good is the chief object of attention in public characters ; and if the greatest benefactors to mankind are most estimable ; John Wesley will long be remembered as one of the best of men, as he was for more than fifty years, the most diligent and indefatigable." The marvel is, when we look at his writings, how he found time to preach ; and when we look at his ministry and his journeyings, how he found time to write.

In this summary of his literary labours, it will be perceived, that he was not only a divine, but a philosopher. He sometimes speculated, like Sir Thomas Browne, in his celebrated work entitled *Hydriotaphia*—a discourse on some sepulchral urns dug up in Norfolk—on the vain hopes of immortality cherished by man respecting his worldly names and deeds ;—Sir Thomas, finding, as the sole remains of those buried in the Norfolk urns, only a little dust, to which no name, not even the remotest idea as to individual character, could be attached. But though instances of this kind are to be found in Wesley's Journals, yet he was never gloomy—always cheerful. But we refer to something higher ; and something in which Wesley nearly stands alone, in his own community. With the exception of himself, and subsequently of his disciple, Adam Clarke, science has been but little cultivated among

Methodist preachers—at least there has been no marked success. This is the more extraordinary, with such an example in their leader, who had much more on his hands, than has fallen to the lot of any of his followers. His “Natural Philosophy,” now improved by Mudie, and published by Tegg, affords evidence, that if he had devoted himself to that subject, he might have been handed down to posterity in honourable connection with the illustrious Robert Boyle. It is not for a moment insinuated, that he was an experimental philosopher; his numerous, pressing, and still more exalted labours in the Christian ministry, would not admit of personal experiments and observations; he was therefore compelled, from necessity, to view the works of creation, in the labours and records of others: but in this, he displayed both judgment and reading. He made himself familiar, in early life, with Sir Isaac Newton’s *Principia*, and with his *Theory of Light and Colours*. He first published “*A Survey of the Wisdom and Goodness of God in the Creation*,” in two volumes, in which he combined pleasure and instruction, and for which he received the most flattering tokens of respect and praise from persons of the first distinction in the University of Oxford. This work was afterwards enlarged, and published in five volumes, in 1784. The fourth volume comprises a translation of a considerable part of Charles Bonnet’s “*Contemplations de la Nature*,”—a work intended to be popular by its ingenious and learned author, and therefore highly ornamented with fanciful illustrations. But they were not the illustrations that attracted Wesley; it was the matter; and for elegance and instruction, as well as

comporting with his general design, he could not have fixed upon a work more suited to his purpose. In the fifth volume he furnishes an extract from Denton's "Enquiry into the origin of the Discoveries attributed to the Moderns;" a curious and ingenious work, and but little known in England, when he published his extract from it. It will be perceptible to all who are familiar with his opinions, that he was a most determined opponent of those systems of natural philosophy, which represent the powers of matter as the efficient causes of the phenomena of nature; by which the God of Nature is excluded from the government of his own works; and in which systems, even the actions of men are supposed to be determined by certain unalterable laws,—no provision being made for the interpositions of a superintending providence. Though it is well known, that he doubted, without positively denying, the truth of the calculations of planetary distances, and some other parts of modern astronomy; yet, in *Natural History*, he was always at home, contemplating with the pleasure of a child in a garden of flowers, the wisdom, the power, and the goodness of God, in the structure of natural bodies, and in the various instincts and habits of the animal creation. He never intended his work as a history of the present state of philosophy, or even as an introduction to the philosophical systems—of which he nevertheless gives a brief sketch—that had prevailed up to the period in which he wrote; but merely as a general view of the most useful and remarkable things in natural history, and an illustration, for general use, of the perfections of God. And considered in this light, as has been justly remarked,

it is entitled to public approbation ; the moral reflections it contains, being as much distinguished by their correctness and elegance, as by their utility.

His knowledge of medicine we almost shrink from touching ; not because Dr. Southey has declared, in reference to his "Primitive Physic," that "The book itself must have done great mischief, and probably may still continue so to do ;" but from our incompetency to decide in the case, in consequence of a number of living witnesses, who, in simple cases, have attended to many of the prescriptions, and derived benefit from their application. But the truth is, there is in medicine, as in other things, a fashion ;—the gentlemen of the faculty must pardon us ; but they themselves know full well, that the experiments of one age, have been laughed at by the experimentalists of another. Within our own recollection, men have been advised to bury themselves to the chin in earth, in order to recruit their health, and when a few shovels-full more would have rendered the opening of a new grave unnecessary. At another period, the afflicted were recommended to rub themselves with metallic tractors, till by a species of coaxation, disease was to slip out of the system at the toe end. In times still more recent, pills have been recommended by Mr. Morison on the wholesale plan—the more the better, that is, for the vender, till the patient should again vegetate into a state of health ; and look, with the consumption removed from the body into the pockets, like a garden in spring—empty of every thing but unproductive soil. To be serious, as John Wesley had human nature to deal with, he approached as near as possible to the

simplicity of nature in his cure ; and, in simple cases, much good has been done.

Scarcely anything escaped his observation, that could at all prove beneficial to the body, the soul, the estate of man, and the glory of God, connected with his worship. He was not only partial to music—as all the Wesleys were, but a judge of its claims to merit and attention. His “ Sacred Harmony,” and the “ Hymn Book” of 1762, “ with the Tunes annexed,” prove, that if he could not compose with the skill of a Handel or a Mozart, or touch the keys of the piano and the organ with the execution of his celebrated nephews, Samuel and Charles ; yet he had an extensive knowledge of music, and an ear exquisitely formed for the most harmonious and melodious sounds. What, for instance, are some of the circus, horse-jockey, ranting abominations, introduced by modern enthusiasts, of warm passions, little minds, and worse ears—fit, indeed, only for the gentlemen of the turf, and the ladies of the theatre—when compared with “ Cornish,” and hundreds of other fine old tunes ! The latter make melody in the ear of God ; and to the latter—which ought to be handed down to posterity as heirlooms of the great Wesleyan family—the Methodists must return, if they wish, as heretofore, to draw the public to their places of worship, and enchant them with the divinity of their song.

When we connect with his pulpit labours and literary pursuits, his voyages and travels, it is doubtful whether any man, since human life was limited to threescore years and ten, has—taking his own protracted life into the account, compassed—stretching the whole in one continued line, the same extent of sea and land. Should we admit

of an exception, it is in favour of a son in the gospel—the Rev. Robert Newton: but he must live as long—and long may he live! and besides, he lives in the age of locomotive engines. John Wesley was like a bird—always on the wing, with this exception, he knew no torpid state, like some of the summer visitants, unless in bed, and then it was matter of necessity—never amounting to indulgence. His constitution was excellent; and never was a constitution less abused, less spared, or more admirably applied, in an exact subserviency to the faculties of his mind. He observed so rigid a temperance, and allowed himself so little repose, that he seemed to be above the infirmities of nature, and to act independant of the earthly tenement he occupied. He gave the world an instance, as one of his biographers with justice observes, of the possibility of living without wasting a single hour; and of the advantage of a regular distribution of time, in discharging the important duties and purposes of life. Few ages have more needed such a public testimony to the value of time; and perhaps none have had a more conspicuous example of the perfection to which the improvement of it may be carried. For the space of forty-two years, or upwards, he generally delivered two, frequently three or four sermons in a day. But calculating at two sermons a day, and allowing, as a writer of his life has done, fifty annually for extraordinary occasions, the whole number during this period will be, forty thousand five hundred and sixty. To these we are to add, an infinite number of exhortations to the societies after preaching, and in other occasional meetings at which he assisted.

There are, however, a few little points of Christian character, upon which, like hinges to massive gates, important things were constantly turning, and either hastening or retarding his own, or the movements of others. We need but for a moment advert to the integrity of his heart. It was scarcely possible for a single day to pass away with a man like him, rising at four o'clock in the morning, and employed till eight or nine at night, in reading, writing, preaching, meeting the people, visiting the sick, and riding from thirty to forty, and even fifty miles a day; without meeting with some particular occurrences, circumstances, or events, to try the metal of both body and temper. But invariably following the convictions of his mind—a mind, of course, under the sanctifying influence of divine grace, he permitted nothing to divert him from his purpose; his motto being “Onward,” whatever the cost, as to pecuniary expense, hazard, or actual suffering,—shrinking from no danger, and courting no man’s smile,—being no less proof against labour, persecution and reproach, than the softer feelings of human nature, when opposed to the work in which he was engaged. Strong as was his passion for reading—and he read most of the valuable publications that came in his way, ancient and modern—the book was laid aside the moment duty called him to mount his horse or visit the sick; or if not laid aside in the first instance, its pages were scanned as he passed along the road. Much as he enjoyed polite and rational conversation, yet, however advanced in learning, or however exalted in rank the society might be, who wished to spend the evening with him, he retired to rest at his accustomed time. Even

friendships—sensible as he was to their exquisite and associate feelings, were in an instant snapped asunder, when they interfered with what he deemed the work of God. And yet it is remarkable—and this is a lesson to those who quote and abuse him on the total abstinence question,—that even at College, when he was least the subject of Christian liberty, he never imposed upon others the same degree of rigour he exercised upon himself. He proceeded no further than—"I must be the best judge of what is hurtful, or beneficial to me." And not anything tends to illustrate his straightforwardness more, than his firmness in the midst of the buffetings with which Charles assailed him, and the obstacles which he threw in his way for a series of years, with a view to divert him from his course, and to counteract the natural tendency of religious events. There are those in existence, with the Rev. Thomas Jackson at their head, who are anxious to raise Charles out of the comparative obscurity into which he had sunk himself, and to place him as a powerful auxiliary by the side of John, in the workings of Methodism. But it is not the fact of his having been the first to administer the sacrament to the Kingswood colliers, and a few other things to which he had been driven by the tide of events, that will give a Methodistical hue to his character, amidst, what cannot be described in milder terms, than years of revolt. If Methodism had been left to Charles, or what amounts to the same thing, if John had attended to his counsel, it would not now have been in existence. He not only either directly opposed, or hung upon John as a dead weight, in his own person, but he was in the habit of influencing and

setting others upon him,—several upon him at the same moment, when, like the noble stag, beset by the hounds;—but, happily for himself and for posterity, he stood in the majesty of his strength; and, with his antlers in a state of maturity, kept the whole pack at bay. We have documentary evidence at command, in Charles's own hand writing—not above board documents which we know might by possibility meet the public eye—but private, confined, counterworking documents, which go to substantiate what we mean; and which, if occasion should demand, we will more fully express. Nay, go no further than some of his printed addresses: one so early as 1775, “printed for I. Robinson, in Ludgate Street, London,” entitled “An Epistle to the Reverend Mr. John Wesley, by Charles Wesley, Presbyter of the Church of England;” embracing no less than 272 lines in the heroic couplet. He commences with—

“ My first and last unalienable friend,
 A Brother's thoughts with due regard attend,
A Brother, still as thy own soul belov'd,
 Who speak to learn, and write to be reprov'd:
 Far from the factious undiscerning crowd,
 Distrest I fly to Thee, and *think aloud*;
 I tell thee, wise and faithful as thou art,
 The fears and sorrows of a burthen'd heart,
 The workings of (a blind or heav'nly?) zeal,
 And all my *fondness for the Church* I tell;
 The Church whose cause I serve, whose faith approve,
 Whose altars reverence, and whose name I love!”

Do not the writings of John up to this period, yes, and beyond it, prove that he was as sound in the faith of the Established Church, as Charles—that he was equally ready to promote her cause—that he beheld with equal

reverence her altars — and loved her name! What had Charles, that John had not, in correct, kind feeling, towards the Church of England? He wanted Charles's bigotry,—uncharitable, exclusive, popish bigotry: yes, popish bigotry; for at the moment he manifests his hostility to Rome, he aims a decisive blow at John, and mixes him up with the worst feelings of his heart. Let him speak for himself, in the same poetical "Epistle"—

"Or, what my soul doth as hell-fire reject,
A Pope—a Count—and Leader of a Sect."

Here he associates John with the Pope and Count Zinzendorf, and is as passionately fond of John, as the "LEADER" of the Methodist "Sect," as he is of the "fire" of "Hell." Let us not be misunderstood. We do not unchristianize Charles; neither do we blame him for his attachment to the Established Church. But, as a METHODIST, he is to be applauded for little more than his song; and for his Hymns, the Wesleyans and the Christian world owe him eternal gratitude, and they will live to the end of time. But still, it is to his HYMNS, rather than to his Life and Labours, that the Methodists should be directed. In most instances, he was a hindrance, rather than a help to John; and all the bolstering and packing in the world will never—to us at least, make him a Methodist at heart. But John, in the integrity of his soul, proceeded, neither turning to the right hand nor to the left. What Daniels, in his fine effusion of meditative thought, applies to the Countess of Cumberland, will, by a substitution of the masculine for the feminine, apply to the Founder and Builder of Methodism;—

"He that of such a height hath built his mind,
 And rear'd the dwelling of his thoughts so strong,
 As neither hope nor fear can shake the frame
 Of his resolved powers ; nor all the wind
 Of vanity or malice pierce to wrong
 His settled peace, or to disturb the same :
 What a fair seat hath he, from whence he may
 The boundless wastes and wilds of man survey !"

But we forbear, so far as Charles is concerned ; we have already sinned beyond redemption, in the act of taking up characters at all, in the esteem of the Editor of the Wesleyan Magazine ; whom we nevertheless esteem in our turn, as a good, mistaken man, on the real value of Charles Wesley to the Wesleyan body, except in his Hymns.

It is not, however, merely in the light in which he has just passed in review before us, that we are to view John Wesley in the honesty of his purpose and his doings, in obedience to the dictates of his mind and heart ; but he must be contemplated in another light, in which Charles—for we love the latter as a man, a Christian, and a poet, though he has forfeited our esteem as a Methodist—is eminently associated with him : we advert to the accommodation bill system, pawnbroking, &c. On this subject, we have a just estimate of his character, in an article in one of the public Journals of April last ; and we the more readily furnish an extract from it, because, in not a few particulars, the editors of the journal are opposed to Methodism as a system. "Wesley," say they, "was indeed a sagacious and far-seeing man. He possessed that profound knowledge of human nature, and that power of anticipating the final issues of an inchoate process, which, with scarcely an hyperbole, we denominate intuition. His scheme of

church discipline was framed with an attention to minutiae which has often raised a smile where perhaps it ought to have excited grave reflection, and provoked to at least a modified imitation. The rules on which he and his brother Charles agreed, and which are still in force amongst their followers, forbid pawnbroking on both parts; buying or selling 'unaccustomed goods;' even bating down prices; and, amongst other things, accommodation bills. He judged that these things endangered the foundations of all sound morality, and that therefore they ought not to find toleration in the bosom of a religious society. And even those who may be disposed to regard these interdicts as somewhat too severe or prying, will hardly deny that to enforce them was to err, if at all, on the safe side."

In the justice of these remarks, we heartily concur. But John Wesley's honesty and singleness of purpose is not only visible in the points alluded to, but in his calm observations of the openings of Providence. He not only marked its openings, but pressed into every door the moment the hand of God turned it upon its hinge. He had no preconcerted plans; classes, officers, collections, lay-preachers, chapels—all, arose out of the circumstances in which he was placed; and which, under God, he promptly and faithfully improved. He knew, that as men ought to be more frugal of their time than their money, the one being infinitely more valuable than the other, so they ought to be especially watchful of opportunities. He proceeded on the every day experience of common life—that there are times and seasons for every purpose of it; and so of religion—and that a very material part of prudence is to judge rightly

of them, and to make the best of what they offer, as to the amount of real good to be accomplished by them. Besides, he knew, with Sir James Mackintosh, in his "*Vindicæ Gallicæ*," that, as in civil affairs, so in ecclesiastical, few could be found hardy enough to assert that a better constitution was not attainable than any which had previously appeared. Not that he sought for one; but when the promise of improvement was placed before him, by a pressure of concurring circumstances, he found he could not be faithful to God and to his own conscience, to pass them unheeded. He, in fact, so far as church government was concerned, seemed to foresee nothing; but as circumstances arose, he seized them, and with a Baconian comprehension, and a distinctiveness of philosophical as well as Christian vision, and with an instinctive justice which led him to appreciate the value of passing events, he converted them into the agents of good to men. The wider range which circumstances gave to his ministerial labours, and which constituted him, in no slight degree, the creator of his own system—independent of his coadjutors, called into the fullest play his native powers and resources, in all their amplitude. In teaching and in governing he compelled those to feel, not only that God was with him, but his intellectual superiority; guarding against prejudices, at the same time, of all possible shades and distortions—the *fulcra* of faction, and the gravest obstacles to the prosperity of the work of God.

While he was one of the most active business men in the world, scarcely any one could be found more dead to its wealth and its charms. "If," said he, in his "*Earnest Appeal to Men of Reason and Religion*," published in 1745,—

“If I leave behind me ten pounds, (above my debts and my books, or what may happen to be due on account of them,) you and all mankind bear witness against me, that I lived and died a thief and a robber.” (Works, vol. viii. p. 40.) This was found strictly correct, as he promised and predicted, when he left the world about half a century afterwards, March 2, 1791. Up to that period, the malignant eye of the world was fixed upon him; and many were the charges brought against him,—that he was accomplishing his own private ends, in the accumulation of wealth, and would finally die immensely rich. But of what use, one very properly enquires, were the accumulation of wealth to him, who, through his whole course, never allowed himself to taste the repose of indolence, or even the common indulgence in the use of the necessaries of life. Neither will a miser, it may be replied, allow himself the ordinary comforts of life. But a miser does not impart of his abundance to the poor. John Wesley’s liberality to the poor knew no bounds, except an empty pocket. He gave away, not merely a certain part of his income, but all that he had: his own wants provided for, he devoted the remainder to the necessities of others. He entered upon this good work at an early period. We are informed, that, when he had thirty pounds a year, he lived on twenty-eight, and gave away forty shillings. The next year, receiving sixty pounds, he still lived on twenty-eight, and gave away two and thirty. The third year he received ninety pounds, and gave away sixty-two. The fourth year he received one hundred and twenty pounds. Still he lived on twenty-eight, and gave to the poor ninety-two. In this ratio he proceeded, during the rest of his long life: and in the course

of fifty years, it has been supposed, he gave away, from his comparatively contracted means, between twenty and thirty thousand pounds;—a great part of which, most men would have put out at interest, and upon the best security. He combined with the philanthropy of a Howard, the benevolence of a Reynolds; and had he been as rich as Cræsus, he would still have been as poor as Job.

Though without preconceived plans, yet there was one vast design ever present with him, which entered into all his operations, and which is comprehended in that all comprehensive sentence—"The world is my parish;"—embracing at once, the length and breadth of all his purposes—the conversion of the human family to God: and Methodism, in consonance with this, is now planted in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America.

But Wesley was fond of power, he towered with ambition, he flamed with enthusiastic zeal, and he was superstitious to a fault. All this is admitted, and much more. But let us understand each other. The power he possessed, was only the power of a father over his family; which he was anxious to preserve, not for the pleasure or pride of its exercise, but for the safety, and consequent advantages to be secured by it to the members, separately and collectively; and which he was not at liberty—as providence had committed it to his trust, to lay aside on his own responsibility. Even the Hottentots run to the suppression of strife when it has invaded a family, the same as we do to extinguish a fire; and allow themselves no repose till every matter in dispute is adjusted. Nations are known to interfere in the same way. Here is a power exerted for good from without. Of John

Wesley's power, within the pale of his own community, he himself has given us an account, both as to its origin and its reasonableness; (Works, Vol. VIII, pp. 311—313.) and that it was absolute, few will be found to deny. There were no rights, no privileges, no offices of power or influence, but what were created by him; nor could they be maintained but during his pleasure. The whole system of Methodism, like a vast and complicated piece of machinery, was formed under his direction; while his will gave motion to all its parts, and worked it as he thought proper. His influence gathered strength at every step, like the accumulating waters of a mighty torrent; and any one person, or number of persons in a society opposing it, would, before its combined, diffusive, rapid progress, have been swept down with the flood, like so many straws within the range of its course. Not a few were offended with this power, and concluded themselves to be entitled to a share in its exercise. He, however, very properly considered it, as inseparably connected with the unity and prosperity of the societies over which he presided; and it was on this ground alone he was tenacious of its preservation. But where is the man to be found, who possessed so much, and abused it so little? He never sought his own ease or advantage in its exercise; the societies experienced no inconvenience from it, but, on the contrary, prospered under its government; and they derived this benefit from it, that, if any of the preachers, less intelligent, less disinterested, less experienced than himself, inflicted any injury upon them through rashness or ignorance, they found in him immediate redress. All his power was employed to promote,

according to the best of his judgment, the general interests of Christianity, the happiness of the people he governed, and the welfare of the British public. Not anything, Burgh observes, on "Human Nature," can show a greater abjectness of spirit, than an overbearing temper in a person's behaviour to inferiors. To insult or abuse those who dare not answer again, is as sure a mark of cowardice, as it would be to attack a woman or a child with a drawn sword. And wherever we see a person given to insult his inferiors, we may assure ourselves he will creep to his superiors; for the same baseness of mind will lead him to act the part of a bully to those who cannot resist, and of a coward to those who can. But was John Wesley ever known to act thus? No, with all his power—power in all its plenitude, he was like a shepherd among newly yeaned lambs, like an affectionate nurse among children.

But he was ambitious!—he was; but not of becoming, as has often been insinuated, the head of a sect. This has been refuted a hundred times; and the single fact, that he had no preconceived plans, will not admit of it. Like Mr. Knox, to whose sketch we now refer, we do not affirm, that he was without ambition. He had that at which Christianity has no occasion to blush, and which virtue is proud to confess. We do not mean that which is gratified by splendour of equipage, and large possessions; but that which commands the hearts and affections, the homage and the gratitude, of thousands. His followers felt a veneration for him, only inferior to that which they paid to heaven. What was to be done! He had, agreeably to Woodfall, in his *Diary*, changed the outcasts of society into useful members; civilized even savages, and filled

those lips with praise and prayer, that had been accustomed only to oaths and imprecations. But as the strongest religious impressions are apt to degenerate into languor, without discipline and practice, he divided his people into classes and bands, according to their religious attainments. He appointed frequent meetings for prayer and conversation, where they gave an account of their experience,—their hopes and fears, their joys and sorrows; by which means they were united to each other, and to their common profession—naturally and necessarily growing into a distinct community. They became sentinels upon each other's conduct, and securities for each other's character. Thus, the seeds he had seriously and unsparingly sown, sprang up and flourished, bearing the rich fruit of every Christian grace. Was this ambition—to preserve what his industry had acquired? Whither was he to send them? To the Established Church? Many of the clergy were destitute of personal piety, and were unable to feed them. To the Dissenters? He himself was a Churchman. There was no alternative between his keeping them, or losing, not only what he himself had wrought, but of hazarding their salvation. Hence, his ambition—if ambition it was, to govern and preserve the numerous persons who had placed themselves in his hand—to watch their improvement with paternal care, and encourage them to a faithful end. Woe be to the flock, if this be not the ambition of every shepherd—of every leader.

But he was an enthusiast!—he was; but it was in the best sense of that term. No art, no science can be cultivated without enthusiasm. His was a zeal, as has been justly remarked by those who have examined the subject, which

was not a transient blaze, but a steady and constant flame. The ardour of his spirit was neither damped by difficulty, nor subdued by age. This was ascribed by himself, and those who best knew him, to divine grace; by the world to enthusiasm. Be it what it will, it is what philosophers must envy, and infidels respect; it is that which gives energy to the soul, and without which we should never have had the discoveries of a Newton, the philosophy of a Boyle, the law of a Hales, the music of a Handel, the poetry of a Milton, or the achievements of a Marlborough.

But he was superstitious!—he was; but it was not in the sense in which Dr. Johnson, and hundreds of the most literary characters have been tainted with it—hesitating which foot to place first over the threshold of the door on a Friday morning. His superstitions were connected with an invisible state; and he was aware, that one well authenticated tale, respecting apparitions, and what not, would operate much more powerfully upon the minds of the uneducated, for whose benefit he chiefly wrote, than a long chain of metaphysical reasoning on the immateriality and immortality of the human soul.

With all the conceivable credulity of which his non-admirers can consider him to have been capable, he had a vigour and elevation of mind, which nothing but the smile and presence of God could inspire: and as life began to ebb out, with his moral glory untarnished, his judgment unclouded, his reason unperplexed, and the heroism of his religion unsubdued, we behold, in the presence of conscious innocence, a halo of glory thrown around the infirmities of age; his bed of sickness, as one expresses himself, converted into a triumphal car,

and his exit assuming the appearance of an Apotheosis rather than a dissolution.

Though we have already drawn attention to his leadership, we cannot refrain from again adverting to it. Not a few of the leaders of different sects have been great men only to their flatterers, to a few sincere enthusiasts, and to a cotemporary coterie. But will their title be recognized as such to posterity? The name of Wesley has risen on the world like the morning sun, growing more and more brilliant, and giving light and joy to the human race. The comet career of the heads of some sects is already past; the very recollection of their track is fast fading; and the time will soon come, when few will remember—say Arius and others—but with associations of the “pestilence and war”—the pestilence of error and the war of words, which they scatter from their “horrid hair.” A large moral, religious, and philosophical view of Wesley’s life, would necessarily involve questions of vast national interest, in consequence of the influence of Methodism on the morals and institutions of the country. But our brief space has bound us rather to a party than a historical view. The latter will be of greater moment to posterity, when people will be further removed from the excitement of the times and events, and when a further trial will admit of less difference of opinion. His moral, religious, and intellectual character is now established; and his success as a preacher and a lawgiver, will receive illustration from the number of his followers, and the institution he has raised—as one of the greatest men of his age. The history of his people is but the record of his fame.

The honour paid to his memory, in the inseparable companionship of his name with Methodism, is not a little remarkable. Let branch after branch be slipped off the parent tree, and let the leading men of the body be reviled and slandered as they may, still we find the different parties clinging to the name; as "Primitive Methodists"—"American Methodists"—"Protestant Methodists," &c., &c. Whoever may fall, John Wesley is still permitted to stand; and men feel honoured on being associated with him in his religious principles, and the name which he brought into vogue.

We cannot do better than close this sketch, with one of the testimonies in favour of Methodism, in our first volume, as taken from the "British Critic," and another reference to Luther, to whom we have also adverted, in the course of our remarks on the founder of Methodism. "It is not easy to imagine," the writer observes, "anything more comprehensive than the polity, or more perfect than the organization, of the Wesleyan economy. Its discipline and constitution form a stupendous monument of the genius of its author. They shew him to have been born to leave an indelible impress of himself on after generations. In this respect, Napoleon Buonaparte is not worthy to be compared to him. The name of Napoleon is indeed imperishable. But it is written in the annals of Europe, not on her institutions. His gigantic footsteps were on the ocean sand, and the waters have closed upon them, and have swept away their traces—even as it were the toyish architecture of childhood. The name of Wesley lives in the system which he has founded. It is written there, in characters which are daily expanding, and becoming deeper, as

that system spreads. He was a mighty religious legislator. The foundations of his polity are broad and deep : and the spirit of internal discord must become potent indeed, before it can rend his superstructure in pieces. "

Dr. Waddington, in his " History of the Reformation on the Continent," enters into an elaborate defence of the career of Luther, the great Reformer, attributing the aberrations with which he is charged to the circumstances by which he was surrounded, and almost the only portion of his life to which blame is to be attached, to his conduct in the Sacramentarian controversy. Without directly stating such a design, the Dean of Durham is supposed to have been anxious to draw a parallel, after the manner of Plutarch, between Martin Luther and John Wesley : both began by rigidly enforcing the very letter of the ritual in the churches to which they belonged ; Luther's original thesis, and Wesley's early sermons, were not inconsistent with the doctrines, though opposed to the existing practices, of the established hierarchies ; both were in a great degree forced reluctantly into dissent or separation ; both were opposed to all who went further into dissent than themselves,—Luther to Zwingle, Wesley to Whitfield ;—finally both, towards the close of their lives, cast many a " longing, lingering look behind," on the church from which they could not bear to think themselves excluded. It may be added, that Luther and Wesley were remarkable for their belief in supernatural agency ; the table-talk of the one, and the journals of the other, record their personal struggles and mental exercises,—only, with a dissimilarity which strongly marks original character,—Wesley recording his conflicts with the mildness and patient

submission of a martyr—Luther treating them with the pride and boast of a warrior who had at length “found foeman worthy of his blade.” There is another point not to be omitted: Wesley was not so much—as in the case of Luther, a reformer of ecclesiastical abuses, and a corrector of heresy in doctrine, as he was an expounder and defender of the doctrines of the Established Church, and a reformer of the practices of mankind; his system rising in purity as he proceeded, owing to the rigid character of the discipline which he found it necessary to adopt. That system, up to the present period, has had fence after fence thrown around it; and such is its character, that it compels the very persons who are found in its executive department to maintain its purity, despite of anything that might secretly rise in the breast in hostility to it.

No. CH.

De Sacy
* * * * *

"Genius is of no country ; her pure ray
Spreads all abroad, as gen'ral as the day ;
Poe to restraint, from place to place she flies,
And may hereafter ev'n in Holland rise."

CHURCHILL.

IN addressing ourselves at once to the exterior of the gentleman before us, we are presented with a person slightly above the middle size—stout—of a somewhat dark complexion—the nose inclining to the aquiline—with a pressure about the mouth, as if the teeth were partially jammed together—grey whiskers, with thick dark hair—a good forehead, though not particularly striking—but a fine eye, and though possessed of more fire than penetration, still keen and poetical. The general form and expression of the face is indicative of genius, and leaves the impression of an ardent temperament. On some occasions, it assumes the character of sternness, almost amounting to a frown ; on others, that of momentary pain, as if its proprietor were the subject of

physical disorganization. Though he is on the far side of fifty, yet owing to the fulness of the face, and its general want of the furrow, he appears in the distance to be little beyond forty years of age.

Having thus entered upon the "outer man," there is another point or two, which, though early enough, we feel disposed to dismiss. His action, though liberal, is not redundant—generally graceful—sometimes powerful—and often striking. When highly excited, there is sometimes a wriggling and knocking about the lower joints, distantly approaching to the attitude of the ring, when the pugilist, by a few graceful, determined, steady-eyed movements, is preparing for fight. This, of course, is most apparent on the platform; and when this is the case, the congregation becomes his serious object of attack, he being about to set in a hard and decided blow, not at the chest—to dismiss all allusion to the notion with which we commenced, and of which we are half ashamed, because of the truly noble subject with whom we have to do—but at the heart. His eyes sparkle, pierce, and fix, sometimes verging on a stare—penetrating the soul to the inmost core—and seem to assure victory, as has been observed of another popular speaker, before the lips are opened. The back, during moments of deep feeling is bent inward—the chest thrown gently forward, like that of a bird about to send forth some of its bolder notes—and the elbows are thrown back, as if pinioned, for the instant, to the side. When a splendid passage—and there are many, is about to be delivered, the value and effect of which may be supposed to have been previously calculated upon, the attitude is always suitable, and the action, though

sometimes overstrained, is bold and elevated. The principal defect is—though by no means felt as such by the auditory, that when he is bold and heroic, he is sure to verge the nearest to the theatric. Some of his picturings, on these occasions, make the skin creep, give the shudders, and have the Gorgon charm about them to petrify: then, again, he is as soft as twilight, and as melting as music in the languor of a summer evening. When he is disposed to indulge in a little hilarity on the platform—which is very rare—by a few passing remarks on a point or two left vulnerable by previous speakers, he will sometimes smile at his own advantages, and whistle the laugh of conquest through his teeth. But on this passing off—which is generally in the outset, and done both with a view to relieve anything like tedium, and give an air of spontaneity to what has to succeed,—he never fails to interest, and rarely to transfix and captivate; making his curves, or, with a sweep of majesty, sailing from one spot to another—accompanied, perhaps, with a little too much action, as well as too expanded and violent; for here, though often the same in the pulpit, it is more visible to the eye, in consequence of the whole person being revealed to its gaze.

There is a certain roll or swell in the delivery, and especially when the matter partakes of the bold and lofty; but it is not the mere inflation of the balloon, glittering in the sun with its silk and its stripes; it is the swell of the wave, where there is solidity and majesty—not in its noisy dash, and dissonant sound on the shore—but in the centre of the ocean, with its fine, bold, uncrested roll—raising the auditory, like a vessel, with

its heavings. The voice is agreeable, full, and commanding, and produces good oratorical effect.

In his occasional sermons, there is invariably expansion, beauty, and force; and though plan is perceptible, there is nothing stiff; all is as easy and natural, as if unstudied—passing from division to division, without any apparent break, and as smoothly as from sentence to sentence in the same paragraph. If he is too diffuse anywhere—if time really be lost, it is in the starting, never failing to tell his hearers at the close of the first or second division, that the subject is capable of still further enlargement—sometimes naming a few points, but intimating that time forbids, and other subjects demand attention—thus leaving the impression of stores yet untouched. Even in the commencement, he will innumerate a variety of particulars, and then dismiss them for what he deems the pith of his subject,—for that which he considers will be more effective, and of greater value to his audience. When this stock-in-hand detail begins, rather than closes a subject, he brings his divisions and subdivisions to a triumphant termination. He is generally climacterical, and never fails of success when his heart is set upon it; and what heightens the effect, is the deathlike silence which reigns in the place—for he cannot endure the least disturbance, his sensibilities for the moment amounting to impatience,—and the breathless suspense in which the hearer is held.

When we speak of diffusiveness, we do not attach to it the importance of a fault. He has a great deal of what critics would denominate deep and thoughtful poetry in his composition, a sublime and captivating sensibility;

and with his power of embodiment, which is highly diversified, his matter appears only a little too diffuse for concentration. His imagery, though bold, and often delightful, is perhaps not always simple in its illustration; often inducing in the minds of persons of intelligence and taste, a charm and inward joyousness, which beautiful, graceful, and happy pictures always spread within it. In swell rather than profundity of thought, in warmth and earnestness of feeling, in elegance and beauty of diction—though showy and gorgeous withal—his sermons are often unequalled by any of his cotemporaries in the same pulpits. Though he often gives the plan of his sermons with comparative brevity and simplicity, yet on special occasions, he introduces into them that which produces the same effect as machinery in poetry,—a set of supernatural beings, who, like the deities of the *Iliad* and the *Æneid*, are employed in developing the plot, and bringing the whole to a conclusion: for angels, archangels, cherubim, seraphim, and the Eternal Spirit, are all “at work to hasten the completion of the grand scheme of God in the salvation of the world. We have no disposition to degrade the divinity of the subject by such a comparison, nor yet to exalt the preacher into anything like a Homeric being in the pulpit; we only refer to the effect upon our minds—of course christianly understood, as to plan, developement, and result: and there is, perhaps, upon the whole, too near an approach to the dramatic; but this may be attributed more to the character of his genius, than to design.

There is no kind of speaking more exempt from the appearance of art, than the sublime; and yet the person

who turns over the pages of Longinus, and perceives the variety of observations he has offered on the subject—the manner in which he has distinguished the different sources and reasons of it, cannot but conclude, that the speaker who is let into the true nature of it, as he has described it, must be essentially aided by a judicious use and application of the information which that admirable critic has afforded. But still, there must be an original stock on which all solid improvement is to be grafted; and had not Longinus been a participator of the true sublime, he would not have been able to descant upon it with such freedom and exquisite skill: hence the justice of Pope's character of him,—

“ Thee, bold LONGINUS, all the nine inspire,
And bless their critic with a poet's fire ;
An ardent judge, who zealous in his trust,
With warmth gives sentence, yet is always just ;
Whose own example strengthens all his laws,
And is himself the great SUBLIME he draws.”

Though the historian, to impart dignity and majesty to some of his narratives, should, to be at all interesting, breathe in the spirit of the sublime, it is still more essential to poets and orators; examples of which we have in Homer and Demosthenes, and in our own blind bard, in his “Paradise Lost.” Now, though we have no intention to place the preacher before us on the summit of an eminence, we have nevertheless been frequently impressed with the sublimity of many of his conceptions and expressions. We have sat under him, when his genius has illuminated and thrown a halo of glory on every thing around it, and when he has impressed our

imagination so strongly with the subject in hand, and elevated and animated our conceptions to such a degree, that we have been thrown into a kind of transport, and indulged in the strongest ideal enjoyment of the lively and animated images he has raised. It is this, even in the absence of many other advantages, which recommends a speaker, and without which all other beauties are low, and poor, and spiritless; and for the sake of this, a critical hearer will overlook many defects; nor will he be disposed to censure where there is so much to admire—laying it down as a rule, that while a want of correctness is excusable, a want of spirit is unpardonable. We have been especially struck with the regard and reverence he every where manifests, when considering the Divine Being, and those warm and awful sentiments he has apparently impressed upon his own mind, when the all-perfect and incomprehensible Essence of God is his theme. And here, we would observe, that a religious subject is so far from cramping real genius, that it furnishes it with the most favourable opportunities for exertion; for if the spirit of the sublime is to rise in proportion to the dignity of the subject, no subjects can be so proper for the sublime as those of a religious character.

When anything like failure is perceptible, it is when he is apparently in pursuit of certain abstractions, and ideal forms, connected with supernatural agency and the invisible state. Here we have beheld him occasionally throwing out his arms, like a noble animal pawing its way up a steep—grasping after a something still beyond—struggling with thought and expression, till the height of each has been attained, without fairly coming at the

object, and himself and his auditory have been left to gaze upon the inaccessible eminence in the distance, crowned with the gorgeous clouds which attend a setting sun. On these occasions, he has sometimes reminded us of what has been said of a comprehensive thinker, whose comprehensiveness proved fatal to distinctness—taking a vague, generalized survey of a subject, resembling a bird's-eye view of an extensive tract of country, or the appearance of the earth to an æronaut from his car. The misty exhalations of thought which come rolling over each other, apparently the sport of impulse, but governed by unknown laws of association, very often assume, at the very moment they obscure or conceal the field of actual vision, in consequence of the elevation to which he transports us, such forms of grandeur and beauty, as never fail to delight the fancy. Still, his habits of thought are not at all desultory. The moment he regains *terra firma*, and selects a proposition for illustration, he concentrates the whole of his attention upon that point, and never leaves it till the theme is—if not exhausted, perfectly intelligible to even an ordinary hearer. On all points of doctrine, experience, and morals, he is clear and decisive; yet here, his discrimination is more readily perceived in the mass than in little niceties; and scarcely a sermon is preached—though sometimes with a little glare, which is not distinguished for boldness, breadth, and originality.

It will be found that he has a somewhat plastic imagination; and to impress any passion on the look, it seems necessary first to conceive it, by a strong and intent imagination. This is a subject which has been often,

and philosophically discussed, by eminent writers; and the following are some of the illustrations which the subject itself will admit. Let a man, for instance, recollect some idea of sorrow, and his eye will, in an instant, catch the dimness of melancholy—his muscles will relax into languor—and his whole frame of body will sympathetically unbend itself into a remiss and inanimate lassitude. In such a passive position of features and nerves, let him attempt to speak haughtily, and he will find it impossible. Let the sense of the words, in such a state, be the rashest and most violent—even angry, yet the tone of his voice shall sound nothing but tenderness. The fact of the case is, the modification of his muscles has affected the organs of speech, and before he can express sounds of anger in his voice, he must, by conceiving some idea of anger, inflame his eyes into earnestness, and new knit, and brace up his fibres into an impatience adapted to violence;—and then, as has been justly observed by a writer, not only will the voice correspond with the visage, but the step, air, and movement, all recovering from the languid, and carrying marks of the impetuous and the terrible, will flash a moving propriety from the speaker to the audience—communicating at the same time the sensation it expresses, and not failing to chain and rivet the attention to the passions by which we are moved. Now, the preacher before us expresses with propriety and ease, not a few of the passions, and also makes them felt. He can even make a transit from one to another with tolerable celerity: but, in some instances, the expression has not quite recovered, on his part, to accord with the voice, in moving to another subject, and we ourselves have not

been fully prepared to give him the meeting. Still, there is deep feeling, and he often paints to the life.

It is well known, that nature has qualified but few men with a capacity to know, and with a power to copy her ; and without that power, there is a danger of overstepping the bounds of propriety. In the present instance, the preacher's mind is evidently made up to produce effect ; but it is no less apparent, that it is for the hearer's advantage. Passion, with him, is not some one habitual feeling or sentiment, preying upon itself, growing out of itself, and moulding every thing to itself ; it is modified by all the other feelings to which he himself is liable, and to which others are subject with him—exposed to all the fluctuations of nervous sensation and accident. The passion which he most forcibly delineates is that of love ; he excels also in representing the dignity and high toned honour of the Christian ; together with the enchanting softness, mildness, and graceful magnanimity of the female character, in the relation of sister, wife, child, and mother. There is occasionally, on softer subjects, a little too much of the whine or plaintiveness of affection—we do not mean its cant—but an evident wish to touch filial, fraternal, and parental feeling, by dwelling upon bereavements and their associations ; and although not repulsive to harder hearts, yet scarcely comporting with the dignity of other parts of the discourse, and somewhat lowering the mental dignity of the speaker—the auditory weeping around him as at a funeral : and this is a thorn which lurks underneath the chaplet of roses, which—to a sensitive mind like his, would impart pain to be told of occasional defeat. But there is often a leaning to this in persons who are not

too fond of the philosophic life and literary recess, but who are of a social and friendly disposition like his own.

The reason why he has a command over the passions in others, will be generally found in his ability to express them tolerably himself. There are but six passions capable of being strongly expressed by the look, and which, in consequence of intermingling their difference on the visage, give an auditory all the soul-moving variety of pain, pleasure, or suspension, with which the heart can be strikingly touched. These six passions are joy, sorrow, fear, scorn, anger, and amazement; and the gentleman before us, moves especially our scorn and our sorrow,—our scorn at anything vile, mean, or despicable; and our sorrow on the sacrificial death of Christ, and the sufferings of humanity. We are not going into the auxiliary passions, such as jealousy, love, pity, revenge, &c., which may be mixed up with the others, and produce different shades of expression. These we leave, and simply pronounce him a man of deep and varied feeling, as well as of no inconsiderable genius.

He not unfrequently imparts the notion of a pile-driver—winding up the machinery, and then coming down with the tremendous force of a forge hammer;—winding again, and again descending with equal power, at the close of a sentiment or lengthened period. There is an evident partiality to the pomp of language, and a love of poetic thought; and if two words were to present themselves for choice, he would select the greatest, the roundest, and the fullest. For such, he has sufficient mouth and voice; and although he gargles a few of them, under certain feelings, in his throat, yet he far outstrips

others of the same complexion of mind, who make similar selections, but who want aperture, so to speak, to bring them out—being spun small in their delivery, and becoming bantling in their fall upon the ear. The *O*, the *all*, and the *ah*, are generally sounded long, and issue forth with the fulness and roundness of a deep note from a bugle horn. He is slightly, as Horace would say, “*ses quipedalian*” in his language, occasionally fixing the standard too high at first, and finding it difficult afterwards to descend,—being compelled to become ornate to carry it out. Though possessed of considerable address and prudence, yet he is not unfrequently adventurous in taking up bold figures; and though generally successful, it is sometimes more in effect on the less instructed mass, than in execution to the critic—appearing to the latter in some instances strained, and too poetic for prose. His imagination is almost vigorous enough to sustain any flight; but still, though his taste is correct, and even severe, he is occasionally dazzled with beauty, and employs a power of expression scarcely compatible with the subject and the occasion.

It is properly stated, that the ancients, in eloquence and poetry, have the advantage over us; for having obtained possession of originality by right of primogeniture, they have left us the work of imitation, which is apt to fix the attention on the external graces of composition, in a degree unfavourable to the attainment of true excellence. But with this disadvantage, the way is clear to a high point of elevation both in writing and public speaking.

One noble feature in the character of our preacher is,

exquisite taste in seizing the most poetical passages of the Old Testament to elucidate his text—furnishing very often beautiful and striking expositions on select portions of the sacred writings, and illustrating by them his own views of the subject under discussion. Having had the advantage of a good education, it is every where seen and felt both in the pulpit, and in his occasional sermons given to the public through the medium of the press; and among the best of the latter are some on the “Priesthood of Christ,” which are not only excellent as compositions, but highly important for the views of revealed truth which they contain: nor is it a mean compliment to him, to state that he has filled the pulpit, and was often found a meet companion, for the great Robert Hall.

No. CIII.

ANDERSON.

"No man is the wiser for his learning: it may administer matter to work in or objects to work upon; but wit and wisdom are born with a man."—SELDEN.

THOUGH the itinerant life furnishes a greater portion of incident, than the life of a stated minister; yet, from the comparatively settled state of the Wesleyan body, and the contracted character of the circuits, the preachers seem to move in a minor orbit, and to enlighten a humbler sphere, than their predecessors in the work. There are no striking vicissitudes, as in the hero, the martyr, or the missionary, as in days of persecution and maltreatment; and unless either some stirring occasion call a man out from his companions in labour, or he is rendered conspicuous by superior talent, he will be likely to pass off the theatre of action unnoticed, beyond a passing remark. As our plan excludes narrative, and chiefly confines us to character, we are obliged to limit ourselves to an inspection of those phases of the mind which are most calculated to instruct, and to interest the heart. Some characters afford

outlines so bold, possessing almost dramatic interest, that it requires but little skill to portray them with effect. But here we have to bring out the comparatively tame incidents of a uniform, studious life ; to mark the more delicate movements of the mind ; and not so much to trace out the gradual formation of moral and mental character, as to hit off the intellectual being in its more mature state. The successive, and often interesting steps, that have led to eminence, must remain untouched.

The subject before us, the Rev. JOHN ANDERSON, was selected and sketched when living, and well do we recollect some of his observations on our two pilot numbers. But he is gone the way of all flesh ; and with Christian endearment, though perhaps a little more free in our pencillings than if he had been at our elbow, we still hug his image to our heart. Though born at Gibraltar, he might—from the circumstance of his having, like Bradburn, been brought to England in early life, be considered indigenous to the soil. He was converted to God at the age of nineteen, and entered the itinerant life in 1812. He may be stated to have been about the middle size, but slender, and well formed. His hair was between the flaxen and the red ; the nose aquiline and drooping, and latterly, marked with a curl, expressive of nausea, as if the digestive organs were irregular in their operations ;—the face partaking of the hue of the hair ;—with a fine, light, sprightly, intelligent eye. It was impossible to look upon him without being impressed with the idea of his being a somewhat more than ordinary man ; and the moment he gave utterance to a single sentence, that impression was confirmed. His voice was clear, even shrill, but still agreeable ; partaking

more of the character of the octave fife than the flute, except when overstrained, and then it was as much at variance with the one as with the other.

His style, which was varied, rich, cheerful, and vivacious, was distinguished for a degree of polish and volubility, that not unfrequently surprised his auditors ; while a refinement of feeling, at the moment he was indulging the taste and delighting the ear, gave him ready access to the heart. It must be admitted, at the same time, that there were certain blemishes of style—*quas incuria fudit*, which were thrown out on the surface of a style sometimes negligent, hurried, and profuse ; though usually to be commended for its eloquence and transparency. His sentences were often long and winding, preserving even the more intelligent part of his hearers on the stretch ; yet the sparkling thoughts running through the whole, kept the less educated awake, with the eye no less steadily fixed upon him, than the eyes of a number of voyagers are fixed and fascinated, while bending over the side of a vessel, and looking at one of their companions dropping a cord into the ocean, pregnant with phosphorus, and drawing it up again to the deck, like a long string of pearls sparkling with light.

Let us not be misinterpreted. We do not wish to attribute to him what is censured by Butler, when he affirms—

“ All smatt’rers are more brisk and pert,
Than those that understand an art ;
As little sparkles shine more bright
Than glowing coals, that give them light.”

John Anderson was no “ smatterer ;” nor was he merely showy ; he was a man of solid worth, and considerable attainments. He had a great deal of fancy, though he

could not be said to have a redundancy, or be charged with extravagance in its use. It was, as has been stated of another eminent man, in a review of his life, just lively enough to shed light upon the darkest, and to strew flowers round the most barren tracks of enquiry, when it was suffered to play easily and vent itself freely. Like the personage referred to, he had the playfulness of a Parisian wit, with the religion of an Englishman. His purely figurative passages were not the finest even as figured compositions. He was always best when the metaphor was subdued,—mixed up with plainer matter to flavour it, and used—not by itself or for its own sake, but to give point to a more useful instrument, made of more ordinary material ; or, at the most, flung off in the heat of public speaking, like sparks from a working engine, and not fireworks for mere display. In speaking of wit, we do not employ the term in the sense in which it was employed a century or two ago. We should perhaps convey our idea of this part of his character more correctly, if we were to state that he had point rather than wit ; the latter, when present, rarely sparkling, but entering like the blade of a knife, and, on some occasions, cutting its way like the finer edge of a razor. Nor would we be misunderstood with reference to fancy ; for though we have admitted the existence of refinement of feeling, we are far from confining it to one quality only, or to rare occasions. Fancy and feeling were invariably blended ; and so happily did he realize almost everything he touched, and so lively was the flow of his language, that—though long, not only in his periods, but often in his discourses, we never once flagged in listening to the vast mass of crowded thought which he threw off.

It was difficult to decide whether, on some occasions, to admire his fancy or his invention most. He was never without beauty of thought and expression. We admit that had it not been for the charm he threw around some of his pulpit creations, as well as certain incidents and historical facts, they would—owing to the profusion and minuteness with which they were described, have been diminished in value, and have been rendered tedious. But even in his most subtle argumentative moods, there was such an aptitude and readiness at catching hold of way-side thoughts and incidents,—such ability in turning all to his own, and to the auditory's account,—such a power to rise beyond the point of elevation for which he at first seemed to have wing,—such fire,—such force,—such brilliancy, that the hope of ultimate success increased with the hearer as he proceeded. Go where he would, his hearers always accompanied him; and dwell on what subject he might, he invariably exhibited it in new lights, or brought out of it what others deemed it incapable of yielding.

When he entered fairly into the spirit of his subject, he was generally rapid; but the rapidity of his movements never embarrassed him: it only displayed the fertility of his genius—genius, nevertheless, accompanied now and then with the appearance of premature luxuriance. His motions resembled that of a blood horse, as has been said of a gentleman at the bar,—light, limber,—all betokening strength and speed,—free from all gross superfluity and incumbrance. His mind was not only naturally active in its operations, but he was always at his work, except when in company with his pipe,—and even then the mind was never idle. The mind has not been unaptly compared to

a bow, which is sometimes unbent, to preserve its elasticity ; and because the bow is useless in a state of remission, we make the same conclusions of the human mind. But this was not the case with the mind of John Anderson, which was naturally impatient of ease. It might lose its vigour by being employed too intensely on particular subjects ; but it soon recovered itself again,—not by being inactive, but by varying its applications. It was the opinion of Xenophon, that as the body, from disuse, may be deprived in the course of time of all its powers, so the mental faculties may lose all their energy, through a want of proper exercise, and so the possessor be no longer able to act, or at least in the manner that best comports with his circumstances and rank in life. We have living examples of this around us, and could place our finger upon them in the Wesleyan body. The sword of Mr. Anderson was too keen for its scabbard ; it found its way through the frail sheath, and was seen gleaming through its openings ; for there were really moments when he appeared to be all spirit—nothing but mind—when he scarcely appeared to be conscious of the strength of his own powers. It is admitted, by some writers, that a man's genius is generally, if not always, as much unknown in the beginning of life to himself as to others ; and it is only after frequent trials, attended with success, that he dares to think himself equal to those undertakings, in which others have succeeded, who have fixed the admiration of the public. But Mr. Anderson seemed to be as unconscious of his capabilities in after, as in early life.

In his speeches,—except in the commencement, when

we have been half inclined to think that he indulged in a little haffling and hesitancy, for the sake of final effect,—in his speeches he was generally easy, airy, graceful—invariably animated, and often vigorous. Some of his descriptions, facts, and characters were unsurpassed by any of his platform contemporaries for spirit and precision: and when so disposed, satire could be expressed in forcible and copious language, and carried to a pitch of considerable excellence. He often, in the midst of much diffusiveness, prolixity, and amplification, indulged in an epigrammatic turn of thought, and appropriateness of expression. His fancy was much more playful in private than in public, though, as already stated, always lively and brilliant. It was even sportive, when he gave scope to it; but all was subservient to the gospel message in the pulpit; in which sacred place, his whole soul and body seemed wrapped up in his theme, and the glorious cause he had in hand—to effect the salvation of the sinner. Though in the social circle, and on the platform, he was sometimes playful to buoyancy, he was never wild to extravagance. He could relate an anecdote with good effect, and could help himself liberally, in the way of improvement, aiding, meanwhile, the same sublime object, from the slips, failures, excellences, and suggestions of previous speakers.

Though his natural temper was keen and fiery, yet he had amazing command over it; and, from his open, communicative manner, in conversation, he would have been taken for a person whose friendship was exceedingly to be desired, if not of a disposition at once soft and amiable. He was not one of those men of whom a writer

informs us, talk much, because they have nothing worth hearing ; but he conversed freely, and delighted in communicating, not for his own advantage only, but for that of the company. We are apt to blame every one who talks freely, however instructive and impressive his conversation ; as we are ready to tax those with gloom, who indulge in taciturnity. But as both extremes are to be avoided, so in both cases a false estimate may be formed. Mr. Anderson adopted the medium course, and always excited interest in offering his remarks on the subjects in review.

We heartily concur in the following sentiments, embodied in the Conference obituary, as they confirm our own views, and which we are inclined to ascribe to the pen of the Rev. Thomas Galland :—" Being a person of quick and lively apprehension, he was well qualified so to lay hold of the sense of Holy Writ as frequently to bring out in his ministry its nicer shades of meaning, and touches of beauty. And had his powers of discrimination subsisted principally as the characteristics of his mind, they would of themselves have secured to his pulpit exertions a high scale of appreciation among intelligent hearers. In addition to these, however, he was richly gifted with imaginative faculties of an order which admirably qualified him to illustrate and adorn any subject to which his attention was seriously directed. The prompt manner in which he could call these powers into action, rendered him a valuable and efficient Missionary speaker. On the platform, indeed, it was that he particularly excelled, and almost invariably succeeded in enkindling in the bosoms of multitudes an ardour in that sacred cause which was

like his own. Possessed of such rare and excellent qualifications, it is not surprising that during a series of years he was appointed to several of the most important circuits in the connexion."

He rarely ever failed to manifest fidelity, talent, and was generally successful in giving utterance to his delineations of character, his descriptions of place, and the impressions made upon him by truth, and by passing events. His sermons were not only theologically correct, but his language was generally happy. He was a man, however, not so much to be viewed in a comparison with others, as in his own character. He might either sink or rise by the comparison;—sink in appearing by the side of beauty and grandeur, or be raised above his level by being associated with meaner men. Viewed alone, that which appeared—say in style, at first sight only flowing, harmonious, and sprightly, will be found to embody considerable force and energy, and not a small degree of originality. When there was even the semblance of little that was original in some of his arguments, still there was something rare—almost unique, in the handling. He bore his hearers along with him in a strain of practical exhortation; and insinuated what he advanced into the heart as well as the understanding. When he dwelt upon practice, he generally directed his hearers to its actings upon the motives and springs of our moral nature, and the happy influences of Christian doctrine as a source of consolation and hope to the believer. In this way—while he kept his eye on Christian morals, his hearers found experience and practice pervading every doctrine he taught, and so relieving it from the dry, husky, and tedious

character which often deadens and disfigures discourses of a doctrinal nature.

There was a constant glow of feeling which sometimes amounted to rapture, but which still, owing to his quickness of perception, strength of memory, and ready utterance, left ample scope for the free and full exercise of intellect. His warmth and exuberance of expression, when once started, never hurried him into vague declamation; nor did the control of reason, as has been stated of another public speaker, clash with the play of feeling, or clog the current of an animated eloquence, which seemed to flow directly from the heart. His style was overcharged; but, on the whole, there was as much transparency in his flowing tide, as in the still waters of others; and he carried his hearers on so pleasantly, that criticism had as little disposition, as it had leisure, owing to his rapidity, to find fault.

He published a good sermon on the occasion of the death of Dr. Adam Clarke, which, though not the best, still furnishes a fair specimen of his peculiar cast of mind, and manner of handling a subject. He was the first to commence the attack, and prefer the charges against Dr. Warren; but he was too hot for the battlefield,—too impetuous in actual contact with the enemy; and required persons more wary, more suspecting, equally wiry, but more masculine in the grasp, and of a cooler temperament, to direct his movements, and stroke him down.

Though he had spoken in Missionary meetings before, it was not till the spring of 1819, that he became generally known to the Wesleyan public, in a speech which he

delivered at the Auxiliary Society for the London District, when he was stationed on the Colchester circuit. The following extract will give the reader some notion of his platform addresses:—

“Lest my attachment to the Missionary cause,” said he, “should suffer the slightest suspicion, I tremblingly advance to proclaim my most decided and unequivocal approbation of your object, and thus publicly bind myself to renewed exertions in this ‘work of faith, and labour of love.’ Already, Sir, I feel the spirit by which this assembly is animated, bearing me above myself. I feel that I stand amongst persons who have caught the fervour of Missionary zeal! It is not the least valuable effect of these meetings that the principle of selfishness, which has so deeply entrenched itself in our nature, is powerfully assaulted; and they who would sullenly mutter, ‘Am I my brother’s keeper?’ learn to suppress the unchristian feeling, and yield their hearts to the influence of better principles,—principles of generosity, liberality, and benevolence,—principles which lead to the recognition of the habitable globe as our home, and collective man as our brother.

“Can a more sublime object be proposed to Christian zeal, than the evangelization of the whole world? An object that defies comparison. Parallel it, if you can, I will not say with the airy schemes of political theorists, or the splendid feats of modern heroes, but even with the most extended plans, and the most substantial acts, of commendable human benevolence. Take the only instance which will bear to be named, that of the man whom every Briton is proud to acknowledge, who, in the language of his elegant eulogist, ‘visited Europe to dive into the

depth of dungeons, to plunge into the infection of hospitals, to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain, to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression, and contempt; to remember the forgotten, attend to the neglected, visit the forsaken, and to compare and collate the distresses of all men in all countries.' Study his plan, so original—so full of genius and liberality. Pursue him in 'his voyage of discovery, his circumnavigation of charity,' then pause awhile and consider,—the world is a dungeon, in which millions 'are tied and bound by the chain of their sins'—an hospital, in which moral diseases of every description prevail,—a region, full of misery and woe!—the gospel proclaims liberty to the captive—health to the distressed—and happiness to the wretched: and say, whether, as holiness is more necessary than bodily health, the soul more valuable than the body, and the concerns of eternity of greater consequence than those of time, it be not true that the object which we propose to ourselves, exceeds this most distinguished act of human benevolence, in a ratio for which it is impossible to find a parallel. Indeed we may safely pronounce, in the accommodated language of inspiration, 'It has no glory, by reason of the glory that excelleth.'

"Our little Missionary detachments have gained an establishment in different parts of the enemy's territory. They have kept up a well-directed fire. Even now, they are bearing down on the formidable phalanx of the foe. Inspired with holy intrepidity, animated by the banner of the cross, which waves in the midst of them, they go forth 'to fight the battles of the Lord.' Will you not furnish them with supplies? Dare you refuse them

ammunition? Is there a cowardly spirit present, who would sound a retreat? Retreat! Sir, a British drummer once replied, when commanded to beat a retreat, 'There is no such beat in the British service!' Sir, we are British Christians! We have assaulted the strong holds of Satan,—we have been greatly successful,—and shall we now relax? God forbid! Onwards! is the watchword of the Captain of our Salvation. Our Bibles say, Onwards! The Wesleyan Committee say, Onwards! The exertions of our fellow Christians say, Onwards! The misery and danger of the heathen world say, Onwards! Onwards! echoes through every bosom. Onwards! beams on every countenance in this assembly.

"Sir, the motion before the meeting notices the exertions of females, and of our juvenile friends. We all recollect the last memorable signal of our great naval hero, 'England expects every man to do his duty.' In our warfare it is also expected that every woman will do her duty. Thank God there is no lack of female energy! The zeal of the sex in every good work has again and again given the lie to that abominable eastern maxim, that 'Women have no souls!' No souls, Sir! if the expansive power of benevolence be the criterion, they have the largest souls—if sympathy with the distressed, they have the tenderest souls;—and, if devotedness to the blessed Saviour, they have the purest and the best of souls! I am happy to bear a public testimony to female zeal, in the Bible and Missionary cause, in the town where I reside. It is spreading through the kingdom. And not in vain shall we call on the sex for their help, to snatch the devoted infant from the devouring Ganges—

to quench the flames of the funeral pile—to allure the self-devoted victims from under the wheels of the idol of cruelty and lust—to break it into a thousand pieces, and scatter it to the winds of heaven!

“Sir, to the young persons, noticed in the motion, I would suggest a consideration, which, as it gave rise to their Missionary exertions, ought to stimulate their continuance and increase, as an offering to the ‘Father of Lights;’ I allude to the signal triumph of the Gospel in our happy country. Oh, the wonders it has accomplished! Where now shall we look for the vestiges of that idolatrous, druidical system, which once prevailed amongst the ancient Britons? Where for the cruel and blood-stained system of the Edda, imported by our Saxon ancestors from Scandanavia? Where for the horrid superstitions, grafted upon the ‘tree of life,’ which hid its beauteous foliage from the sight, and its immortalizing fruit from the grasp of perishing men; and in their stead, presented the gaudy leaves of a useless ceremonial, and the deadly fruit of a polluting superstition. All, all have fled before the gospel, as the driven snow before the blast. The impieties of heathenism are no more! And the ‘tree of life,’ freed from the superincumbent load of popish corruptions, appears with redoubled beauty, ‘sends forth her boughs unto the sea, and her branches to the river,’ and bends beneath the weight of that fruit, ‘which is for the healing of all nations.’ Whilst we sit under its shade, and partake of its fruits, let it rejoice our hearts, to behold, in the East, the West, the North, and the South, perishing mortals reaching out their hands to ‘pluck and eat,’ that they may live for ever. Assured

that this Gospel only can supply the moral wants of the heathen world, let us be true to our principles, and obedient to our Sovereign Lord: then we shall soon behold 'the desert blossom as the rose,' and hear enraptured seraphs announce the long desired event, 'the kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ, and he shall reign for ever and ever.' "

This speech, delivered with his accustomed fire, and with more than a usual share of corresponding action, produced considerable Missionary feeling.

The great doctrine of Atonement was prominent in his ministry, and no less so in his death; leaving the world, April 11th, 1840, in the forty-ninth year of his age, saying,—“ I am upon the Rock! The blood of Christ, applied by faith, through the power of the eternal Spirit, cleanseth from all sin.”

No. CIV.

* * * * *

Lamiae

Though deep, yet clear, though gentle, yet not dull
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full "

DENTHAM

Πεφoκε γαρ ἡ Λυσισ λέξις εχειν το Χαριεν' ἡ δ' Ἰσοκρατες,
βυλεται.

DIONYSIUS.

WHEN a description is given of a person of the middle size, unaccompanied with name, and without any peculiarities to distinguish him from a thousand gentlemen of the same profession, it is difficult to ascertain the party meant; but when, as in the present case, we have our attention directed to a person—though beautifully formed, much below the middle size,—of a fair complexion,—flaxen hair,—light blue eye,—rather handsome features,—but unusually near sighted,—a bachelor withal,—of twenty years standing in the itinerant ministry,—and one, who, when only in his teens, moved as the head master in one of the first Wesleyan Seminaries, there is not the slightest hope of concealment to be entertained: and the only straightforward course left, is—without noticing whether Bath, Manchester, Birmingham, or

Bristol, belongs to the class of circuits in which he is found, to proceed at once with his ministerial qualifications.

On opening upon the 2 Sam. xxiii, 4, we are not only impressed with the beauty of the passage, but with its applicability to the subject in hand;—"And he shall be as the light of the morning, when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds; as the tender grass springing out of the earth by clear shining after the rain." Bright and beautiful as is the subject before us, we confess it to be one of the most difficult we have had to encounter, up to the present moment, in the present series; not owing to a want of materials, but because of a kind of monotony of everything rich in sentiment, beautiful in imagery, and chaste in expression. There is combined with a great deal of creative genius, a ready turn for sermonizing, and no small portion of imagination; but the whole is laid under the greatest restraint, by an exquisitely correct judgment, which will permit nothing to pass without exacting from it the very last mite that would detract from the glory of a purely intellectual being. We are reminded of Locke's definition of wit and judgment, in looking at some of the qualities presented to our view, when he observes, "Wit lies most in the assemblage of ideas, and putting those together with quickness and variety, wherein can be found any resemblance or congruity, thereby to make up pleasant pictures and agreeable visions in the fancy; judgment, on the contrary, lies quite on the other side, in separating carefully one from another, ideas wherein can be found the least difference, thereby to avoid being misled by similitude, and by affinity to take one thing for another." Many are the "pleasant pictures"

here; but not a "picture" is presented to the eye—not a "vision" floats it the "fancy," but what will sustain the most rigid scrutiny. For justness of thought, correctness of style, and purity of expression, he is unequalled in the Wesleyan body; presenting, with the greatest ease of manner, numberless incidents, images, and sentiments, not thought of before by his auditory, and of the richest and most interesting kind; giving utterance to the best thoughts in the best words;—taking his view, so to speak, from the most favourable point of the wide field of classic, philosophic, and sacred literature, like a person selecting the most interesting spot for the purpose of giving a correct representation of some splendid architectural design, or a richly wooded country, with everything calculated to give effect to the landscape.

The saying of the younger Pliny of an orator of his own time, comprehends at once a fine observation, and an ingenious reproof,—*nihil peccat, nisi quod nihil peccat*,—his only fault is, that he has no fault: and we are not certain whether it will not apply here. The correctness of some speakers is often owing to the want of that fire which transports a great genius into some graceful and noble negligences, that are as far above the reach of criticism as they are beyond the reach of its laws. In the subject before us, though there is no room for transport, yet there is no lack of fire. It is a fire, however, without the smoke and blaze of one newly kindled—ample, meanwhile, for every purpose of comfort and safety—clear, steady, and warm;—one which is approached with confidence—not doubting whether warmth will be imparted—but inspiring assurance, that its cheering and beneficial

influence will be felt. Though the artist is everywhere seen, yet he never destroys nature ; but is like one of those of exquisite taste and skill, who have a fine sense of the lustrous, the mellow, the beautiful modulation of tints, and what is called the spiritual mechanism of colouring ; gifted with chromatic power, if we may be allowed the expression, with a delicate sense and relish for optical luxuries above others—perceiving and representing truth in all its variety, power, and beauty, so as to induce us to love it. The dew drops of the morning are not more transparent than his thoughts, and the flowers on which they are suspended, not more beautiful than the language in which they are clothed. Still, though clear, the light is more sharp than soft—that which proceeds from the sun, rather than the softer, rounder, milder beam of the moon on a summer evening.

On looking at his sermons as a whole, we are reminded, as to the beauty and mechanism of them, of a piece of Mosaic work ; or shall we—as to fitness, employ the term—of a piece of ministerial wedge-work ? One part is so admirably adjusted to another—fitted with such exactness, and driven in with such force, that scarcely a single part, however minute, could be abstracted, without serious injury to that which is left behind. On the other hand, on looking at one of his subdivisions, it is often so exquisite, that, for effect—and here we must, in defiance of the charge of extravagance, change the metaphor—it resembles a beautiful boquet of bright flower-buds, arranged with instinctive harmony, and on which every bee is tempted to alight, to drink in its sweets. This, be it observed, is not intended to express the notion of mere prettiness,

but to convey our idea of beauty, pleasure, and arrangement; for he may be classed with those artists, who are invested with the power of extracting beautiful and sublime effects from the various paints, tints, or tones harmonized and worked up together.

There is rarely any range apparent beyond the text: but the text is a garden, which he delights to cultivate, richly stocked with everything useful and agreeable in nature, and all crowded into one comparatively small spot. Daniel, one of our old poets, has given utterance to some lines that will aid us here:—

“ He sees the face of right t’ appear as manifold
As are the passions of uncertain man;
Who puts it in all colours, all attires,
To serve his ends, and make his courses hold.”

He occasionally turns the same thought as on a pivot, and permits it, like a globe, to revolve before the mind’s eye, giving a new view each time, and sometimes placing the previous view in a stronger, clearer, and more attractive light. That which Dugald Stewart, in his Essay on the Cultivation of Intellectual Habits, observes in reference to those who begin to cultivate their minds in the latter periods of life, will, as to the effects produced upon them, apply to many of the hearers of this almost inimitable preacher. On hearing him, “ The mind awakening, as if from a trance to a new existence, becomes habituated to the most interesting aspects of life and of nature; the intellectual eye is ‘ purged of its film;’ and things, the most familiar and unnoticed, disclose charms invisible before. The same objects and events, which were lately beheld with indifference, occupy now

all the powers and capacities of the soul; the contrast between the present and the past serving only to enhance and to endear so unlooked-for an acquisition. What Gray has finely said of the pleasures of vicissitude, conveys but a faint image of what is experienced by the man who, after having lost in vulgar occupations and vulgar amusements his earliest and most precious years, is thus introduced at last to a new heaven and a new earth;

‘ The meanest floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening Paradise.’ ”

Such is the delight, we must say, we have experienced, while listening to the discourses the gentleman before us has delivered—shedding new light on old received truths, and thus bringing them with greater vividness before the mind.

His early and thorough acquaintance with the Greek and Roman classics, has imparted a refinement which leaves most of his contemporaries in the Wesleyan body in the distance. He thinks and speaks well on every subject that has engaged his attention. He has—not barely by study, but by nature, a shining eloquence and beautiful simplicity; such as is attributed by critics to the style of Xenophon; and had the latter written only in the English language, it is doubtful whether he would have employed any other words, or written in any other way, than the preacher in question addresses his auditories. Since language is, in its design, all figurative, the imagery naturally belonging to it has been affirmed to be best brought out, by mere purity of diction. The force of

this observation has been supported by the example of the ancients, and especially Demosthenes, who seems to have had a deep dread of the impertinences of language, and who cultivated a plainness and transparency of style apparently not fully recognized nor appreciated by his modern readers. It is acknowledged by critics—though Landor has introduced Demosthenes in his “Imaginary Conversations,” as speaking in tropes and figures, that there is no writer of any age who has so little of ornament as the greatest of the Greek orators. The preacher whom we are attempting to portray would seem to have taken that prince of orators as a model in this respect. He is not one who is straining after the praise of originality, or of rich fancy; not one who tortures phrases, and knows no difference between idioms and their verbal signs. He speaks as if he knew that the best style is that, as a writer justly observes, which attracts the least attention, and which—for such is the character of his own, like a pure atmosphere, transmitting and not intercepting the light, shews every object distinctly, while it remains itself invisible.

Waiving his knowledge of the Latin classics, and his access to the beauties of attic eloquence,—drinking at the fountain head as he does; his acquaintance with the English tongue is so perfect, and his taste is so exquisite, that nothing can exceed the beauty of his diction: no matter what the topic. The beauty and chaste simplicity of language with which he clothes the most ordinary subjects, is what Lord Brougham, in another case, denominates a phenomenon in eloquence. There is a grace, an elegance, and a magic in it which is indescribable; and though

evidently measured, yet so smooth, that it flows like the stream along the lawn. His pronunciation of our language is also singularly beautiful; no less so, indeed, than his use of it is pure and chaste. As in the pulpit, so in the social circle, he rejects, owing to the correctness and severity of his taste, all false ornaments, and is exceedingly sparing in the use of figure,—generally shunning words of foreign idiom. He is never common-place, always understood, and always listened to: and of him it may be affirmed, as it was once said of another, to whom it could not with such justice be applied, that over the whole of his conversations and addresses is flung an unrent veil of classical elegance, through no crevice of which—were there any, does ever an unkind or ill-conditioned sentiment find entrance. Why is not such a man selected, as an occasional preacher in the “Theological Institution,” to act, under God, in the way of inspiration on the candidates for the Christian ministry?—not so much by design, as by accident—thus furnishing them with a beautiful model of pulpit thought and expression!

Though classic elegance seems to be his *ultimo ratio*, yet he is far from instinct with classical allusion. The truth is, he is too close a student of the sacred page, too intent on the improvement of his hearers in divine knowledge, and too lowly for even the semblance of learning, to make a parade of his attainments. There is a great deal of nice observation, and highly useful, though not profound remark. “A strait line,” says Barrow, “is the shortest in morals as well as in geometry.” And here all is strait—an evenness of rich, beautiful thought; no mountains in the midst of the

plains, partaking of majesty, but gentle, swelling elevations, just sufficient to vary the scene. All the praise due to good sense, and a correct, polished style, belongs to him; with a felicity in painting the Christian life, so as to elevate it in the esteem even of those who want power to imitate it. Every subject is carefully weighed; he is acquainted with all the varieties and difficulties of critical interpretation; yet he never wearies the hearer with technical distinctions, or pedantic displays of critical knowledge; but proceeds at once to substantial principles, and arrives at solid conclusions—all fraught with useful instruction, in a sweetly insinuating and moving strain.

When we say, in a moving strain, we do not wish to be understood as referring to anything impassioned. He is too calm for mere creatures of feeling. It is—as has been observed of another eminent minister—the devotion of the closet that animates his appeals from the pulpit. They take their tinge from the fervid operations of the heart; and as the fine coloured imagery in porcelain is brought out and fixed in the gentle heat of the furnace, so the tints of genius which adorn his discourses seem, as it were, burnt into them in the warm conceptions of a devout spirit. He puts not only head but heart into his sermons; with solemn and awakening specimens of pulpit eloquence. All this is set forth with “calmly fervent zeal.” There is nothing boisterous—nothing dull; a sweet, clear voice—every word telling as distinctly upon the ear, as if uttered alone,—with occasional emphasis, animation of manner, and elevation of voice, exceedingly forcible and interesting. And yet, with all these excellences, he is not, in the strictest sense, popular

in the Connexion; though valued like choice gold in the circuits in which he travels. Such men are esteemed in proportion as the people rise in intelligence and deepen in piety. Few preachers have left such a son as a legacy to the Wesleyan body.

No. CV.

Mc. NICOLL.

"Genius resembles a proud steed, that whilst he obeys the slightest touch of the kind hand of a master, revolts at the first indication of compulsion or restraint."

LIFE OF LEO X.

"MEMOIRS" of the subject before us, will be found prefixed to his "WORKS," as published after his death, in 1837, written by the Rev. James Dixon,—a man who has put forth the whole of his own fine mind, in delineating the character of his friend. In addition to this, "A Memento, was published of his "Intellectual Character and Amiable Nature," 1840, 12mo., comprising 232 pages, creditable both to the biographer and the subject. Though both of these pieces of biography are highly valued by us, and we should have been glad to have availed ourselves of the aid to be derived from them, yet having had our own distinct vision of the character of Mr. Mc. Nicoll, and the materials all but arranged, we concluded on a separate sketch, intermingling—though contrary to our general plan, a few anecdotes—as in the case of Bradburn, with the remarks we may have to offer.

To proceed ; David Mc. Nicoll was born at Dundee, July 17th, 1781. He entered the itinerant ministry among the Wesleyans, in 1802, and died as he had lived—a genuine Christian, in 1836. He was below the middle size,—fleshy,—a little full about the chest, but otherwise well-built ;—had a round face,—fair complexion,—a humid intellectual brilliancy, accompanied with an occasional quickness of expression, in the eye,—the transparent skin discovering, here and there, the tiny purple veins wandering beneath,—and the head displaying a profusion of curls of the deepest auburn. His step was soft and deliberate,—his person erect,—his air easy and careless ; and confidence was the general sensation he inspired. No one ever met his open, cheerful countenance, without saying,—“The bosom of that man is the home of happiness.” A gentleman, of huge stature, joking him one day on his less stately form, was accosted with equal good temper and readiness, with—“Sir, I have the advantage of you ; the blood gets quicker round my system than your’s ; and having less way to go, I am always kept active and brisk.”

“Genius,” observes Gerard, “is properly the faculty of invention, by means of which a man is qualified for making new discoveries in science, or of producing original works of art. We may ascribe taste, judgment, or knowledge to a man who is incapable of invention ; but we cannot reckon him a man of genius.—But if a man shows invention, no intellectual defects which his performances may betray, can forfeit his claim to genius. His invention may be irregular, wild, undisciplined, but still it is regarded as an infallible mark of real natural

genius: and the degree of this faculty that we ascribe to him, is always in proportion to our estimate of the novelty, the difficulty, or the dignity of his invention." This, of course, applies both to art and science; and, in the latter, David Mc. Nicoll was a man of genius. The triumphs of poetic genius, of which he had no small share, have been few in Methodism; and this is the more remarkable, when we consider its rich domestic scenery, its golden and luxuriant crops of moral virtue, and the meadowy verdure of healthful piety which pervades the whole of its range. How to account for this, we can scarcely divine, as the labour, and the monotony of circuit duties, can be no more unfriendly to poetry, than the general flatness of the surface of the island, which has given birth to the sublimest, wildest, most imaginative, varied, and picturesque of all poetry, in a Shakespeare; and to the loftiest, the boldest, and perhaps that of the most colossal features and vastitude of character, in a Milton. The gentleman in question, had all the elements of true poetry in him; and might, had he applied himself sedulously to it—we mean so far as his weightier duties would have admitted of it—have excelled in the imaginative and picturesque, two of the characteristics of English poetry. We do not affirm, that he would have stood out boldly, like some of our bards of high name; but he would have been more than acceptable—even popular. It would be folly to bring him into the presence of those master spirits, whose names are in every mouth, and who have been described—while their aspiring gigantic style supports it, as if they had trod a parent country of Alps and Andes, where cloud-capt pinacles, unfathomable

chasms, valleys lost in their immense perspectives, boundless savannahs, and all the enormous contours of a dilated nature, had filled their minds with the grand, the magnificent, the tremendous, and inspired them with the Titan-like ambition of dealing with the highest things, and ever mounting towards the empyrean. Yet there were soarings and thunder-peals of this kind often; there was felt the blow of the battering ram, the sudden burst of the storm, the roll of majesty.

Though possessed of genius, he had, at the same time, a metaphysical mind, and could argue consecutively, and with great clearness. He had somewhat of the intelligent logic of Bacon—somewhat of the inductive reasoning enforced by Locke, and of which the eloquent Stewart speaks—reasoning, around which the splendidly sublime genius, and powerful intellect of the immortal Brown has thrown a halo of surpassing magnificence and classical grandeur. We by no means range him besides these great men, but his reasoning powers looked in that direction. He would have proceeded like Bacon, for instance, by first ascertaining certain facts, and then reasoning upon these towards conclusions; a mode of arriving at truth, which may appear very obvious, but which was nevertheless unknown to the illustrious predecessors of Bacon, and to the latter of whom the subject of this sketch may not improbably have been indebted for something of his manner. Previously to Bacon's time, men, as has been justly observed, reasoned in a quibbling way, without a due regard to facts, agreeably to the plan laid down by Aristotle. It was Bacon that first shewed that nothing pretending to the character of human knowledge could be ascertained, unless

it had been subjected to the test of experiment, or drawn from observations patent to the senses.

The pulpit compositions of Mr. Mc. Nicoll possessed great shrewdness, not a little ingenuity, and a goodly portion of learning in the English classics. The taste consequent on the want of a thorough knowledge of the foreign classics and a fatal propensity to treat things, now and then, abstractedly, or metaphysically, in opposition to his more general Baconian mode, deformed here and there—so far as beauty and utility were concerned—the productions of his superior intellect. Still, with this exception, had he lived in the age of the Greek Academicians, his native turn of mind would generally have led him to take their modesty of opinion, and leave them their original scepticism. He would have borrowed their rational theology, and would have given up in great measure their metaphysical refinements, together with their vain, though seductive enthusiasm—still retaining proper warmth and firmness. His discourses were often strongly argumentative, mixed up with strong expressions—generally displaying good and extensive reading. Though not lavish of metaphor, yet when he indulged in this way, he was usually bold. He has been known, when desirous of establishing a position, or any doctrine, on the concurring testimony of concurring witnesses, to convey as many folios, quartos, &c., as his arms could compass, from the vestry to the chapel; and has excited no small amount of curiosity and dismay, while bolstering his way up the pulpit stairs, like a bookseller, about to replace a part of his stock on some of the vacant shelves in the upper part of his warehouse.

On giving himself range, every thing seemed thrown off

as though it had occurred at the moment. It was then, that he appeared rich, but negligent—loose, rather than neat. There was less rule of art than opulence of materials; and under these circumstances, the productions, though never rude, were often deficient in taste, and sometimes wide of the purpose. The crops, as the agriculturist would term it, were not quite so clean, as if reared under systematic cultivation. There was more talent than accomplishment; though not a little compass and reach of understanding, and creative and original genius. He did not perfect the art of preaching, to apply a writer's remark in another case, by the delicacy of his taste; or digest his knowledge by the justness of his reasonings: but, by making vast additions to the materials which he had brought together by his reading, and upon which taste and reason had afterwards to be employed, he enlarged, to a considerable extent, the stores and resources of the human faculties. He embraced a bold and comprehensive range of moral and political, as well as theological principles; and though his arrangement was less methodical than that of some other men, his reasoning was almost invariably clear and logical.

He had, what constituted, a sweet voice—clear, but not shrill, accompanied with a fine musical cadence, and considerable volume. It was not unusual, in the social circle, to meet with him inspired, like some fair Italian cantatrice, to the very top of his exquisite powers, when a perfect hush pervaded the entire group—young and old—all hanging on his lips, as if listening to a shower of sweetest sounds from the celestial regions. On one of

these occasions, while spending a social hour in the house of a friend in the metropolis, he was requested to exercise his vocal powers, when he gave the party a charming tune, in his best style—to

“The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a Shepherd's care.”

Among others, the Rev. George Morley was present;—a gentleman of formidable bulk, who stood perfectly entranced the whole of the time;—now looking upward—then weeping for very joy of heart—occasionally squaring his elbows, with a portion of the arm directed across the huge projecting front, and the fore finger of each hand pointing towards the other, like the hostile spears of two combatants about to give each other the meeting across the hill. The good gentleman, supposing the piece to be concluded, at the close of the second stanza, very politely curtsied to the songster—a part of good breeding which he could perform with greater convenience to himself, than that of stooping forward—saying, “Thank you, thank you, Mr. Mc. Nicoll; I am sure we are all very much obliged to you.” On the latter proceeding with the piece, the former resumed his admiring attitude: and on coming to the poetical paraphrase of—“I will fear no evil,” when Mr. Mc. Nicoll collected his strength, sending forth the full volume of his voice, with amazing power and execution, the entranced auditor seemed caught up to the third heaven, exclaiming with devotion and simplicity—as if he felt the ponderous mass on the move to a higher region, and about to become etherealized—“O I should like to die just now.”

When speaking of music to some friends, Mr. Mc. Nicoll exclaimed with considerable vehemence, as if impatient, in consequence of their want of taste and knowledge, and wishful to startle them into something like due attention to the subject,—“There is some of the finest music under heaven in the lowing of a cow and the bellowing of a bull.” This demanded explanation: “You have there,” said he, “the fine, deep, grave *bass*, in the full volume of sound thrown out, and which nature has nothing to equal.” In cases where there has been poor fare, owing more to covetousness than penury, he has been known, good-naturedly, to volunteer a divine song, which, when heard by the family, has so delighted them, as to produce the best entertainment the house could afford. Innocently succeeding in this way, by conquering a parsimonious habit, he has jocosely said to his friends, on the narration of a case or two,—“No song, no supper.”

In all his social relations, he was eminently amiable. With a generally sweet temper, and the gentlest disposition, he possessed the warmest affections, and the clearest sense of the obligations of truth and justice. There were no explosive passions added to the ardour of his genius. He was neither avaricious nor cursed with ambition; but his labours were solely prompted by the utility of their end. His leading moral characteristic was simplicity—the true and distinctive attribute of intellectual superiority. Yet he could condescend to the playful—almost the childish. He visited Mr. Harding, formerly librarian to the queen of George III., in company with a countryman of his own from the north. Mr. H. exhibited a number of articles which once belonged to the royal family; among which

were several coins, engravings, and a suit of clothes in an antique style, once worn by his majesty, George III. Mr. Mc. Nicoll revered the memory of the sovereign; and the inexpressibles were no sooner shewn than on,—the knees below the calf of the leg, and the waistcoat above the chest. In harmony with these, were the large flaps of the waistcoat—extending below the knees, into the pockets of which he was obliged to crouch, in order to dip his hands. The coat, like a flowing robe, and sufficient to enwrap both himself and his companion, reached to the ground. Thus attired, he seemed to feel as if royal blood were throbbing in his veins—pacing the room—looking at himself—and with a hearty laugh, enjoying the occasion—delighting the company with his conversation till midnight, when the curtain dropped on the grotesque figure, and royalty disappeared.

His conversation, though rich, was unpretending—sometimes jocular; and was rendered still more attractive by its *naïve* reflection of the reigning feeling of the moment. He had not much humour, but when present, it was refined and light; and his satire was good-natured, gay, and harmless. He might be styled an agreeable companion. “O madam,” said he to a lady, on a dish being overturned on the table, “it will not be known fifty years hence.” What a relief! “Here is a bad day,” said a person to him: “A bad day!” he returned smartly, “God never made a *bad* day since the world began; all days are of God’s making, and for God’s purposes, therefore all days are good.”

In some of his social conversations, he tripped along like a fairy dance, with mirthful, innocent steps; and then,

in some of his improvements, there was a moral pathos of the most touching character, while, on some few occasions, they were startlingly strong, whether grave or gay, argumentative or discursive,—whether sifting a difficult subject, or painting an interesting character, or pursuing a merely playful fancy, or pensive or pathetic, or losing himself in the clouds of metaphysics, still his discourse was rivetting and often fascinating. He was never otherwise than agreeable as a companion, owing to the joyous, though not boisterous hilarity of his manners. Void of all affectation, all pride, all pretension,—affectionate in all the relations of life, he was cheerful in whatever was set before him. He was too sincere, too simple-hearted, to put on the pharisee's garb, or affect a more “gracious state” than he had attained. In his demeanour, he was hearty and good humoured to all, often winning over a casual friend, and firmly binding those to him he had. His feelings were warm and kindly; his temper sweet, and far from vehement; his nature generous, open, and manly. Superior to anything like dissimulation or duplicity, he was governed by the impulses of a noble and benevolent soul. This feeling in him was beyond all intellectual graces, and had, as in the case of an eminent statesman, its influence on the faculties of his understanding, and gave them a reach and enlargement to which grovelling, sordid spirits are strangers. If Dr. Dixon has erred at all, in his sketch of Mr. Mc. Nicoll, it is in reducing his education to too low a scale. The late Rev. Jos. Sanderson—himself a prince of a preacher for ease, grace, voice, matter, manner, point, pathos, and beautiful imagery, assisted—so we are informed, in sending him to college. It was rare to be

in his society, without receiving instruction, and being impressed with the presence of an educated man : if self-educated, so much the more to his credit.

Several little incidents were ever and anon turning up, which exhibited the peculiarities of his character. He was about to take his seat upon one of the coaches, at the Peacock Inn, London, when he stretched out his arm and turned up his fore finger to a newsman, beckoning him to the spot : "What paper is that you have got?" said he. "The TIMES, Sir," was responded. "Hand a copy this way," was instantly returned ; subjoining, "What is the price?" "Sevenpence halfpenny, Sir," was the reply. "Why squander your money on a newspaper," asked a friend who was with him. "I want to see," he answered smartly, "what God is doing with the world." On a circuit steward complaining of his candle bill, Mr. Mc. Nicoll retorted,—“You have had the light; and is not the light I have given you worth more than your cotton and tallow? Will you pretend to weigh the one against the other—your grease against my instruction!” A friend lingering at the shrine of St. Cuthbert, in Durham Cathedral, and pointing to the stones worn by the feet of the pilgrims, said to Mr. Mc. N., “There must have been piety in those days;” adding by way of enquiry, “What was the rock on which they split?” “It was this,” he replied,—“Devotion was everything, and instruction nothing.” He exclaimed with rapturous emotion, when the Vale Clywd, in Wales, first beamed upon his sight,—“It is like a fragment broken from off paradise, and preseved as a specimen of the residence enjoyed by our first parents.” No less overjoyed was he, on reaching the highest attainable point of

the beautiful ruin of Tintern Abbey, exclaiming, while both eye and soul dilated on the enchanting scenery around—"This is enough to put poetry into a pig!!" One of the most unpoetic animals in form, motion, keep, cry, and disposition, that can be conceived! and allied, in his esteem, must have been the person to the animal alluded to, that could remain unmoved by the enchanting scene; at least, so he would insinuate.

In small country places he rarely exerted himself, and as rarely unfolded the treasures of his mind; and hence, his ordinary sermons often contained passages of sorry preaching, with a few passages of exquisite beauty. One of his good friends hearing of his nobler essays in the town, and contrasting them with his village drawlings, his indolent manner of resting on the pulpit cushion, and talking to the people in conversational mood, enquired one day why they were not indulged in the country in the same way: "Who," he replied, referring to the smallness of the congregations, and the uncultivated state of the people, "—Who would think of loading a thirty-pounder, and of discharging it, with a view to kill a fly?"—obliquely glancing at Dr. Young's "ocean into tempest wrought." While there was couched under this playful apology, what he deemed a sufficient justification of his conduct, it tended not a little to diminish the importance of the complainant. A plain woman, however, at *Gotham*—an ominous name, in the Nottingham circuit, threatened, if he did not throw more intellect and energy into his sermons, she would make him go home without his supper. He smiled,—for he knew the song, with the sermon, would bring the "supper."

When travelling in Liverpool, the Annual District Meet-

ing was held at Chester, in consequence of the Conference having to be held in the former place. Having to preach before the District, he took up the subject of the WITNESS of the SPIRIT,—a subject to which he had paid close attention, and on which he intended to give the result of his thoughts to the world,—shewing, from various authorities, that God had favoured man with a standing witness on the subject, from the apostolic age down to his own times, in the experience of his PEOPLE. He informed his audience, about nine o'clock in the evening, that he had only been able to furnish them with a hasty sketch of the subject! Such, however, was the sketch, that he was urged to publish it, and a person well able to appreciate its merits, observed on the occasion—"I never was more thankful for the doctrine, and never more proud of its advocate." As noticed previously, it was one of those instances in which he took his authorities into the pulpit with him, but to which, after discoursing an hour and a half, he was unable to refer. One of his illustrations was, "Pardon and the witness of the Spirit are two distinct things; as distinct as the *report* and the *flash*,—yet united; for whenever the flash is seen, the report is certain to follow." The metaphor is, perhaps, more distinguished for its aptitude in its application to the lightning, with its instantaneous thunder-peal, than to the fowling-piece; though in neither case is it to be considered critically correct, as the one may flash in the pan, and the other may be fatal to life. Still, the illustration may be deemed sufficient, though not perfect.

He had a variously embellished mind; and, with industry equal to his powers, he might, as to the pulpit, have been

almost without a rival. But he never appeared to have given the whole of his energies to sermonising. With an amazing fund of theological knowledge and literary information, he found no difficulty, on the shortest notice, in filling up an hour with good, intelligent remarks, on the general truths of Christianity. Here he reposed himself too freely, and occupied his time in reading, rather than in the manufacturing department. It is to this fulness he is said to have been indebted, when, on being appointed to preach at five o'clock one morning, and having overslept himself, he, after having been roused from his slumbers, entered the chapel considerably after the hour for commencing service, took for his text a passage from the book of Job,—“Then I said, I shall die in my nest.”

Adverting to his general style, as borne out by his published works, it might be denominated rich, perspicuous, forcible, and manly; evidently flowing from the pure source of an ingenuous and upright mind. Being endowed with a vigorous and excursive imagination, and well read withal, he possessed a mastery over the English language which few of his brethren attained.

Addressing ourselves more immediately to his acquisition of knowledge, he might, with great truth, be styled a voracious reader. Give him a book—a sofa—a chair on which to repose his limbs—or even a hearth-rug, on which to stretch himself before the fire—and his mind was instantly absorbed—lost in intimate communion with his author. His reading, though extensive and varied, was chiefly confined to theology; at least, that was its staple. His knowledge, in the mean time, of different philosophical writers, was such, on different subjects, as to enable him

to pursue an argument with great logical dexterity and power. And one thing was perceptible, that he was no devotee to the errors of his authors. He was judicious in the choice of his commentators,—zealous for orthodoxy, though neither violent nor bigotted. His temper was naturally communicative ; but he imparted that only which bore the character of truth.

Somewhat—though remotely—connected with his literary pursuits, he was invited to preach and make a collection on the behalf of the Schools in Great Queen-Street Chapel, London: his text was John iii. 16 ; and the sermon, though loose, was distinguished for great beauty of language and richness of thought, as well as vigour and originality. The chapel was exceedingly crowded and warm ; the sermon, too, was long, and great physical energy was expended on its delivery : the consequence was, that the perspiration hailed off the preacher in profusion. To prevent it from falling on his drapery, and finding its way between the neck and the neckcloth, he had recourse to his pocket, in which were deposited two pieces of drapery, employed for very different purposes,—the one for the face, and the other to brush away the dust and the cobwebs from the ends and sides of any old books with which he might meet in his literary perambulations. Unfortunately, he fastened on the latter ; and, being completely lost to everything except his subject, he mopped his face freely with it,—first dashing it across his forehead—then rubbing the sides of his face—next sweeping it underneath his chin—and finally round his neck ; grasping it in hand, like a ball, being so completely saturated,—and stretching forth his arm—giving utterance to—“ Again,

my brethren," when another train of thought succeeded, which was followed by another bath, and a repetition of the duster, in its various operations. Unhappily for the preacher, it had been recently employed in some second-hand book shops; and each successive sweep of the face left its traces, which, in their turn, were deepened, in proportion as the rubber absorbed the moisture of the skin. By the time he had finished his discourse, he was ta-tooned like a New Zealander. The hearers were less or more alive to the subject; but such was the deep interest they felt in the discourse, that they seemed to be lost to it; and to have disturbed him with an intimation of the circumstance, would have dissolved the charm by which they were enchained. On entering the vestry after service, the stewards and friends burst into a fit of laughter. Unable to conjecture the occasion of their mirth, and suspecting that he had, in his fervour, committed himself in his sermon, either as to sense or expression, he asked the cause, when, on receiving their answer, his surprise was equal to their amusement. Had he looked into a mirror, in one of his more absent moods, he might have called in question his own identity, and mistaken himself for another person.

Adverting thus to his absence of mind, one notable instance may be recorded among others. When travelling in the North of England, there were two or three places for which no horse was allowed; and though not so distant as to distress a person of pedestrian habits, they were too remote for Mr. Mc. Nicoll to reach, in hot weather, without oppression. A friend was applied to for the loan of his ass,—an animal beyond the ordinary run

for condition and size,—which was readily granted. As Mr. Mc. Nicoll was rarely without a book in his pocket, to employ a leisure moment, and being now favoured with an opportunity of carrying a somewhat more bulky one than a pocket-companion, he ventured on a large folio, through whose pages he was then wading. Fairly seated, and on the road, the comely volume was unfolded, resting partly on the pommel of the saddle, and partly on the neck of the animal. He was soon abstracted from all surrounding objects, animate and inanimate ; whilst, to his feelings, the slower pace of the ass was the better suited to his purpose, for hitting the style and securing the meaning of the author. The day, like one of the “ dog days,” was intensely hot ; both ass and rider felt it so, and neither objected to a lingering step. Several tempting baits presented themselves to the ass on each side of the road ; the projecting twigs were at first snatched in passing,—a piece of grass was the next object ; this required the lowering of the neck, when the rider, as if roused from a profound sleep, would gently guide his inoffensive bearer into the proper track. Having, however, once tasted the green herb, and finding his rider in easy circumstances, and inattentive withal to his motions, the ass continued to linger, making each green turf a “ place of call.” Finding, at length, the heat exceedingly oppressive, and persuading himself that the animal was hungry, Mr. Mc. N. dismounted, left it to graze, seated himself beneath the shade of a hedge, and was soon absorbed again, if not entirely lost to himself. After a considerable length of time had elapsed, he was roused as from a reverie, from sleep, or from profound thought, to real and active life. He looked

round, but the ass was gone. Time had been on the wing,—the place of destiny was comparatively remote,—the folio had to be carried,—the hour of service was trenched upon,—and he had to give an account of the missing animal to its owner.

Yet this instance of self-abstraction, in the Sunderland circuit, is perhaps not more characteristic of the man, than the following occurrence in the town of Newcastle. Mrs. Mc. Nicoll being engaged in domestic matters, requested him to call, in passing, at the butcher's, and to send home a joint of meat to dinner, for which she gave him the cash. Previously to his going to make the purchase, he strolled into a book-shop,—a place in which he never failed to find attractions sufficient to prolong his stay. Here he remained, turning over volume after volume, brushing off the dust, and scanning the contents, till dinner time. Happy in his purchases, he footed his way home,—the pinquifying impulses of hunger hastening his steps. His good lady looked with some degree of surprise, and the children were impatient for dinner. But what was his own astonishment, when Mrs. Mc. N. enquired after the butcher and the joint! He had forgotten his errand and purchased books with the money. A literary repast might have served his own purpose for a season; but the cares of a mother, and the cravings of the children, were not to be silenced in that way. On another occasion he accompanied a few friends to sea in a boat. All was smooth and glassy. His love of reading prevailed over social intercourse. He took a volume from his pocket, was soon insensible to both sea and land,—being only occasionally roused by a direct question, to which he replied in monosyllables, unconscious,

apparently, of the propriety or impropriety of the answers he gave. On laying the book aside, and putting his hand into his pocket, he found that the coat, half way up the pocket, had been swimming with the boat in the water. Having a large family, a friend enquired of him one day,—“Do not the children disturb you in your studies?” “Not often,” he replied; “but when they do, I come down stairs and read the riot act to them; and then all is soon quiet.”

Agreeably to his habits, he was particular in the directions he gave his tailor, to make his coat pockets of sufficient width to accommodate a small quarto volume, and of depth enough for an octavo. As it was not always convenient to his feelings to take home his purchases, when they were beyond what could be stowed away in his pockets, he left an occasional parcel at the house of a friend, till he could quietly place the contents upon the shelves, unobserved by his excellent lady. He has even been known to forget both purchase and place of deposit. One instance occurred within our own observation, in which he left a parcel with a friend, with whom it remained upwards of twelve months, and he had even then to be reminded of the fact. His funds being low, and having to borrow a sovereign of a friend to purchase a folio volume, the latter took occasion to remonstrate with him, saying,—“I am astonished, Mr. Mc. Nicoll, to see you give a guinea for that book, when it is not a work of which you are in immediate want, and when you must know that the money will be serviceable at home.” “Sir,” he replied, with great energy, “I might die with that sovereign in my pocket; and of what use would it be to me? Whereas,

I may gain from that book one idea, which I can take up to heaven with me, improve, and dwell upon for ever." This was an argument sufficient to prompt him to gratify his book-buying propensity, though not always guided by discretion. It was amusing to see him in a book-shop. He generally commenced at one end of the range, proceeded regularly along,—selecting, dusting, blowing, and clapping the covers together. On a friend accompanying him, he would say, handing it to him,—“There is a good book,—I have it,—I would advise you to buy it.” Or if one more than usually attractive, of which he was not the happy possessor, he would ask,—“What is the price of this?” would lay it aside, and give the demand. With one of these rare purchases under his arm, he called at the house of a friend; and, after sitting a while, with the treasure on which he was gloating lying on the table, he took it up, put it under his arm again, big with expectation, and had proceeded some distance along the street before he discovered that he was bare-headed—having forgotten his hat.

There is truth in some observations of Dr. Johnson: “The continued multiplication of books not only distracts choice, but disappoints enquiry. To him that has moderately stored his mind with images, few writers will afford novelty; or what little they have to add to the common stock of learning is so buried in the mass of general notions, that, like silver mingled with the ore of lead, it is too little to pay for the labour of separation; and he that has been often deceived by the promise of a title, at last grows weary of examining, and is tempted to consider all equally fallacious.” The subject of this sketch, it will have

been perceived, was more of a Baconian than a Johnsonian, and knew the full import of what the former wrote, when he advised persons to—"Read not to contradict and confute, but to weigh and consider;" and when he observed,—"Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man." Mr. Mc. Nicoll proceeded by analysis to the investigation of the first thought, and its discovery was to him very often the last part of the process; but in thinking it out, his mind worked synthetically, and the subject, in all its combinations, as a perfect whole, was the result. To the person who has leisure and opportunity, the former course is by far the more agreeable; but he who would make a practical use of all he has the means of learning, as was the case to some extent with Mr. Mc. Nicoll, should deny himself the luxury of reading, and use it only as a stimulus to the powers of thought.

It is not surprising, that such a man, with a naturally rich mind, and with something of magnificence in his conceptions, being well stored with reading, should have a large vocabulary, and give an impression of something like general knowledge.

His "Works" were published in one thick octavo volume, price 12s., by Tegg, London, 1837, edited by Dr. Dixon, comprising,—“An Essay on Covetousness,”—“A Rational Inquiry concerning the Operation of the Stage on the Morals of Society,”—“The Substance of an Argument to prove the Truth of the Bible,”—“Eight Sermons,”—

"Miscellanies," consisting of "Essays on Taste, in its connexion with Religion and Morality," "The Influence of God in the Government of the World," and another on "Inspiration,"—and "Poetical Remains." He wrote occasionally, too, for periodicals. Among others, he wrote a Review of Everett's "Historical Sketches of Wesleyan Methodism in Sheffield," for the Wesleyan Magazine of 1825; and another of the same writer's "Wesleyan Methodism in Manchester," for the same periodical of 1828. Much, however, that he wrote is unknown to the public, and much that he planned, and for which he had made preparations, never appeared. Dryden remarks, in reference to the last works of Plutarch, when speaking of a catalogue of them penned by his son, that we cannot look upon their titles but with the same emotions that a merchant must feel in perusing a bill of freight, after he has lost his vessel. So we mourn, in the present instance, unfulfilled projects—especially his treatise on the Witness of the Spirit;—all lost—and might, at least, have had an existence; next to certain, a useful one.

It was at St. Helen's, near Liverpool, on a missionary occasion, that he had a first attack of profuse bleeding at the nose and mouth. He was appointed to come in at the close of the meeting, and to make what is technically designated the "collection speech." He was just arranging his papers. On looking at them, he felt a trickling sensation in the nostril, put his forefinger to it, and found a drop of blood. He next rubbed the finger across the under part of the nose, when he perceived an increase of the vital fluid. Instantly his mouth was filled with it; he was taken into the vestry—perfectly calm—but saying, "I wish I was

at home." Each nostril had to be plugged, and it was with difficulty that the flow of blood was staunched. But we forget ourselves: it was not a Life that we proposed. He survived this attack some time. He was on a Missionary tour in the North of England, at the close of 1836, during which he appeared in his ordinary health. On his way to Liverpool, he called at the house of Mr. John Major, of Manchester, with whom he was in the habit of domiciling when in that town. He entered the house of his old friend, when the servant threw open the parlour door, where Mrs. Major was seated on the sofa, with a granddaughter by her side. Without the usual greetings, having called just before on his way to the North, he lifted up his hands and eyes, and in familiar accents said, looking at Mrs. Major, "There she sits, like lady Abbess in a convent,—there is Jane, like one of the Sisters of Charity, ready to every good word and work." In the same pleasant and familiar mood, Mrs. Major returned,—“And pray, Mr. Mc. Nicoll, what are you like?” “A poor begging friar, Madam, come to ‘sing for my supper.’ Can you”—in a subdued, plaintive tone—“give me a cup of tea?” He took tea—parted with the family, in apparent health: it was on the Saturday evening: went to Liverpool—reached home, and, in a few hours, was with the disembodied in heaven, warbling his choicest lays at the marriage supper of the Lamb,

No. CVI.

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" Our hearts ne'er bow but to superior worth :
 Nor ever fail of their allegiance there.
 Fools, indeed, drop the man in their account,
 And vote the mantle into majesty.
 Shall man be proud to wear his livery,
 And souls in ermine scorn a scul without ?
 Can place or lessen us or aggrandise ?
 Pigmies are pigmies still, though perch'd on Alps,
 And pyramids are pyramids in vales."—YOUNG.

Portraits, even in remote corners, and often after the lapse of years, have led to the identification of the persons portrayed, not only in stage-coaches and in crowds, but in distant parts of the kingdom ; just as the police of the country are enabled, from mere typographical description, to recognize certain popular characters, and hand them over for inspection to their superiors. In the one case, the likeness, like the light, flashes instantaneously on the eye ; in the other, it is a thing sought for, and the party in quest of it is prepared to meet it.

The gentleman now before the artist, is one of those rare specimens of humanity, which, once seen, are never

forgotten. He stands, say, five feet eleven inches ; was formerly slender, but now looks like a person in " comfortable circumstances," fed at the groaning board of another, and is a little too fleshy in appearance to comport with the general notion of a hard student. Somewhat stiff in his gait, he walks on in quiet stateliness, as though he entertained the strange fancy that passers by were erecting altars in their hearts to his fame. The general expression of the face is inquisitorial, demure, forbidding, and designedly grave ; with an occasional sly, sinister twinkle about the eye, peeping through the lattice, with a wish that the glance may remain unperceived. The twinkle to which we refer would be as difficult for a philosopher to define, as it is for an artist to sketch. But there it is. It never seems to look in a direct line. The moment vision meets vision,—the moment the artist looks out at his attic windows, though on the other side of his glasses,—that instant, the eyes of his subject are askance, either to the right or left, or turned inwardly, as if looking through the brain to the back part of his own head, in order to ascertain how matters are proceeding in that part of his dominions. In the distance, the said eyes,—which are exceedingly small,—appear partially buried beneath two dark projecting eyebrows, like the thick, dingy, sullen eaves of a thatched cottage, shading the upper lights, and presenting the aspect of a person who has had the misfortune to lose his sight. On a near approach, however, the small, dark pupil darts out, with a weazle-like dazzling effect, and, on being turned up, reveals a slight portion of the white, suddenly breaking forth, like a streak of light towards the horizon ; or, more properly, a slender crescent moon, when the orb appears

laid on its back, rendered still more silvery by an otherwise darkly clouded sky.

The effect of this remarkable "visual ray" is most extraordinary; and, in certain moods and aspects, a strange feeling comes creeping over the system of an attentive observer; while the steady, honest eye of an opponent will cause the twinkler to quail, and at once strip him of his prowess, his energies, and his self-possession. An eminent example of this may be adduced in the case of Mr. Everett, when he stood before the Conference of 1849, in which this gentleman is reported to have acted as one of the chief Star Chamber officials in the High Commission Court of modern Methodism. But be the report correct or otherwise,—though we entertain no doubt of its accuracy,—certainly, so far as appearance goes, a more felicitous selection could scarcely have been made to start such an affair as "Question under Penalty," as the gentleman now under review; and to such a post of honour we most cordially recommend him. With the exception of ONE only, and that one his master, we should suppose him to be the last person in the world a victim would wish to look upon in the shades of the Inquisition. O, those eyes! once seen, they haunt like a spectre!

But we are only addressing ourselves to appearances. There is much nutritious food enclosed within the rough, forbidding exterior of a cocoa-nut; and it may be so in the case in hand. Besides,—for so report affirms,—having been an usher in a kind of third or fourth-rate school, somewhere among the fens in Lincolnshire, a trifling allowance ought to be made, in consequence of the flagellating propensities indulged in early life, which, in addition to

certain dignified airs deemed essential to such an office, must naturally have exercised a corresponding influence on the outer man. Shakespeare says, "that either wise bearing, or ignorant carriage, is caught, as men take diseases, one of another." Habits and manners,—things differing from each other,—are often the result of early training or of juvenile associations; and persons springing from the lower walks of life, very often carry the highest heads. It is a nice and somewhat metaphysical speculation, into which we have no desire to enter, but we have sometimes pondered whether Dr. Bunting, who, for the last fifty years, has been working on the system of Methodism with a view to its embellishment, does not inherit some of his clipping, patching, stitching, fashioning, smoothing, stiffening, embroidering propensities from his paternal ancestor; or whether Dr. Beecham and Charles Prest do not owe much of their strut—much of their spring about the toes, to the celerity with which they sprang from the board, at meal times, in by-gone days.

Having commenced with "outward and visible signs," we proceed, agreeably to our usual course, with the mannerisms of our subject. By the way, were ever, in this or any other age or country, three such *mannerists* placed over a number of young men,—candidates for the ministry,—and over the same institution at the same time, as once graced the Didsbury Institution, in the persons of John Hannah, John Bowers, and William L. Thornton? The first, theological tutor; the second, house governor; the third, classical master! The first, starched to the life; the second, supple as a comedian; the third, smirking, bowing, and scraping, like one of those personages, who,

in the cautionary language of John Wesley in the "Large Minutes," ought never to be imitated by Methodist Preachers. But—to our subject. Contemplating him in the aggregate, he has what may be considered a manufactured mode of speaking and sermonizing. He is the most natural on the platform, as a speaker ; a little less so, as a reader ; still less so, as a preacher ; not always so in prayer ; much less in an attempt to become emphatic ; and least of all—immeasurably so—in giving out the hymn. In his enunciation of the page and number, he—as if resolved on becoming poetic in his delivery, though without either an ear for the music of poetry, or a knowledge of its mechanism—raises his voice, like a village clerk engaged on Sternhold and Hopkins ; he then proceeds along the line, hanging upon the several words, alternately and monotonously, singing and drawling, louder and louder to the close. Such is the transition in the altered tone and pace, between the hymn and the sermon, that it has the effect of a second person striking in to carry out the remainder of the service ; the voice being somewhat low and subdued, in a few of the members of the first sentence, as if about to communicate a secret to a second party,—next proceeding to a full swell, slightly varied as to vehemence,—and finally dropping on the ear in a rough husky whisper. On a passage of unusual length occurring, he becomes blusteringly vehement, though not painfully so to an accustomed hearer ; the force meanwhile exercised, as through a safety-valve, discharging a portion of the condensed vapour. The mouth—were it not seen—would seem, occasionally at least, to be so constructed as to have a tapering, narrowing, flattening influence on his enunciation, as if deficient in expan-

sion for the emission of the volume of sound pressing from behind for egress ; somewhat after the manner referred to by Montaigne, " of thundering instruction into the ear, as if he were pouring it through a funnel." When the vowel is sounded, in conjunction with a consonant, as *po*, in exposition, *pa*, in part, *for*, in conformity, it occupies a longer space in the pronunciation, than ought to be expended on the whole word ; while some of his sentences, like a check rein to a horse, are dropped with an emphatic jerk.

The same key note is heard, in the exercise of the same inflexible voice—barring the jerkings and whisperings alluded to—from the beginning to the end of the discourse ; trumpeting it forth, as from the horn of one of the guards of an old stage coach, rather than as through the deep mellow throat of a bugle. The "sing song," up and down character of his enunciation,—with the exception of the sharp nasal twang and whine observable in the delivery of some of the public speakers among the Friends,—is any thing but agreeable to a musical ear. When the plaintive is attempted, which—much as it is out of place—is sometimes apparent in his definitions, it drops upon the auditor like some of the "Cries" in the streets of the metropolis. On his assuming a smile, or attempting the pleasant, the adroit, or the smart, neither tone nor manner appears to belong to either place, person, or subject. There is an affected gravity, a squeamish softness and effeminacy, a certain modishness, a simpering preciseness, a conscious superiority every where present ; not forgetting, as a friend was once heard to say,—the laundress employed with the crimping-iron. Till a hearer becomes familiarised with him in the pulpit, his shufflings about the feet, his stoop-

ings, his bendings, his curtsyings, his subdued whinings, his risings and fallings, his falsely placed emphasis, his hard labour, his hissings,—sending forth the word “ peace ” like the hiss of a serpent,—become so many matters of forbearance, rather than points of approval. We are reminded of the chant, in his elevations and falls, without its music ; alternately going off in a whisper and a whirl ; but partaking as little of the totally inaudible in the one case, as of the noise of the alarum in the other.

With all these drawbacks, the Bible, when unfolded, and laid on the palms of his hands, as if he were about to hand it round, like an article for inspection, to his auditory,—himself bending over it, and his face occasionally within a few inches of its pages, is his grand theme—the Book of books. His sermons, generally speaking, are not taken up with minute reasoning, with fragmentary exposition, or the adduction of isolated texts, but with large masses of Scripture, arguing from the general tenure of the language, and the palpable bearing of whole trains of argument and exhortation. With a tolerable share of discrimination, there is a proneness to deal in hypercriticism,—to parade an odd distinction without a difference.* His taste approaches the fastidious, and would place him on the rack at any time, for a misplaced word or an awkward sentence. He is sensitive in the extreme as to his position. We wish to be understood in a qualified sense, when we

* Take an example : on lending his name to a faulty, anonymous publication, he would, with a view to escape censure, and with a half timid and half pedantic air, say—“ I did not commend the pamphlet, I only commended the argument ; ” thus echoing Dr. Bunting’s stupid attempt at discrimination, in his distinction between an author and his book ; stating, that it was not Mr. Isaac, but his book that he condemned : as though there could be an innocent author with a

say, that justness of remark, and happiness of illustration, are his acknowledged characteristics. In listening to him, he gives but little time for a pause, except in the hasty transition from one particular to another. As to narrative or metaphorical rests, there are none: yet he may be pronounced a correct, though not a pleasing, speaker; neither losing language nor sentiment, as transmitted from the paper to the memory in the study. If, for instance, it were to fall to his lot to examine candidates for the ministry, he would be under the necessity of having his manuscript before him, with his questions, definitions, &c., in regular order; and while in the position of a novice himself, looking at his paper, would expect the candidate to give a prompt, spontaneous, correct reply to his various questions. The pupil, in such case, would have the advantage of the master, and would seem the more expert, if not the more learned, of the two; the wisdom of the one on his manuscript page, the knowledge of the other in the head. Nor would he, as far as we dare hazard an opinion on such a delicate subject, run the risk of being without a translation before him, if examining them in the foreign classics. Waiving such speculations; he is, in all his addresses, serious and convincingly—though not tenderly, persuasive; one whose words seem to flow from long-considered, and tolerably well-weighed, subjects. We are reminded, in his

wicked book! the sin lying in the book, not the writer! Some of these Wesleyan doctors ought to be placed in the same category with their humbler brethren. To return: "I only commended the argument, not the pamphlet;" that is, gentle reader, "I only commended the matter in which all the wickedness lay, not the typography, the paper, and the cover!" in other words, the grain, but not the sack; the pistol, the powder, and the ball, but not the murderous hand that placed the weapon to the brain!! What next?

sermons, of a well wooded tract of land, in which one tree is a specimen of the rest. There is a monotony of material; greater apparent attention to words than things; that which may be denominated good, clear, respectable, intelligent; the different parts often tastefully arranged; but no grace—no love of nature—no genius; there are no thunder-peals—no withering flashes of fire: the matter is doctrinal rather than experimental—explanatory rather than exhortatory—sentimental rather than practical: it lacks heart. When heard a few times, the tune—if tune it may be called—is known, as well as its turns; nor less the proposed subject, and manner of handling.

His prayers are of a reverential and imploring description—somewhat desponding and melancholy—but often urged with tender entreaty. As to his general theology, he maintains with tenacity the essential, the leading truths of Christianity, as taught by the Wesleyans. Touch him on the subject of baptism, and something may possibly ooze out, to which the heads of houses may object: but Dr. Bunting, on the testimony of Mr. Bradburn, was once at fault here, and found it difficult to pass his examination, in consequence, on entering the itinerant work.* But neither of them have disturbed the Connexion with their views: indeed, the subject before us, when tested on the point, is said to have given a pledge to the effect—that he would shelve his opinions in the library of his own brain, and leave them there unmolested. Of course, they must either have been of little value, or there must have been a

* How comes it, that these gentlemen are tolerated, while a “hue and cry” is raised against Dr. Clarke on the doctrine of the Eternal Sonship? And with what grace can they themselves oppose the learned Doctor, who have only been saved by “the skin of their teeth.”

want of honesty of purpose in not proclaiming them "on the house top;" which of the two points is correct, we leave the gentleman himself to decide. He can put little niceties together, though not in the most attractive and deservedly important manner; still, in such a manner as to command the respect of superior and more comprehensive, as well as more masculine minds. Add to this, he can make little scattered enlargements to the knowledge of persons little conversant with general subjects;—the whole to be looked on with interest only, as so much material carefully collected from other sources. In adjusting the scales, we think we are not mistaken when we say, that there is more surface than depth; nor is the surface veined, as expressed in another case, with anything like indications of wealth below. Principles are taken for granted; and though sometimes referred to, they have the appearance of having been taught, not worked out by self-creating power. Hence they are taken up, and dealt out with the feeling of familiar things, not felt as matters of "great pith and moment."

He is evidently one of those teachers, who, on giving advice to young men, would never recommend that in any important question they should pay equal attention to both sides of the controversy; that they should read the books written against their own opinions, as well as such as have been produced in their favour; that they should endeavour to be strictly impartial, and scrutinize their arguments with as much severity as they employ on those of their opponents; that they should read, examine, and draw their own inferences; that they should investigate impartially;

that they should put their own conclusions, and the reasons on which they are founded, to the test; that they should assist him by pointing out any fallacies that they may descry; that they should be coadjutors with him in the grand cause of truth. The fact is, Wesleyanism, in its present form, will not admit of this. It denies the right of private judgment,—that which John Wesley ceded to every man, but which the Rev. Thomas Jackson, Theological Tutor, of the Theological Institution, at Richmond, has expunged from his edition of Mr. Wesley's Works! The teaching of Methodism, in the present day, tells all its disciples, in effect, and often in so many precise terms, that the doctrine it announces is the only one which can be free from error; that all those writings that are opposed to it, ought to be avoided as they would avoid the contamination of the plague; that they should do everything in their power to banish any opposite suggestions from their minds; that they should shun the moral turpitude of doubting what it teaches; that all they have to attend to is, to fear and confide. The Christian religion, beyond all others, enjoins charity towards all men; and that if any be in error, they should be convinced of it by argument drawn from reason and the Word of God; but it everywhere discourages the idea of making converts by force, and inflicting punishment for a difference of opinion. Yet there is no section of the Protestant Church, whose rulers have acted with more violence, have exercised greater cruelties—so far as mind is concerned—or have been guilty of more flagrant injustice, to procure uniformity of sentiment in religious matters, and especially those of a *disciplinary* character, than the men who constitute the

ruling power in Methodism, under the direction of Dr. Bunting. Wesleyan literature, in the aggregate, with two or three noble exceptions, is leanness itself; and to preserve the people in a state of comparative starvation, its books are unconscionably dear; while Dr. Adam Clarke is scouted in its schools. Even the gentleman passing under the pencil of the artist, with preachers much inferior to himself, has been heard to rail against the learned Doctor. Such critics have been weighed and found wanting, even in metal. They have been tested, and discovered to be dross. They are deficient, according to the standard, both in quantity and quality, both in sincerity and knowledge. Among all the scribblers and blotters of paper, who have said a thousand things worse than nothing,—among all the simpletons, who have passed their lives in spoiling foolscap which they deserved to wear,—none are so impudent or so worthless as the false critic.

Affectation operates like an emetic, whatever the amount of its gravity. It is the vain and ridiculous attempt of poverty, says Lavater, to appear rich. Persons generally affect to appear what they would willingly be esteemed, whether the object is piety, wealth, learning, or wisdom. "Society," a shrewd critic observes, "is a more level surface than we imagine. Wise men and absolute fools are hard to be met with, as there are few giants or dwarfs. The heaviest charge we can bring against the general texture of society is, that it is common-place; and many of those who are singular, had better be common-place. Our fancied superiority to others is in some one thing, which we think most of, because we excel in it, or have paid most attention to it; whilst we overlook their superiority to

us in something else, which they set equal and exclusive store by. This is fortunate for all parties. In his own individual character and line of pursuit, every one has knowledge, experience, and skill: and who shall say which pursuit requires most, thereby proving his own narrowness and incompetence to decide? Particular talent or genius does not imply general capacity. Those who are most versatile are seldom great in any one department; and the stupidest people can generally do something. The highest pre-eminence in any one study, commonly arises from the concentration of the attention and faculties on that one study. He who expects from a great name in politics, in philosophy, in art, equal greatness in other things, is little versed in human nature. Our strength lies in our weakness. The learned in books is ignorant of the world. He who is ignorant of books is often well acquainted with other things: for life is of the same length in the learned and the unlearned; the mind cannot be idle; if it is not taken up with one thing it attends to another, through choice or necessity; and the degree of previous capacity in one class or another is a mere lottery."

The assumptions of persons who have acquired a smattering of the classics, very often reveal themselves in affected gravity. But "suppose," says Blunt, "a man knows what is Greek, Latin, French, Spanish, or Italian for a horse; this makes the man no more the wiser, than the horse the better." "Men are apt to overvalue the tongues," observes Baker, "and to think they have made a considerable progress in learning when they have overcome these; yet in reality, there is no internal worth in them, and men may understand a thousand languages

without being the wiser." Old Dr. Fuller repudiates the notion, "that Wisdom speaks to her disciples only in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew."

We are not certain that we should have adverted to these subjects, or permitted our thoughts to take the course they have, had free inquiry, free discussion, and the liberty of the press not been placed under ban in Methodism; and had not the preacher under review been one of the paraders in learning, yet denying the free circulation of knowledge in the way specified. The observations of Gordon are full of instruction to those who support what has been called The Buntingian Dynasty: "Without freedom of thought there can be no such thing as wisdom; and no such thing as public liberty without freedom of speech. Freedom of speech produces excellent writers, and encourages men of genius. Tacitus tells us, that the Roman commonwealth bred great and numerous authors; but when it was enslaved, its great wits were no more. Tyranny had usurped the place of equality, which is the soul of liberty, and destroyed public courage. The minds of men, terrified by unjust power, degenerated into all the vileness and methods of servitude; abject sycophancy and blind submission became the only means of preferment, and indeed of safety: men durst not open their mouths but to flatter. Pliny the Younger observes, that this dread of tyranny had such an effect, that the senate, the great Roman senate, became at last stupid and dumb. And in one of his epistles, speaking of the works of his uncle, he makes an apology for eight of them, as not written with the same vigour which was to be found in the rest; for that they were written in the reign of Nero, when the spirit of writing was cramped by fear."

We leave the present subject with a remark from Charon, bearing on our motto :—" Men are never so ridiculous for the qualities they have, as for those they affect to have ;" and with another, of a writer who shall be nameless, who says, "People [on travel] imagine they are not known, and that they shall never meet again with the same company ; they are free for the time from the trammels of their business, profession, or calling ; the marks of the harness begin to wear out ; and altogether they talk more like men than slaves with their several functions hanging like collars round their necks." People must bend in public, as well as in private band and in the social circle : and if they refuse to *bend*, they must be *broken*.

No. CVM.

HENRY MOORE.

"A wise man's heart is like a broad hearth, that keeps the coals (his passions) from burning the house. Good deeds in this life are coals raked up in embers, to make a fire next day."—SIR T. OVERBURY.

THOUGH we confess to our having stepped aside to shake hands with the subject of the present sketch, as differing somewhat from the class of men to whom, in consequence of their liberality of sentiment, we prefer to direct attention, we are not without our reasons for taking him up. He was a character; and whether right or wrong, he suffered from the dominant party in Methodism, which—whatever other excellencies it has to boast—has never been distinguished for either liberality of sentiment, or a distribution of its favours beyond its own pale.

The venerable Henry Moore, the last surviving trustee of Mr. Wesley's MSS., &c., and the oldest Wesleyan itinerant preacher then on record, died in City-Road, London, Saturday, April 27th, 1844. As a memoir of him preceded his death, from his own pen, and an enlarged life of him was afterwards given to the world, by Mrs.

Smith, we shall satisfy ourselves, at present, with a brief sketch; and thus show to our readers the light in which he was contemplated by ourselves, as well as by others. He was born in Ireland, and entered the itinerant ministry in 1779. After labouring in his own country, he came to England, and was stationed in London, where he remained two years, and returned to Ireland in 1786, where he fulfilled the office of an evangelist, in the Dublin circuit, till 1788, when he again returned to London; where, in the course of his itinerancy, he was stationed, inclusive of his supernumeraryship, no less than eleven times; to which appointments may be added, four at Bristol, three at Bath, three at Liverpool, two at Birmingham, one at Leeds, one at York, and one at Deptford—the last of which, from its contiguity to the metropolis, may be considered as next to united to it; from the whole of which it will be perceived that, with Dr. Bunting, and two or three more of his privileged brethren, but few of the hardships of itinerancy, at least in later life, experienced by the majority of the preachers, fell to his lot.* There are various ways of accounting

* He had his share of the toils and hardships of a Methodist preacher's life at the commencement of his itinerant career. A person observes: "I was present when the following incident occurred, now fast verging towards forty years ago. At a local preacher's meeting, where Mr. Moore presided, a proposal was made to abandon preaching at the village, or rather hamlet of —. The reasons alledged were,—1. The congregation was very small, generally less than twenty persons. 2. The fare furnished to the preachers was coarse and scanty. 3. The journey embraced full twenty-four miles walking. The old gentleman was extremely loath to relinquish the place; several persons, however, urged its abandonment; and one good local brother, about forty years of age, was rather obstreperous in his opposition, and hinted to Mr. Moore, 'You *gentlemen* preachers, always stopping at home in large towns, know nothing about it.' The venerable chairman became roused, and twitch-

for this, as in some other cases, independently of talent, age, or any generally expressed wish on the part of the people. He filled the presidential chair twice, with a period of nineteen years between, and the first time not till thirteen years after the decease of the Founder of Methodism, which is the more extraordinary when taken in connexion with the high opinion which that great man appears to have entertained of his worth: but much of this goes into the item of character, and it is with character we have to do—an article which, till lately, has been rarely touched in Wesleyan biography; or, if touched at all, touched either partially, timidly, or unskilfully—furnishing only a one-sided view of the subject—keeping the man out of sight, lest his saintship should be marred—and bungling over an analysis of mind, the component parts of which the writer has been unable to perceive. Fidelity is as essential to biography as affection and discrimination; and where it is wanting, the biographer is not only unfaithful to his subject, but practises an imposition upon his readers, who are the last that ought to be deceived, because of their readiness to meet him in the market.

Mr. Moore scarcely reached the middle size; was strong

ing his waistcoat repeatedly, which he was wont to do when excited, replied, 'Don't I know anything about it? I don't know anything about it! I wish you to understand, you *boy*, I do know something about it. Not long after I entered upon my work, I sometimes knew what hunger was, having travelled all day, preached three or four times, and had no food, except a turnip or carrot by the road side. Once I borrowed J. B.'s coat, while my own was being patched at the elbows; my board wages were then about half-a-crown per week. I wrote to Mr. Wesley, detailing my situation and requesting his help. What was Mr. Wesley's answer? 'Dear Henry,—Unto you it is given in the behalf of Christ, not only to believe in him, but also to suffer for his sake. Take the cup with thankfulness. I am, dear Henry, your affectionate brother, J. WESLEY.'

of bone and muscle; and, though well clothed, had no redundancy of flesh. His step, apart from his lameness, was slow, and even lingering. A single glance at his face was sufficient to shew even a common observer that he was a man of intelligence. His eye was round and grey; the eyebrows arched, mounted with a good forehead; the face between the oval and the square,—the former especially from the middle of the face downward; the complexion inclined to the fair; and though the expression was generally unruffled, yet beneath that, and sometimes above it too, might be perceived a kind of cynical snarl, when not altogether pleased, or when disposed to be sarcastic.

On opening the casket, and looking at the jewel of mind contained within, he would be found to possess judgment rather than genius, transparency rather than beauty, correctness rather than force, point rather than majesty. He was literally a wise man; and it would be next to impossible to furnish a Wesleyan diary, or a collection of *ana*, treating of Wesley, Wesleyanism, or Wesleyan preachers, during a period of seventy years, which would not be enriched by the wisdom of this Socrates of Methodism. His reading was not extensive, but good, and conducted with critical care; relishing, however, the sense rather than the beauties of an author—the matter rather than the style, though insensible to neither; and, on furnishing an oral criticism, was invariably sound and instructive, and sometimes even nice. It was difficult, perhaps, at least on some occasions in later life, to tell whether there was not more of old age than of truth in some of his remarks upon his ministerial brethren—applauding the old rather than the modern school of preachers; a subject, in the meantime, as the

difference is strongly marked, which must be left for the decision of a remoter period than our own,—preferring, for ourselves, nevertheless, in many respects, the *old* wine to the *new*.

That Wesleyanism has reached the transition period cannot be denied; and as the period between the Elizabethan age and the Commonwealth—to compare one era with another, including the reigns of Charles II. and James II., has thus been denominated in the literary history of our country,—the first being distinguished for ease, originality, and force,—the latter for artificial stiffness and cold accuracy; so, whatever may belong to the Wesleyan body in this respect, and whatever might be the opinion of Mr. Moore on the subject, he himself, even before the transition period took place, might have been classed, if not with the artificial, at least with the stiff and comparatively cold; we say comparatively cold, for even in the midst of his calm, deliberate, sententious movements, there were moments of pathos and of power, under which it was impossible, phlegmatic as he might appear, not to bend. To many he would have been what is called “a dry preacher;” to the sensible and the devout, possessed of a sufficient stock of patience to see him get over the ground, he was instructive, and not unfrequently impressive. He was never gay or flashy, and rarely witty, in the pulpit; but pointed, piquant, and indulging in keen strokes of sarcasm;—generally, however, solid, experimental, and practical. His views of scriptural truth were correct, clear, enlarged, and harmonious. Though comparatively slow of speech, his voice was good, and his enunciation distinct: while the one rendered him agreeable, the other permitted nothing

to be lost ; and his style being the queen's pure, unadorned English, a child might have understood him. Destitute of everything like euphony, still he was never harsh ; and though his sentences were often abrupt, there was no possibility of breaking the neck over them—the sense was finished when the music was imperceptible.

Henry Moore was as instructive in social life as he was in the public assembly, abounding in anecdote and sage remark. There was occasionally, especially in the anecdotal department, not to say now and then in some of his habits, a want of delicacy, in refined society ; but it originated more in his contempt of all finery and affectation, than in any want of judgment or experience,—in his preference of the useful to the elegant. No one that attended to him could leave his society unimproved.

As a writer, he may be considered useful, but will never be popular.

Looking at his constitutional character, he would have made a charming companion for Andrew Marvel, who had a thousand pounds sent him one day, by a courtier, to buy him over to the opposite side in Parliament, and who placidly refused the bribe, pointing to the blade of a mutton bone, which was to serve for his dinner the ensuing day, as a proof that he was above necessity. Henry, like Andrew, could neither be bought nor driven. His stern and inflexible principles, both in regard to religion and civil government, but especially his trusteeship in reference to Mr. Wesley's will, were displayed throughout the whole of his official career, were to be found in his oral discourses, and are to be seen in his writings ;—the severe exercise of which did not fail to bring down upon him one

of the lighter strokes of Bradburn's wit and humour—"Brother Moore was born without joints." His firmness, in some instances, especially in the occupancy of the preachers' houses at City-road, amounted, in the opinion of some, to obstinacy; such would have been its interpretation to the by-stander, and such was the feeling of his brethren in the decision of Conference. Yet his attachment to Mr. Wesley's memory is not without a moral; for if it has done no more for his brethren than is involved in the example he has afforded of stedfastness of purpose, of patient industry, and inflexible perseverance in attending to what he conceived to be the wish and design of Mr. Wesley, he has bequeathed an invaluable legacy of unbendableness; and it would have been well for Methodism, if the innovators, who, under the specious guise of necessity, propriety, and the advanced spirit of the age, have made the system what "IT IS,"—had preserved the better part of his example in remembrance. But even here his stubbornness,—if it must be called by that name, and of which we have had no trifling examples in other cases, especially at the Conference of 1850, and among those, too, who were the most prominent in their opposition to him,—was only an *episode* in his life; he had other noble qualities, and will ever be admired by those that knew him, for his brevity, his sententious firmness, his religious and moral worth. He looked upon all innovators with jealousy, and brought to bear upon innovation no ordinary degree of hostile feeling: hence his opposition, in the outset, to public missionary meetings, which, to him, appeared no less than a forerunner to a marriage union with the world, and as the very dotage of enthusiasm. In this, however, he was

much less intractable than in other cases, and it was not long before he was found seated in the chair and elevated on the platform which he had previously denounced.

Methodism, which has been distinguished for the fire of its zeal from the commencement, takes up Henry Moore as a disciple, only as combining with that quality a more than equal proportion of knowledge. The zeal of "first love" is sometimes warm, sudden, and transient; as it is the effect occasionally of a man's natural temperament: in the later case it is to be suspected of passion and frowardness, rather than springing from what Jeremy Taylor significantly styles "the vertical point of love!" In Henry Moore the passions were never permitted to boil over: the fire was there, but not perceptible to any, except those within a certain range of his operations. His zeal was seated in his will and in his choice, and regulated by Christian prudence and a good understanding, and not "in his fancies and affections,"—aware that these would make it "full of noise and empty of profit," while the other would render it "deep and smooth, material and devout." The writer just noticed furnishes us with an accurate estimate of zeal, when speaking of St. Paul, whose zeal, he tells us, was "expressed in preaching without any stipend, in suffering, in travelling, in spending and being spent for his flock, in being willing to be accursed for love of the people of God and his countrymen. Let our zeal," he adds, "be as great as his was, so it be in affections to others, but not at all in angers against them: in the first there is no danger; in the second there is no safety. In brief, let our zeal be always more against ourselves than against others." Such are some of the

characteristics and accompaniments of the zeal attendant on the steps of itinerancy ; and such was the zeal of Henry Moore, who built, planted, ploughed, sowed, and watered in his own joy and peace of heart : never boisterous, never hurried ; calm, easy, temperate, resolute, persevering, and with a tranquil close.

No. CVIII.

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"Dr. Rowley, in his *Life of Lord Bacon*, says, 'In his conversations, he contemned no man's observations, but would light his torch at every man's candle.' Intelligence has no attachment to the opinion it has formed, but only to the truth it may contain."—MONTAGUE'S THOUGHTS.

IN pursuing the work which we have assigned to ourselves—that of furnishing a few sketches of character—we continue alive to the fact, that we have certain prejudices to combat in certain quarters; and yet with these prejudices, it is somewhat remarkable that, while the complainants are averse to the publication of peculiarities—for we will not characterise them as defects or deformities—they are all, less or more, in love with praise. Where is the principle in the case? for if bad, in the one instance, it must be equally so in the other. Why, then, approve and practise the one, and not the other? Besides, there is an absurdity in it; the parties appearing to take for granted that the critic lets out, for the first time, certain points unknown and uncanvassed before, and without once adverting to the fact, that public men are

public property, and open to public inspection and animadversion. The public claim the right of asking every man, who either voluntarily presents himself, or is presented by others before them, as an instructor and exemplar, who he is, what he is, and whether his claims entitle him to public suffrage and consideration. Nor is this all. When a Christian minister publishes his sermons—which sermons are only presented to the public in another form and on a larger scale, the reviewer, say in the Wesleyan Magazine and other periodicals, asserts his right to employ the critical scalpel—and analyzes the mind of the author, his style, his manner of handling—and is far from slow to direct the eye of the world to his beauties and blemishes, and thus endeavours to excite a prejudice either against him or in his favour. These certainly, have the least right to complain of the “takings” of others, who themselves are employing their artistic skill—only in another way, but with the same tendencies as to praise or blame—on the same order of public characters. Concluding our way to be clear with all, save “*unreasonable men*,” who must be dealt with accordingly, we proceed with our delineation of a gentleman, whose portrait we have exhibited elsewhere.

He is about the middle size, perhaps a trifle beyond it, and though thin, yet not slightly made: with light brown eyes, and hair of a dunnish colour, disposed so as to exhibit not an ample, but what phrenologists would term, a well-formed, forehead. The general expression of the countenance, when the features are in repose, may be said to be that of thoughtfulness, combined with seriousness; not omitting a shade of pensive feeling, as if the result of constitutional weakness, increased no doubt by an un-

friendly climate, while labouring as a missionary in the West Indian Islands. The whole appears to be slightly constrained by an air of reserve, to which, perhaps, the character, in ordinary intercourse, may be said somewhat to conform. The complexion takes its tint from the dark and the sallow, without belonging to either; and that of intelligence is the general character of the face.

Though little noised abroad, he is a proof that there are fountains in the Wesleyan body that only require to be known; and we hesitate not to say, that he is one whom John Wesley would have prized as much as he did John Broadbent, his travelling companion. He is endowed with a cultivated mind—under the best, and therefore the most successful, mode—that of self-cultivation; and is more given to a cool, dispassionate calculation than to enthusiasm. Though far from disposed to second the encroachments made by a certain party, and possessed of intellectual energies capable of giving an impulse to public affairs, yet he is not fond of figuring out of his own quiet sphere. When importuned to preach one of the sermons in connexion with the Missionary Anniversary, at the May meeting, in London, he declined, not from hostile feeling, but because of previous treatment; to show that he was not to be bought by acts of courtesy, which arose from necessity rather than choice; and that his *status* in the body should be alone grounded on the broad base of personal merit—that on which the *status* of all others should be based. He is found, when improperly dealt with, to possess a great deal of moral strength—of righteous prudence—of philosophical caution; and while well worth winning and preserving, is neither to be neglected nor insulted. He is

within call, but the voice must give a "certain sound." He refused to sign the Osbornian and other odious tests, as that of President Jackson.

His voice in the pulpit is somewhat feeble, and not very musical; so that in giving out the first hymn, he is sometimes inaudible to persons at a distance; nor is it certain, that the adoption of this low tone, at the outset, is not a matter of choice. In the pulpit, he may rather be said to be attractive than popular: that is, he is not so much followed by those who go to chapel to be astonished, exhilarated, or excited, as he draws after him, as by silken bands, and attaches to him with the quiet magnetic influence of the loadstone, those who prefer thought to sound, instruction to entertainment. His preaching, as intimated, is instructive rather than impressive; his method is inductive, not dogmatic; he may be said, with more propriety, to reason from, than argue upon, his text. While thus engaged, the hearer's attention is caught and retained—point after point is brought forward with a quiet earnestness of manner, unaccompanied by any extrinsic display of gesture or tone to divert the mind from the reception of the pure truth of God, as drawn from and elucidated by the contents of the sacred volume before him. While thus engaged, and the hearer is fixed in close and gratified attention, he, when fairly "in the subject," commonly keeps the fore finger of the right hand upon the passage under discussion, withdrawing, apparently, though but partially, his own eyes from it—a habit which, as it seems wholly natural and unconstrained, tends not a little to fix the attention of the hearer, as it appears to do the mind of the speaker. This method, it will be obvious, indicates a

style not declamatory but disquisitional ; and such is the case. It is, using the terms in a restricted and properly pulpit sense, teaching rather than preaching—enunciating scriptural truth rather than enforcing it. It must not be supposed from this, that his sermons are rather curious than practical—rather ingenious than useful ; no such thing : while he is pre-eminently expository in his cast of thought, he is equally judicious in the choice, and discreet in the treatment, of his topics. Let it be added, he is never tedious, because he is hardly ever long, and almost as rarely dry. The art to say no more upon a subject than fairly belongs to it, and to leave it when sufficiently discussed, is oftener the result of a sound judgment than many persons imagine. In the present case, it is evidently connected with careful closet preparation, for there is nothing of the unpremeditated or purely extemporaneous in the talent of the justly esteemed and generally admired preacher under notice : his speeches, like his sermons, are excellent for their method and their material—but they must be bespoke to be secured.

Of the real traces which early struggle, imperfect cultivation, and an inequality in private intercourse leave on different gifted persons, we scarcely find any here. He has, therefore, no bad habits to break off, though he may have an odd grace now and then to add to the original figure. Though passion is absent, which produces its outward indications, yet sweet, sedate feeling is present, and performs its work upon the audience. His temperance of disposition fits him admirably for the work of the pulpit, being just the man to bring the sober sunshine which we are anxious to gather round our hearts in the

calmer moments of contemplation. The gems of thought which lie scattered through his sermons, are not like that botanical treasure, the aloe, which, the poet tells us, blows once in a hundred years. It is not to stunted sermons that his hearers have to listen, where they can neither find bud nor flower. He has the preacher's matter, and the whole of his sober manner; is no dreaming sentimentalist; has nothing gaudy in colouring, or effervescent in feeling; but is one who uses the language of the pulpit as the artist employs his drapery merely as a veil to beautify, without concealing the form beneath.

He seems, now and then, endowed with a preternatural grace, sobriety, and intellectual development—allowing reason to aid genius when wanted. The framework is good, and a current of evangelical thought is here and there relieved by a few philosophical touches, concise and highly finished, but neither timid in outline, nor pale in colour. He is sometimes led into analysis, elaboration, and the essay style,—but is always interesting. If we are to take his sermons as a criterion, we may pronounce him to be a man who has no wasted existence with him—who permits no opportunities to remain neglected—who allows no gifts to be misused. Though somewhat retiring, if not shy, yet he is one in whom may be detected the acute observer, and, as has been said of Addison, passes unmolested behind the screen of excessive modesty.

Being thoroughly independent, as may be perceived by a previous remark, we doubt whether he could be compelled to succumb; and yet he is not one of those who would aim at the overthrow of law and established custom; as though he believed that true freedom consisted in the

wild disregard of every restraint, and professed the utmost contempt for the weakness of form. While he has too much independence to seek or receive favour at the expense of his dignity, he has too much conscience to condemn proper authority. He is not a man, if our estimate of him be correct, who would be foremost to strike the tocsin of alarm; but he would be firm when sounded, and would never shrink from his colours. He has a purpose in all he says—is open where he can confide—honest, and modestly fearless; and having a nice and judicious appreciation of the relative importance of events and characters in the world at large, and in the Wesleyan body in particular, he knows how to dispose of men and things,—the real amount and value to be attached to each,—and will award no higher honour to an aspirant after office, or even to a holder of one, than that to which he is entitled on the score of intellect, experience, and integrity. Possessing these qualities in so eminent a degree himself, our wonder is, that so many of his inferiors should be so far before him in the race of preferment. And yet, we are furnished with a sufficient reason in his independence, why he is not a favourite with the “powers that be.” But Sheffield, Birmingham, Leeds, and other important circuits know his worth, in each of which he has travelled with more than acceptability.

No. CIX.

THOMAS GALLAND.

"The sublime of nature is the sky, sun, moon, stars, &c. The profound of nature is gold, pearls, precious stones, and the treasures of the deep, which are inestimable as unknown. But all that lies between these, as corn, flowers, fruits, animals, and things for the mere use of man, are of mean price, and so common as not to be greatly esteemed by the curious; it being certain that any thing of which we know the true use cannot be invaluable; which affords a solution, why COMMON SENSE hath either been totally despised, or held in small repute, by the greatest modern critics and authors."—SWIFT.

IN sketching character, we are sometimes like navigators to the North Pole, beset with difficulties ungenial to oratory and intellectual display, and which scarcely possess the agreeableness of those who, in milder climates, lead us over a wider range of action, and into the sunshine of warmer and more animated scenes. Yet as there is no spot on the earth's surface, not even Nova Zembla, so barren or desolate, as not to yield to the sagacious observer some objects worthy of contemplation; and as the study of man on the verge of eminence is not without considerable novelty, we shall proceed with our sketches; and if not always in high latitudes, we shall avoid the low,—except

when duty calls us from our track, for the purpose of erecting a warning beacon for the benefit of succeeding times,—preserving our course, generally, if not in the midst of those who are the most splendid in talent, yet among those who are the most substantial in reading, sense, and learning, and the most honest in principle, and liberal in sentiment. Among the latter stood pre-eminent the Rev. THOMAS GALLAND,—who, though dead, continues to speak to his survivors in the Christian Ministry.

On adverting to his personal history, we find he was born in Hull, March 17th, 1794. His father, R. Galland, Esq., was a solicitor of considerable practice in the same town. It is not a little remarkable, that the subject of the present sketch should, notwithstanding the thousand chances against it, owing to the endless vicissitudes connected with itinerancy, resign his breath in the place in which he first drew it, close his ministerial career where he commenced his Christian course, and show the people how to die, by whom, under God, he had been taught how to live; and still more, that he should finish his work in that pulpit in which, above all others, he gloried, and to which, in early life, he gave the preference;—the Wesleyan—the pulpit in which he had not only been eminently useful, but which he so richly adorned.

His father insisted, when only a boy, on his retiring early to rest; but not being always disposed to spend the whole of the time allotted to him in sleep, he spent some hours in reading Hume and Smollett's History of England, a small edition of which lay in his chamber. This was the first work that gave him a taste for history, if not for reading itself; and before he had passed the age of boy-

hood, he had read it through several times. The earlier part of his education was received in the grammar school of his native town, and with the Rev. John Graham, of York—a clergyman of the Established Church—a man of strong mind, sound learning, and evangelical principles—the gentleman who was rendered so extensively useful to the celebrated William Dawson, in the commencement of his religious course, and from whom the present subject seems to have caught the taste for lecturing on whole chapters. Though young Galland had his wakeful hours in his bed-chamber, and employed them to useful purpose, yet a certain degree of constitutional lethargy was experienced through life. He could study hard, but not long: he required more than an ordinary degree of sleep: the mind, like the body, soon became jaded; and when at school, he was sometimes obliged to recline his head on the desk, in the midst of his task, and take a few minutes' repose, out of which he rose, and then proceeded with renewed vigour to his work. He became deeply impressed with the necessity of personal religion about the fifteenth year of his age. When removed from under the care of Mr. Graham, he was entered at Queen's College, Cambridge, where he took his degree of Master of Arts, and was designed by his father for the pulpit of the Established Church. In this his father was disappointed, the son having given the preference to the Wesleys,—a Christian people to whom he was no stranger, his parents being in the habit of attending the Wesleyan chapel, his mother, indeed, being a member of the Wesleyan Society. After having been admitted on trial as a candidate for the itinerant ministry, he travelled successively in the Louth,

Reading, Lincoln, Beverley, Leeds, London, Halifax, and Hull circuits. In Leeds, he had three appointments—nine years in all—and his ministry was received with as great approbation at the close of the ninth, as at the commencement of the first year. So highly was his ministry appreciated by Mr. W. Dawson, whose memoir was dedicated to Mr. Galland, that he frequently rode into Leeds from Barnbow, on a Sabbath morning, a distance of seven miles, to hear him expound the lessons for the day, denominating him, after the death of Dr. A. Clarke, the first expositor in the Wesleyan body.

Mr. Galland was not a man who assumed a supercilious deportment, flaunting with titles he never won. He possessed the learning which the title implied; had the merit which paired with the honour conferred, which was English all over. His learning was substantial rather than showy, useful rather than curious, always exhibiting the enlightened and well disciplined mind. It was the learning which Bacon tells us “makes the mind of men gentle, generous, amiable, and pliant to government.” Nor was it the learning that terminates with the school. He was as sedulous in the acquisition of knowledge without, as he had been within, the walls of a college. As there is not any thing that will keep a man from being rich so readily as the impression that he has enough, so there cannot be a greater detriment to wisdom and knowledge in any man, than the persuasion that early application has sufficiently furnished him with both. Mr. Galland knew that what he had obtained was nothing to what lay before him; that Providence has its depths, nature its mysteries, revelation its difficulties; and therefore it was, instead of standing on

the beach, he stepped on board a steady, though not an extraordinarily quick sailor, to enable him to navigate the ocean of knowledge and truth which lay in boundless perspective before his eye. It was a maxim with him, that the person who would make real progress in knowledge must consecrate his age as well as his youth—the later growth as well as the first fruits—at the altar of truth. He always liked to keep the upper hand of his congregation, by reading; he never wished his hearers to know more than himself. In order to this, he often went back to neglected sources of information, and carried the light of investigation into things misunderstood, and illustrated many facts left obscure. He was constantly increasing in an extensive and accurate study also of the history of his own, and the passing history of other modern states. He was generally acquainted with their various interests, and with the more exact position of the countries with which his own had dealings to conduct or relations to maintain. His range did not lie immediately in the way of natural science or metaphysical philosophy; nor did he dabble much, if at all, in political economy: he devoted himself to the more generally useful; and what he acquired of the useful, he was certain to turn to a good account in the pulpit, on the platform, and in social life. He would, it must be admitted, offer occasional criticisms upon, as well as guesses at, the industrial, political, and social systems of his own, as well as those of other countries; but they never constituted a theme, any more than they were dealt out with a view to make a parade of his learning, though he could not have acquired his knowledge in the ordinary and obvious way of reading and hearing.

He always brought to his selected task for the pulpit such qualifications as were essential to its performance. He had the disposition, and he always took the time, cautiously and faithfully to examine into his text and context. He had a general sympathy with free institutions, an acquaintance with the leading men and events of the times, and much collateral knowledge, without which no man can be entitled to pronounce on the customs and constitutions of a people, including an acquaintance with the Greek and Roman classics, and the general history of the world. He had his prejudices, both political and ecclesiastical, but they were not inveterate or obtrusive. He looked beyond Methodism to the general relations of the great family of man; and he saw something more in philosophy than a mere knack of playing at words, and in religion more than a mere form.

Possessed of good natural talents, and a ready elocution, he was highly instructive and impressive as a preacher; though his great and almost unrivalled excellence, as already hinted, consisted in a luminous *exposition* of the mind of God in the sacred page. In the latter peculiar forte he might be classed with Robert Hall, who regretted the taste of the age in departing from ancient practice, by preferring single texts of Scripture; and whose opinion was, that though more excitement was generally produced, yet less instruction was to be derived from a sermon. Mr. Galland viewed things consecutively, and drew good inferences from well-founded premises. His hearers were impressed with the fact, that they had before them a sound divine; a man who set a higher value on thought than language; who was well acquainted with Scripture history,

terms, names, places, offices, doctrines, precepts; a scholar, without the peculiar polish, and with not a particle of the affectation of scholarship; a man of wholesome and comprehensive theological reading, and with good, clear, metaphysical distinctions, without being too nice to be discerned by the generality of his auditors. He never failed to give the sense of the sacred authors, and on the narrative and historical parts of the sacred text, was an interesting travelling companion to his hearers; and agreeably to the good manners—to keep up the comparison—of a thorough collegian, he showed his discretion by dwelling even on minor points; a practice exceedingly useful to the young and less educated. Some of the precepts might be deemed flat, and it may be stated, that by placing proper examples before the mind, they would not fail to make proper inferences; whereas, when those are made for them, the didactic air of information destroys their influence. But this is taking for granted too much. Why have good examples so little influence? They require line upon line, and precept upon precept. Though sometimes a little too prolix, yet it was rare that a wish arose in the breasts of those that heard him, that he would throw out, as Plutarch might have thrown into notes from his text, some of the more digressive comments that spoil the order and beauty of a discourse, and disappoint expectation when it is most essentially interested, and so destroy the natural influence of a theme by turning attention into another channel. A feeling of that kind could only be produced, by starting something like a point of natural philosophy just at the crisis of some important moral action. Such were not the digressive movements of Mr. Galland: when felt at all, they were felt

slightly ; and that which was indulged in the pulpit, would have been withheld from the press.

His general strain in the pulpit, as to voice, though neither harsh nor croaking, never reached the clear or sonorous ; it was somewhat dry and husky, without being in the least offensive. His pretensions as a public speaker, as to voice and manner, were not at all of an exalted character ; and yet his powers were of the most useful description. Instead of being classed with the great Wesleyan orators of his day, he could not be deemed *inter oratorum numerum* at all. Oratory and ornament were not the most prominent portions of his character. His were business-like, every day talents. There was nothing of the peripatetic step about him, that would have suited the Lyceum at Athens, when philosophers and sages walked and talked. He never hit on anything fanciful ; was always sound and distinguished for justice in his expression. His style had its irregularities, with a slight degree of tameness ; and though at the utmost distance from a heavy march, yet it was not one of those clean footed moves that get speedily off the ground. There was a provincialism in his pronunciation which he never fully overcame, and an occasional irksome train of far-connected periods. He at first talked himself into his subject, looking well to his context ; both voice and manner distinguished for moderation. A certain spring about the toes, three fingers and the thumbs of each hand clasped in each other, with the two forefingers projected ; or the right hand, which was round and thick but well formed, spread out and gently waiving, were certain indications of the intellectual machinery beginning to move within. He then entered upon a wider range of subject,

and grasped with a firm hand the essentials of religion, hovering around them with minor matters, which, like certain spots in a landscape, gave an interest to the general theme. Some good outbursts generally followed; and when emphatic, a fine natural warmth glowed in every sentence; not a warmth raised of set purpose, but kindled by the subject; producing a sweet racy feeling in the hearer. All flowed from a richly furnished head, and a soul deeply imbued with the ministerial spirit—ceaseless, hearty, and refreshing as a stream from a fountain; nothing common-place; new and interesting views turning up at every point; and though his voice was sometimes carried above its natural pitch by his vehemence, it was always in his power to drop it without changing the key. To support his Wesleyan views on any theological subject, and to show his hearers the fine vein of scriptural truth running through the poetical compositions of the Wesleys, he not unfrequently interspersed his remarks with appropriate lines and verses of hymns.

Though he took a wide range in reading, as will have been perceived, ecclesiastical history was his chief study apart from the Bible. It was his intention to have furnished a popular history of the Church, free from the spirit of sectarianism, which, in his esteem, characterized too many of the works of the writers who had made ecclesiastical history their study. Towards such an undertaking, he had made some preparations, in the purchase of various works; but as his plans and preparations were never fully carried out, and he was taken hence before they could be properly matured, no opinion can be formed on the subject, beyond a mere conjecture as to his fitness for the work.

There is one consideration in his favour, viz., that his criticisms discussed both men and things, instead of adopting the character of either from the standard of party. He was on friendly terms with all, and accepted what was good in them. He revised the decision made by mere passion and prejudice, reversed the decrees of error, and left nothing standing, but the refutation and the events that were capable of resisting severe and impartial scrutiny. He would, therefore, have brought to the work a mind unfettered by prejudice and partiality. Though Liberal, he was not at all Radical in his principles; Whiggish, though cradled with the clergy and in the University. Without closing in with the whole of the peculiarities of the Dissenters, and without being able to decide fully on the question of the separation of Church and State, he considered the nation deeply indebted to them for religious liberty. All his views were expanded and liberal; and his knowledge was more general than minute.

In the midst of his acquisitions of knowledge, he was very often silent in company. This silence, to a mere stranger, amounted to absence of mind; but it was the absence, or rather, the abstraction of thought, pondering over the subject in discussion; for, after the lapse of a few minutes, a single question or sentence would show that the whole was present in the mind, when he would strike in, and give rise to some varied and interesting view of the subject. He had, at the same time, the power of abstraction beyond most men, and rarely failed to enrich whatever he touched. It was apparent, however, that he never talked to shine, but to be agreeable and useful. There was a sincerity and simplicity about him, which constituted

him just such a man as an apostle would have taken into his "heart of hearts." It was not the simplicity of ignorance, but the look, the manner, the language that "make simplicity a grace." Nor was it the vile substitute of sincerity, that subtle dissimulation, which is assumed to gain the confidence of others; but that which may be expressed in three words—openness of heart. Combined with sincerity was honesty; that which led him, in the face of influence, opposition, and intimidation, to support the dictates of reason and conscience; an honesty which, to him, was of much more value than all the adventitious ornaments, titles, or honours that could be conferred, and for the sake of which so many become hypocrites, forsaking their principles and quitting their independence for a mean, timorous, shifting state of gaudy servitude. And that which he honestly declared, he as firmly maintained, for firmness—was another attribute of his mind; not the firmness of obstinacy, but the firmness attendant on a conviction of truth, and which, in its nobler darings, will lead the martyr to the stake; the firmness, in short, which is not held by opinions, but which, on the contrary, holds them. And yet, there was, withal, as previously stated, great liberality of sentiment. He was invariably on the side of the oppressed, and ready to lend a helping hand to the weak. Tyranny and oppression he hated in every form, in every place, in every person, and, most of all, in the Church. But, even with these feelings, he was no friend to misrule. He revered law, he loved order, he respected becoming homage.

In social and domestic life, he was the father, the Christian, and the friend; and, being the possessor of

an extensive property, he was rich in works of mercy, dropping his treasures on those around, like the honey-comb.* Though the heir of talent, influence, and property, that would have introduced him into the pulpits of the Established Church, that would have made his way to the bar, procured him a seat in the British Senate, or would have enabled him to live in affluence as a gentleman in private life; he preferred the drudgery of an itinerant preacher, without a house or furniture to call his own, with the ample harvest of good that itinerancy placed before him, to anything that honour, wealth, or ease could afford. He stood aloof from all court, antichamber, and drawing-room priests. He was like the sun which shines, not for its own sake, but for the sake of others; like the clouds which drop their fatness on the earth, not for their own sake, but for the sake of its inhabitants; like the earth itself, which yields its increase, not for its own sake, but for the sake of others. So lived the Rev. Thomas Galland, esteemed by his brethren, loved by the Church, a blessing to the world. His death, though comparatively sudden, did not ruffle the surface of the lake; all was "peaceful"—all was serene; he only ceased to breathe on earth to inhale a purer atmosphere in heaven.

We say, his death was comparatively sudden. Its immediate precursor was paralysis, with which he was seized

* One particular instance of his liberality and kindly feeling towards his brethren in the ministry, may be noticed. The instance is as follows:—At his death, he left, by will, to each of the preachers who had been his colleagues from the commencement of his itinerancy, a legacy of nineteen guineas, and to the widow of the late Rev. John Anderson, an annuity of £300. per annum. We may also observe, that Mr. Galland, in addition to his other duties, was a frequent contributor to the public press.

in the pulpit, while conducting the forenoon service in Kingston Chapel, Hull, and which occasioned the abrupt termination of divine worship. He was carried from the pulpit to the vestry, where Dr. Sandwith and three other medical gentlemen were in immediate attendance. Copious bleeding was resorted to, and every other means adopted for the recovery of the patient. So critical was his state, that it was not deemed prudent to remove him to his own house till the following day. He continued in a precarious state, vibrating between life and death, till Wednesday and Thursday, when the symptoms were considered a little more favourable. The hopes of his family and friends, however, which were partially raised, were illusory; he breathed his spirit into the hands of his God on Friday morning, at two o'clock, May 12th, 1843. It was the third and much aggravated seizure, which he had experienced of the same kind. The examination of the head after death, proved how unavailing must have been all human effort to avert the fatal issue. There was a rupture and extravasation of blood in a part of the brain, of all others the most essential to life. When on his death-bed, in his moments of consciousness, he said to his daughter, with emphatic solemnity, "I confess my iniquity, but I *have* preached the gospel!" Soon after his seizure, a friend said to him "you are happy in God?" He answered "Yes;" but as if to give prominence to that atoning Saviour in whom he trusted, he quickly corrected himself, by adding "No, happy in *JESUS*." His remains were borne in a hearse, drawn by four horses, to the grave, this was followed by ten mourning coaches, drawn by four horses each. These again were followed by thousands of

persons, Wesleyans and others. What augmented the crowd was, a special train was engaged by his numerous friends at Leeds, who visited Hull on the occasion, to pay their respects to his memory. Provision was made for the numerous attendants at the Mansion House.

Mr. Galland had a frame slightly below the average stature, but strongly and compactly built. He had a broad, thoughtful forehead—a grey dazzling eye, somewhat soft and benevolent in its expression, and a pleasant bearing when engaged in conversation, which soon settled down into absence again. The complexion took its shade somewhere between the grey and light brown, just where the one comes and the other begins to retire. There was a slight pout about the under lip; and when breaking suddenly into conversation, or warmly engaged in it, the upper part of his face assumed something of the character of fierceness: his features, otherwise, were agreeable, and the expression good. His memory is here embalmed, not only as a Christian, a minister of peace, and a scholar—but as the friend of what all love, but few will allow—
LIBERTY.

No. CX.

* * * * *

"He who studies the life, yet bungles, may draw some faint imitation of it; but he who purposely avoids nature, must fall into grotesque, and make no likeness"—DRYDEN.

"People of the common level of understanding are principally delighted with the little niceties and fantastical operations of art, and constantly think that finest which is least natural."—POPE.

RATHER tall, though not so as to be more than ordinarily attractive. Slender in make;—between the pallid and the fair in complexion. Round face,—good expressive eye;—lips, in hue and form, approaching the cherry,—each side of the mouth dimpled with a kind of wooing smirk, practised to give a grace to the features, and frequently made a bait to entangle a gazing admirer,—called by the ancients, the Chian laugh. The scalp round, bald, and below the usual size;—light hair;—fine fingered;—buoyant in step. A redundancy of the gentleman;—and partly dandled into ministerial life when in his teens, by the Rev. Edward Gibbon, in the West of Yorkshire.

We have to confess, that we were more than usually reluctant to take up our pencil with a view to sketch the present character ; from the fact of our knowing that we should be compelled to use some of the strongest colours on a figure of the most delicate texture ; and we were then, as we are now, relieved only by the consideration, that beacons are as necessary to warn the mariner of danger, as harbours are essential to his comfort and safety. Once for all : the subject before us has many excellent, even amiable qualities ; but as fruit of the most delicious taste is often touched with spots indicative of decay, and the finest cloth will breed moths ; so the best qualities of the human heart, and the rarest attributes of the human mind, are often, like drugs, rendered deleterious, by certain admixtures, and deformed by certain habits, extremes, and misapplications of purpose. But why heed a few gripings and twinges, and aches and pains, and sighs and groans, when the sound, healthy state of the patient is the object ? And what more valuable,—save the salvation of the soul,—than the health of the body ? Would that the personage before us would think so !

Our subject, as hinted above, has paid early attention to the pulpit ; and his apparent determination to excel, led him to the act of disciplining his mind to the drudgery of rehearsal,—not forgetting the more mechanical part of sermonizing. We are far from being disposed to discourage even the least effort to strengthen and improve the memory. The ancients were in the habit of laying up the treasures of their poets, the precepts of their philosophers, and the problems of their mathematicians ; so that Pliny speaks of a Greek called Charmidas who could repeat from memory the contents of the largest library,—such as libraries then

were. Though our hero is not in this wholesale line of business, yet, as a small retail dealer, he is on a par with another of his brethren, who, like himself, is a collector of pretty phrases, and a stringer of pretty beads. Here is the bane of most memoriter preachers: they deal out, as from a Jew's box, their collection of trinkets, instead of preaching from a deep, clear, and comprehensive knowledge of the subject.

As to language, his knowledge of it is much more extensive than accurate; and this leads him to allow his finely caparisoned hobby to run away with him. When classic, his style tends to what artists would call the *statuesque*; and when simple, which is rare, it inclines, without reaching it, to the mimic-antique. That which is refined, and gay, and sentimental, comes with its full influence upon his mind, and affects his preaching. It is surprising how successfully, in consequence of his style, he accomplishes the work of obscurity, and invests his sermons, by a constant jingle, with any thing but general interest to the illiterate.

The whole discourse groans with epithet: there is scarcely a sentence without it. Epithets, neologisms, superlatives, exclamations, allusions, are all huddled together in a profusion so tasteless, that a person who ceases to listen, would be by no means chargeable with fastidious impatience. Within a very short space in the same sermon, his humble auditors are regaled with, — “unwithering honours,” “ever-during glory,” “trembling humanity,” “short-lived words,” “illustrative views,” “pleasing sway,” “immeasurably remote,” “ruinous anxieties,” “creaturely intellect,” “activities of life,” “unwavering confidence,” “quiet of night,” “earthly joy,” “array trial,” “guise of

privilege," "uncertain life," "pillow of death," "unbounded future," "happy fields," radiant province," "eminence of light," "sacred and accurate meaning," "great enterprize and divine charity," "divine and permanent peace," "rapturous hallelujahs," &c., &c. It is not to epithet, abstractedly that we object; but we may have a redundancy of anything; that which is proper on one occasion, may not be so on another; what might be suitable for the press would scarcely be adapted to the comprehension of a group of illiterate persons assembled in a thatched cottage, though poured from the lips of an apostle, from behind an old arm chair. The thing meant is the thing that ought to enlighten the understanding and impress the heart; the epithet is merely the ornament: the one concerns the people; the other more immediately the preacher; the one *may* take with the hearer; while the other is *certain* to gratify the speaker. But personal gratification is not the object of the Christian ministry.

Suppose such a preacher to be requested to address, say—"One Hundred Sons of Wesleyan Preachers at the Anniversary of their Academy, Woodhouse Grove,"—What would be the title of his discourse? "Consecrated Youth." What his text? Psalm cxix, 9. What his introductory observation? "The *elaborate* psalm from which the text is selected." Elaborate! thus showing the care, the labour, bestowed by the Holy Spirit in working it out! or the next to unexampled toil of the sacred penmen, with even the Spirit's aid, in its composition! Apart from this, the preacher's own "elaborate" address would be found denuded of all accommodation of subject to age, capacity, and circumstance. Sermons thus "got up," at great

expense of care and time,—studied, written, and committed to memory,—are not to be thrown away on one auditory. They are composed to be delivered,—some of them for the whole term of life ; and, in most instances, to be delivered in town and country,—to polished society and to clodhoppers ; casting—we mean in an accommodated sense, so far as composition goes,—so many pearls before swine.

Strictly speaking, though there may be some points of resemblance between himself and an odd preacher among a thousand, he is perfectly distinctive in character,—he is the imitator of no particular being or class of beings. Art is perceptible from beginning to end ; and yet all other artists are avoided. He has set up an ideal model of perfection, after which he is striving, and the nearer he approaches it, the farther he is from simple nature. All is starched,—like a dandy strictly bred, with a bend-leather cravat ; or, to change the allusion, like a young recruit at drill, whose leading feature is awkwardness and stiffness. There is no pure nature ; all is artificial ; every period is laboriously turned. He seems to be on the look out, like a student of Richmond or Didsbury training, for the more intelligent part of his congregation, watching the expression of the face, to see how a favourite figure, beauty, or point may tell. John Lyly, if our memory serves us, was the originator of an affected and conceited style of speech, called *Euphuism*. Our artist is not quite like Lyly ; yet he is equally unnatural. There are sometimes passages of great tenderness and delicacy ; but it is difficult to find an entire sermon that is not degraded with some share of insipidity and affectation, and something approaching to cold conceits and affected finery in language. He is never

mean or grovelling ; but he is anxious to be fine,—as if decorated for a fancy ball. His affectation, also, seems to mistake time, place, subject, and person. It is, as Drummond of Hawthornden would say, to a person who professed to be affected—

“When immelodious winds but made thee move.”

Public speakers, and especially ministers of the simple unadorned Gospel of Christ, should avoid every thing affected, stiff, and stilted, as an insidious and implacable foe to all true eloquence.

To groaning epithet, we have to add that love of embellishment which grows into a vice, and which at length reaches the understanding and corrupts the perception. All is pedantic and put on. Never was man-milliner, for the pulpit, more fond of finery. He talks to his humble, or juvenile auditor—as the case may be—about “the dove of Noah,” which “fluttered with feeble pinions over the unbroken waters of the deluge ;” gives him a gleam of things “immeasurably remote from the presuming spirit of selection ;” a touch of “the quiet magnanimity of meekness ;” shows him “how to direct each footstep of his course ;” appears “in unpierced solitudes as amid a million of witnesses ;”—declares that “inquiry is ever apposite ;”—and insists upon the fact, that, “by whatever difficulties environed, to whatever legitimate consummation directed, he is solemnly bound to aspire after,” &c. When urging the believer to seek that “holiness without which no man shall see the Lord,” he would enlarge on the “sanctification of his converse,”—assuring him, (as though he doubted it,) that “streams from an unpolluted fountain are pure.” He would affirm, in reference to purity, that “its loveli-

ness and value defy the power of description, and exhaust the resources of illustration,"—having "given perfection to Eden, and made its happy fields a sanctuary." He would insist on the same purity, as "dwelling in some radiant province of the universe," and "in the everlasting home of the glorified," where it "appears in its just and congenial associations, assumes its own sceptre, and wears its own diadem," where "its struggles are ended, no tear sullies its angel-face," and "no sigh interrupts its rapturous hallelujahs!"

Varying his phraseology, though on the same subject, by substituting the word "holiness" for "purity," he would dazzle his hearers with the following "elaborately" brilliant specimen of pulpit oratory:—"Holiness will adorn every path with a lustre which the world can neither kindle nor obscure,—promotes, even in the marts of earthly commerce, the acquisition of the true riches,—beckons onwards in the flowery walks of learning,—guards us from the entanglements of infidel sophistry,—consecrates every valuable attainment,—and, while it represses all profane and hurtful speculation, furnishes the inquiring mind themes on which the highest creaturely intellect has been blissfully engaged for thousands of years; constitutes our security amid the perils of wealth and greatness,—sustains us in the rugged road of trial and adversity,—inspires victorious patience—a restoration to our forfeited innocence and glory—and a practical conformity to the summons breaking from the throne of light!"

How different this from Oliver, Benson, Clarke, Mc. Nicoll, Isaac, and other Wesleyan ministers! And how would John Wesley, who conscientiously employed plain

language, on plain subjects, for plain people, have listened to such addresses? and what would he have said, if not a hearer himself, on coming to the knowledge of the fact, that such "spoon meat" had been presented as "milk for babes!" Our readers will have recognized some of the above epithets exhibited in a preceding paragraph, in companionship with the finery to which reference has been made; and, thus combined, we are borne out in the twofold charge we have been compelled to bring against the pulpit addresses of this gentleman. In our first volume, we entered our solemn protest, in one of our sketches, against *acting* the gospel; and, with equal earnestness, we now enter a caveat against all carving and *gilding* in pulpit ministrations.

The preacher under review, reminds us of a young lady making mantel-piece ornaments, and disposing them to the best advantage to the eye; but, unfortunately, there is no fire below: the grate is either empty, or stuffed with coloured paper fantastically cut out with the scissors. The sole object is to catch the eye. But we are cold and without victuals, nor can food or warmth be obtained,—the whole time having been spent on the ornamental, and occupied on trifles, instead of something substantial—something calculated to feed the hungry, and slake the thirst of those who are desirous of the water of life. No lark ever loved to lose himself in the lustre of the sun, more than the preacher in question does, in the glory of poetic colouring in the midst of prose: no bee loves a flower-bed half so much as he does the pictures of the mind, in which one brilliant tint is but a foil to a brighter near it. Snatches of poetry—numerous figures—theological speculations in patches and shreds,—are profusely spread, and thrown

about, on whatever occurs to the mind as pretty. This sometimes gives a discursive, and even a desultory character to his pulpit essays. Here and there, culled from different elegant writers of a moral cast, we have some fine sparkles of poetic thought scattered through them, but there is no passion. Beauty—not point or force—seems to be the principal thing sought for and measured out. His style of speaking is almost as much ornamented by figures of rhetoric as is the poetry of the present day ; but it is often, on that account, wanting in precision. Any thing that dazzles, is certain to attract,—to be touched, and away again,—though at the risk, and too often with the apparent design, of leading the audience to the preacher, instead of the Saviour,—of showing the man instead of the subject. Like the green birds of Paradise, he would expire, if he were not constantly fed on fragrance. We should advise him to go carefully over his whole “stock in trade,” and instead of the embroidering needle, to take in hand the pruning-knife, and use it freely on the whole of his preparations for the pulpit ; to rely on the thought, the image, the trait, rather than on adjectives and expletives, and the other exploded artifices of the sickly-florid school of composition. What grieves us not a little is, when a thought is evidently suggested by the sacred volume, whose praise he invites his hearers to *chant*, he is certain to desert the plain, simple, nervous language in which it is bodied forth, and to substitute for it some tinsel of his own ; thus, “Doth a fountain send forth at the same place both sweet water and bitter ?” is tricked out with “Streams from an unpoluted fountain are pure :” when speaking of that which “the world can neither give nor take away,” then it is “

path adorned with a lustre which the world can neither kindle nor obscure!" Such an oratorical flower as this would, no doubt, be prized in a Theological Institution, or in the editorial department of a Wesleyan Periodical—say the Magazine!

It has been well stated, that, when the savage thinks of setting himself off, he tatoos his body, or paints it in various colours,—bores holes in his nose and lips, in which he sticks pegs, or buttons if he can procure them,—files his teeth to a point and stains them black,—beplasters his head with clay or grease, till it seems to attain an unnatural magnitude,—and, finally, loads his arms and legs with metal rings. Thus arrayed, he fancies that his looks are either more terrible or more attractive; and it would be difficult to convince him, that he has not succeeded in heightening the elegance and symmetry bestowed on the human form. So it is with literary taste, when vitiated; and so the orator appears, who is so unwise as to abandon pure, simple, unsophisticated nature.

No. CXI.

* * * * *

"Eloquence, that leads mankind by the ears, gives a nobler superiority than power, that every dunce may use, or fraud, that every knave may employ, to lead them by the nose. But eloquence must flow like a stream that is fed by an abundant spring, and not spout forth a little frothy water on some gaudy day, and remain dry the rest of the year."—B.

"Genius is the lapidary that gives value to the diamond, which the peasant has dug up without knowing its worth.—ABBE RAYNAL,

THIS gentleman has devoted the last thirty-six years of his life to the Christian ministry among the Wesleyans, and, during two-thirds of that period, has been one of the most popular preachers in the body. As the lithographer, in one of the finest specimens of his art, has furnished the public with an admirable likeness of his physical form and features, we see no reason why a portrait of the "inner man" should not also be given.

With the subject before us, the dissemination of truth from the pulpit, from the platform, and in social life, is a kind of enthusiastic benevolence. Gifted with the rich powers of enterprise, and persuasive, or, rather, overwhelming reason and eloquence, he is fitted for the highest offices of the Wesleyan body; while education and genius

render him capable of taking his stand among the more intellectual members of civil society. It is not barely as a preacher, that he is to be contemplated; there are other phases in which his character must be regarded as developed. A man may soar in the pulpit on the wings of others, as he may also shine in borrowed plumes. Not so here: he is endowed with genius which extends over a wide range of active life. He is not only gifted with eloquence and oratorical power, but he possesses the mathematical faculty in a high degree; and his sermons show that he delights himself with the higher researches of analysis, and that he is also versed in the mysteries of chemical combination. He takes large views of social and religious progress, and has all the energy of character of a Chalmers. His amazing power in the pictorial, enables him to throw off a subject, to mental vision, with all the power, colouring, and boldness of a Wilkie to the bodily eye; and as a powerful and vivid painter in words—of which more anon—he stands pre-eminent in the Wesleyan body. But it is his general character that must constitute the platform on which the minister is to be reared; and we are persuaded that we are borne out by fact, when we affirm that he is brilliant, yet sound—meteoric, yet practical—powerful, yet beloved—generous, yet sagacious—unworldly in his aims, yet worldly-wise in his way of meeting men and measures, who are a little too partial to the occult. He is one of those men for his daring, his energy, his telling effect—all which qualities will unfold themselves as we proceed—whom, in another sphere, Plutarch would have honoured, and Milton and Cromwell would have loved.

For brilliancy of imagination and splendour of imagery, we are now and then reminded of Burke and Jeremy Taylor, barring the extreme finish of the one, and the minutiae of the other; now carrying his hearers to the third heavens—then flinging out great masses of thought—and these delightfully relieved by bold and beautiful figures. Imagination is one of those faculties which is always present, whether discoursing in public or private life. The impression produced bears an affinity, very often, to that of taking a ride through a country, in the midst of the verdure of spring, the flowers of summer, and the fruit of autumn, distinguished for bold, rocky, beautiful scenery; in the course of which we are not, in the first instance, so much impressed with the whole, as with detached parts, when, finally, the entire scene revolves in the mind, and passes before it like a panoramic exhibition. And it is this delightful variety which fascinates the heart, and fixes the eye upon the preacher. Descending to more minute objects, he will represent the hawk, with fire in its eye, pursuing a bird of tiny wing, and the little creature flying from tree to tree—still pursued—till it is met by the master of the grounds—in whose bosom it finds a place of refuge: then, suddenly turning upon the sinner, he will depict his fearful state—pursued by the enemy of God and man—exhorting him to take refuge in the “cleft of the rock,” in the bosom of Jesus. And then, again, to impress his auditory with the importance and dignity of man as a redeemed intelligence, he will assume the fact, that if an angel were to sweep across the earth, and to meet him on his way, he would be ready to pause and say—“All hail! all hail! highly favoured of the Lord.” His descriptive

powers are beyond those of most of his pulpit contemporaries. It is not to be denied that he is sometimes rugged, which is heightened by his manner; but he displays a passionate energy which reduces every imperfection.

Power, apart from other considerations, is the leading character of his ministry. To indulge in comparison—when he starts, it gives us the idea of some mighty machinery put in motion: off goes the check—clank go the chains—round go the wheels; all is in motion; a tremendous power is at work from beginning to end; one part of the time more fully occupied than another; every attention fixed; and occasional fear sometimes excited, lest the machinery should fail in some of its parts. But on it goes; now a breathless pause of astonishment—next a joyous emotion—then a feeling of rapture on being admitted to the privilege of witnessing the whole. To change the allusion, when the subject admits of it, it is the irresistible stroke of the heavy forge-hammer, or the cannonading of an army from the ramparts of a city; blow after blow—shot after shot—beating and mowing down whatever exalts itself against God and against truth. From the occasional violence of his manner, it is doubtful whether some occupations, in manual labour, are more laborious exercises than preaching. If we transfer the subject to ourselves, we perceive in our real passions, what effect their struggle on the heart produces on the body. Our first intense reflection, on any sudden and stirring accident, induces a cold sweat on the forehead. But if the thoughts become enflamed, and agitate a hostile feeling into violence, what a weariness and waste of spirit succeed the short-lived emotion! What, then, must be the effects

of one of his bursting volcanic sermons? With his heart deeply affected with the importance of the subject, what the effects of one of those whirlwinds of the soul? His singularly vigorous and somewhat versatile powers, combined with the force and freedom with which he often speaks, and the fermentation always at work, produce sermons full of power, novelty, and variety.

Though boisterous and vehement in some peculiar moods, yet it is not mere violence. There is real pathos with his strength; and though his hurried thoughts are sometimes like troops that have received marching orders, and have to do all by forced marches, they pass on with regularity, and are properly supported and attired. His eloquence is fervid, rapid, and copious; and, like that of Fox, in these respects carries along with it the minds of his hearers; even taking their minds from off the violence of his manner, and leading them to dwell more on the discourse than the speaker, engrossing their principal attention with the subject. The rapidity of his delivery is sometimes occasioned by intense feeling, but more generally by the astonishing flow of his ideas; and although there is an occasional struggle for utterance, that would lead a stranger to fear lest he should break the neck of his discourse over a word or thought, he is certain to come down from his heights, and to alight on his feet with the right thought, the proper expression, the entire sentence, in the exact place, and in regular succession. This being accompanied by an impediment, which in early life afforded but slight hope of his ever becoming an acceptable public speaker, but which time, experience, perseverance, and good management have, as in the case of Demosthenes,

corrected, though not entirely effaced, preserves the hearers very often in a state of excitement, if not fear; in the midst of which, away the preacher dashes, like a steam-engine along the line, driving everything out of sight that is likely to check its impetuous course.

Without setting aside a higher influence, with which all his sermons are deeply imbued, a considerable portion of animal life and nature appear absolutely necessary to enable him to deliver a subject boiling, foaming, sparkling, and tempesting all within: nor would his sermons have the one-millionth part of their effect, if they were delivered in a cool, tame, formal, or even ordinary manner. With a voice, somewhat rough and husky in some of its out-breaks, and low and conversational in others, when the matter or necessity of the case may seem to require it; and with action somewhat violent, yet there is considerable variety in the management of the one, as well as ease and grace in the other, while yielding to the gush of feeling flowing from a naturally warm heart, acted upon by a vivid imagination, and fervid zeal in the cause of religion. His intellectual gifts, which, though great, are not in the highest sense gigantic, and which are rather robust than purely elegant or strictly metaphysical, naturally influence his oratory; and though he does not affect argument, especially in debate, so much as hard, knock-down blows, yet he is always effective, except in cases in which pride, and prejudice, and party, and interest seal the lips, and prevent them from acknowledging the conquest gained over the understanding.

His power over his congregations, which has been incidentally noticed in connexion with other points of observation,

is, without exception, beyond that of any other man in the Wesleyan body. His case, within the last few years especially, may be considered as somewhat analagous to that of a soil for the first time broken up, when all indigenous plants spring up at once with irrepressible fertility, and display whatever is peculiar and excellent in their nature, on a scale the most conspicuous and magnificent. His impassioned eloquence, and the profusion of intellectual wealth which he invariably exhibits in his sermons, draw immense crowds to the chapels in which he officiates. On opening a new chapel at Londonderry, in Ireland, his talents attracted the attention of one of the Irish bishops, who listened with deep attention to his discourse, and officiated as a collector on the occasion. At the Manchester Conference of 1841, he preached in Oldham-street chapel, in the forenoon of one of the sabbaths. The chapel was crowded to excess: but the clock struck twelve before he seemed to rise above his feelings and obtain the proper mastery over his subject, which led him to say "but I suppose I must conclude, as our time is nearly gone." Instantly, one spontaneous burst from the congregation, which had been hanging upon his lips in a way of which he had not been sensible, was heard—"Go on, go on, go on." It was like electricity: and he responded, "I will go on, then, at your bidding." He proceeded with unusual freedom, till one o'clock, expatiating on—"O Lord, revive thy work;"—the countenances of the people meanwhile beaming with delight. It was, indeed, an extraordinary scene, and a season of power. When opening a beautiful chapel at Grove-place, in Jersey, he preached two edifying sermons; that in the forenoon from Timothy i.

2-8, on public prayer. In his usual impressive manner, he explained and enforced its duties. He naively adverted to the posture in use among the early Christians, of "lifting up holy hands," and after lengthily expounding, why after six days' defilement with meddling with the things of the world, the hands should be *washed* before they could be clean or "holy"—he rebukingly spoke of the very unseemly posture of modern Christians, in *sitting* during the offering of the public prayer, so generally in use. He also reminded his hearers, in a tone of touching beauty, of the custom (as related by the historians of the Church) of *all the people* joining in the rehearsal of public devotion, and the peculiar euphony of the united exclamation of a vast congregation, while repeating the *Amen*, which fell on the ear like the sound of "many waters." It would be scarce possible or prudent to hazard a circumstantial account of the evening sermon, or indeed of any of his sermons; the extraordinary flow of language—the multiform and varied images—the heights and the lengths, and the breadths and the depths—the noble apostrophic cadences—the changing tone—the impassioned gesture—and above all, the *earnestness* manifested in the delivery, will invariably remain imprinted on the memory.

If possible, he is still more effective on the platform than in the pulpit; and such was the effect of one of his speeches at a Bible Meeting,* that Sir Robert Peel, at the close of

* The meeting was held in the Town Hall at Tamworth. Sir Robert presided on the occasion, and it was the first Bible Meeting at which he had presided. He delivered an admirable opening speech, argumentative, comprehensive, finished, perfect. What is remarkable, Sir Robert introduced the speakers himself, and announced the names of the clergymen, one after another, who preceded the subject of the present sketch as "*Mr.*," without the title of

the business, went up to him, and, cordially shaking him by the hand, said, "I am happy to have the pleasure of making your acquaintance;" inquiring particularly of a friend afterwards where he regularly officiated. Here he gives greater scope to fancy, and brings another class of materials to bear upon his audience from what he employs in the pulpit; equally powerful, broad, and useful; but more cheerful: often ingenious, and, as in the pulpit, surprising his hearers into new regions of thought, fascinating them with beautiful imagery, or overwhelming them with the weight of the subject in hand. In some of his more climaterical efforts, he rises with amazing effect—gathering strength as he goes on—first fixing the attention, then producing a kind of breathless suspense, winding up the feelings of his hearers with his subject to the close, when he seems to say to those feelings,—“Loose them, and let

REVEREND, which excited attention in some quarters, and led one of the hearers to speculate on the cause of such an unusual proceeding. The only solution that could be conjectured was, that knowing that our friend would have to be announced, and not liking, perhaps, to give a Nonconformist the title of Reverend, and wishing withal to let him down easy, and to avoid the appearance of partiality and preference, he had determined to denude the whole of that formidable prefix. To one only he gave the title of Rector. At length, the subject of this sketch, who was to move the third resolution, was announced, as “the *Reverend* ———, Wesleyan!” His first sentence was, “We are meeting in conformity with a great law of the universe—diffusion, which is the law of the physical universe, and prevails there; and which is also the law of the moral universe, and a law that prevails there too, when ignorance, prejudice, and self-interest do not come in to thwart it.” He was honoured with the honourable baronet’s fixed attention, and had the further honour conferred upon him of Sir Robert writing down some remarks as his lips enunciated them. It is not improbable, that Sir Robert found a principle in the above sentence, which, in his mind, he applied at the moment to his own conduct, viz., that commercial diffusion was the law of the political universe.

them go ;" on which there is a rustling through the whole congregation, as if the winds of heaven had suddenly put a whole forest in motion.

In debate, he is prompt, noble, fearless, independent, and always on the liberal side of the house. He manifests indomitable bravery in argument, even when public feeling is against him, aware that feeling is as often on the side of prejudice, pique, interest, and servility, as reason: and nothing will light up the fire of his indignation sooner than meanness, manœuvre, and a truckling to power. At his own risk, at his own cost, he will flee to the rescue of the helpless and the oppressed; and will wage everlasting war with everything inquisitorial in its character, or that bears the stamp of tyranny. His genius, in this respect, resembles a proud steed, that, while he obeys the slightest touch of the kind hand of a master, revolts at the first indication of compulsion or restraint. His noble daring was witnessed some twenty years ago, in the case of Dr. Clarke's supernumeracy; and it has been witnessed in three different instances since, in his resistance of measures of a compulsory nature, in which *declaratory tests* were applied, trenching on the freedom of the subject. Having, from his facility for acquiring it, a great store of knowledge, and being blessed with unusual quickness of perception, together with great richness and power of expression, he is as prompt at reply as the eagle for flight. Some of his more-sententious remarks, on these occasions, are perfect gems, sparkling with light,—ingots of gold, which might be hoarded up for their value. But he more frequently rolls with the thunder, and flashes with the lightning; especially when assailed under the influence of "the platform."

“He lacks judgment.” So say some, who have not a tithe of the judgment he possesses. It is a cuckoo note started by his opponents, who have no other way of lowering him; and is generally sung to drown the shouts of victory. The fact is, his judgment is his own; it is out of trammels; he thinks for himself; speaks for himself; and does not choose to walk in the track marked out by others. But while he thinks and acts independently, and is strictly an *independent man*, his conduct in Scotland towards the dissentients shows that he is not *independent of rule*, nor will he allow others to disregard it. There is no obliquity, no inapprehensiveness about him; no vapid and sickly imaginations; but a sound, healthy, cheerful tone of feeling—and this is the case when that feeling is the most overwhelming. His conceptions are powerful and luminous; and he is as powerful in enforcing practical, as he is clear in stating and discussing theoretical subjects.

“He talks too much.” So say others. And those are certain to say so, who cannot compete with him in argument. He might gain the friendship of some, whose friendship would not be worth the cost, if he were to say less—if he were to employ more caution—if he were to lie in wait; but he would lose in honesty, in daring, in independence, what he might gain by artifice; whereas his object is to win the field by fair, open, manly conduct. He would be much more acceptable if he were to feed the ministerial aristocracy with the honey and comforts of applause: but, as much more wholesome, he administers friendly censure, when required: and it is from friendly censures that “virtuous uses” may be collected.

As a companion in social life, his varied knowledge, his vividness of conception, and his power of expression, secure him many admirers. Conversation has the same effect upon him that fire has on incense, which causes the finest and richest essences to evaporate; and those who listen to him cannot fail to be enlightened by the justness of his thoughts, as well as pleased with the brilliancy of his imagination, and the copiousness of his language.

His style, to which allusion has been made, is peculiarly his own. There are some public speakers, whose style is essentially faulty, formed on a bad model, or deformed by vicious taste, yet to whom a high degree of merit, which redeems their faults, cannot be denied, though dangerous withal by the lustre which it throws around them. Dr. Chalmers was a preacher of this class; his style also was peculiarly his own, and, being native and vigorous, it was admirably suited as the vehicle of his singularly vehement eloquence. It is easy to perceive, however, that his faults would be insufferable in an imitator. Mr. Irving's florid modern gothic style, notwithstanding the palpable affectation which disfigured it, was, in like manner, rendered subservient to a powerful impression, till the orator became lost in the fanatic. The style of a person's composition is often very much the result and reflection of his mental temperament. Strength united to impetuosity displays itself sometimes in a lawless force of expression, which commands, rather than pleases; while the not unfrequent combination of warmth of feeling and energy of character, with mental indolence, may be detected in the fitful inequalities of style, the mixture of strength and weakness, by which others are characterised. This gentleman's

style differs from both these, so far as their faults are concerned, though evidently partaking of his mental temperament, brilliant, energetic, and, like his imagery, often poetic. There is one character in it, which distinguished that of Dr. Chalmers—*novelty*, and we may add, loftiness—but exceeding it in force, and sometimes in beauty. He takes into the pulpit with him the language of science, philosophy, poetry, art, and sets his thoughts in it, and so gives a rare, novel, appropriate, and beautiful language to his discourse, stripping the rostrum of many of its dry, stale, common-place technicalities, giving a freshness to truths that seem to wither like flowers in the grasp of others.

It is rarely that men so richly gifted, are found examples of industry. They generally live on the spontaneous growth of the brain, and rest satisfied with the productions of a field that costs them little labour, and less anxiety. In this respect, the subject before us, when properly contemplated, is sufficient to make dull, lazy, unstudious pulpit drones ashamed of themselves; and it is next to impossible for a preacher of ordinary powers to hear him, without resolutely purposing to start anew.

No. CXII.

* * * *

"Cunning is only the mimic of discretion, and may pass upon weak men, in the same manner as vivacity is often mistaken for wit, and gravity for wisdom."—ADDISON.

"In dealing with cunning persons, we must ever consider their ends to interpret their speeches; and it is good to say little to them, and that which they least look for. In all negotiations of difficulty, a man may not look to sow and reap at once, but must prepare business, and so ripen it by degrees."—LORD BACON.

VARIETY is every where sought, and every where seen : but as in buildings, so in man, there is nothing more prejudicial to grandeur and acceptibility, than a superabundance of angles ; a fault obvious in many, whether the subject is to be viewed internally or externally. Were we, in the present instance, to confine ourselves to the "outer man," we should be left with an impression of meanness, and stunted growth. In height, he is below the ordinary size, and as meagre in appearance, as he is lacking in dignified stature. The face—inclining to the round, is more than usually striking, in consequence of a somewhat Scottish prominence in the cheek bones, and a Hibernian expansion

about the mouth; the two giving—if the copper were substituted for the dark and the sallow, the latter being invariably present—the appearance of a dwarfish specimen of the North American Indian, with an admixture of the European and Chinese. The hair is naturally black—thin—with a dark tuft above the brow, gracefully swept round the top of the head. In addition to expansion, the lips have a bearing towards the thick. The general expression of the face is that of the sombre and the discontented, varying, of course, as the sardonic smile is called forth, and as the feeling of contempt curls about the lip. It must not be forgotten, that there is another expression, bordering upon childish insipidity, till the dark eye is seen; but even then, there is langour, till the head is a little bent, and the same eye shoots from beneath the eye-brow, or turns askance. It is not a face, at all events, formed to represent boldness or majesty; though it might serve to correct the rudeness of others—to polish the pleasantry and sarcasm of a vicious Cassonian school, or to cool the ardour of the more fiery in temperament. He has an arch look, even when quiet and demure, and an eye and an ear, which, when young and unsanctified, must have fitted him for all the mischief his play-fellows could invent; a look, in short, of sarcastic humour, as if the remark were always lurking behind the glance, ready for utterance, when occasion serves; with a slyness that seeks every advantage, and places the person with whom he deals at once upon his guard. As to age, he is near neighbour to fifty—in or over, and has been twice at the hymeneal altar: to this may be added, he is useful as a Conference scribe, in one of the more important of the connexional committees, of which

Conference his father was a humble member, and of whose face his own is a fair *fac simile*, though far below his sire in stature, bone, and muscle.

His voice, in some of its elevations, is rather silvery; not strong; and though often below its proper pitch, it is generally sufficiently audible for ordinary congregations. While his cool, deliberate manner aids its distinctness, a more than usual tax is laid upon the attention of his auditors, to enable them to hear with advantage. He is neither popular in style nor manner; and there is as great evenness of thought, generally speaking, as in both; being more inclined to argue a position laid down, than to illustrate it with facts and incidents.

In some of his sermons, there is to some eyes the disclosure of great care; a care only a few degrees less mechanical, than the action of the sun in a daguerreotype. But look at the effect, and there is now and then a charm, a quiet, truthful finish, that shows that if art be there, nature is not altogether wanting. It is a mind that requires to be a good deal in the workshop; and yet the furniture, though respectable, and generally sound in quality, wants the diversified and beautiful vein which never fails to attract attention. As a preacher, he exhibits no prominences, no strength, no imagination, no genius, no originality; is occasionally circumlocutory—lacking in condensation; and for the most part cold, timid,—and though not superficial, yet not deep. We are not beyond the truth, when we say, that, to many hearers, he is flat and wearisome; while, to others, he is more than acceptable. The admiration, meanwhile, which he may at any time enkindle, arises from an insinuating address—which rather wins than forces admission.

There is a severe plainness occasionally in his style: its general character is hard; and though somewhat laboured, there is nothing of the trick of words about it. Allowing that it is not mechanically stiff, still it is never wrought into anything like elegance. His compositions sometimes assume the appearance of a fortification for defensive purposes, and himself—the same partaking somewhat of his social habits—as lying in ambush behind what intercepts the eye of the enemy. On other occasions, he is like a “snow-drift,” searching into every crevice, both above and below stairs. Quietly characteristic and discriminative, he proceeds in the pulpit—without haste—without any apparent feeling beyond that of timidity—without hesitancy—without confusion—to complete the work he proposes to himself, according to previous plan, to which he rigidly adheres, even to the letter, the care and elaboration of which is much more perceptible in the thought than in the style. Though neither elegance, music, nor taste can be awarded to him, it cannot be denied that there is considerable acuteness, and that this latter quality aids him essentially in matters of secrecy, and in a proneness to put those to mental torture, with whom he may happen to associate. There has, perhaps, been too much disputatious logomachy in regard to style. The excellence of a man's style is no pledge beforehand for the merit of what has to be produced by it. “Whatever is best administered,” in this case, “is best;” for much depends on the matter, and the degree of geniality with which it is treated.

Instead of untying, he has, in a small way, added a few knots to the tangled web of controversy, on the subject of what has been designated “Wesleyan Reform.” A self.

taught man, unknown before either in prose or verse—yet a master, without a master's airs—took him in hand; and, layman as he was, working for his daily bread, shewed himself as well read in Biblical lore, and as well skilled in Wesleyan polity, as our hero, who, with the sword of a Hooker in his hand, vaulted into the saddle to do fight as the Hooker of modern Methodism. He made a sad mistake thereby, not earning to himself the title of “judicious.” Instead of meeting a man on a military charger, and in chain armour, the horse of his assailant had just been unyoked from the cart,—the combatant being himself “THE DRIVER;” and the only weapon he condescended to employ was the whip, which erst had put as much mettle into the animal, as it was now destined to take out of the gentleman who had the temerity to enter the field. To be grave: as a controvertist, the subject before us is distinguished chiefly for peddling and quibbling, and caricaturing the persons identified with the views and proceedings of those he professes to combat, partly as an apology for entering the arena, and partly, no doubt, with a view to augment his own triumphs in the anticipated discomfiture of the objects of his hostility. To suppose that the subject of controversy was too insignificant for notice, would be a reflection upon himself; for what man of sense would think of employing his time in answering nonsense, or of putting the world upon reading a second essay for the sake of the impertinences of a former? It was, in this dispute, as Swift affirms it to be in armies, the gentleman in question, as the weaker side, set up false lights, and made an unusual noise, to induce the belief that he and his party were more numerous and stronger than they really were. His struggle

was short. He had the good sense to shew his opponents, that if he could not satisfy them with an answer, he would guard against wearying them with its length ; aware that a long controversy gives an adversary a huge advantage, as it is more than probable he will be able to detect some vulnerable points, which, in the range, have been left unprotected. We are not opposed to controversy, provided it is conducted with temper. "Controversial writing," it has been observed, "is not wholly unprofitable; and book merchants, of whatever kind or degree, undoubtedly receive no small advantage from a right improvement of a learned scuffle. Nothing revives them more, or makes a quicker trade, than a pair of substantial divines or grave philosophers, well matched, and soundly backed ; till, by long worrying one another, they are grown out of breath, and have almost lost their force of writing." Unfortunately, our worthies were not equally "matched"—in power, any more than in profession ; and although a brace of quick geniuses, as Shenstone would say, contribute, like two diamonds, to each other's lustre, by a brisk disputatious encounter, the poor countryman had greatly the odds of the divine,—the latter diminishing, nearly in the same ratio as the other increased, in splendour. The divine, having broken down in argument, commenced an attack on his opponent's grade in civil society ; still refusing to differ a hair's breadth from the position he had taken, or the rules he had laid down. He ought to have known that theories and rules are understood as very good sign-posts to direct us as to the road we have to take, but they will not prevent us from tumbling into the ditch, or assist us in getting out again. So he felt, in his devotion to a party, and in his anxiety to prop up a

falling system. We have, perhaps, dwelt too long on this point ; but we have lingered longer on the ground, with a view to prepare our friends for the observance of another quality, which is often to be found in companionship with "men of war."

He—that is, our subject—has one sad fault ; that of sporting with the remarks, the style, the failings, and feelings of others ; thus showing his superiority in knowledge, acuteness, and expression ; either turning the whole into ridicule, or briefly dismissing it with a sneer. He will not, in this, or indeed in any other way, readily offend his superiors, and will adjust matters in his own mind before he furnishes an answer to a question touching the rulers of "his people." Whether this proceeds from policy, or fear, or both, is best known to himself ; but certain it is, that he has more than once shown himself deficient in moral courage, and has not always, when it would serve himself with a party, acted the part of a *confidential* friend, when prudence and fidelity ought to have dictated silence. We could name a case in which the worming system was too apparent, and something like a want of fidelity was the result.

Though our estimate of the character before us will have no tendency whatever to rank him with the common-place of human kind, it is generally acknowledged, that the most insignificant people are the most apt to sneer at others. They are safe from reprisals, and have no hope of rising in their own esteem but by lowering their neighbours. The severest critics are always known to be among those who have either never attempted, or who have failed in original composition. It is in social life, as in wine, he that will

drink it good, and enjoy its sweets, in the interchange of thought, must not drain it to the dregs, by constantly drawing attention to certain trips and weak points in ordinary conversation. Ridicule, which is here closely connected with sneering, chiefly arises, in the esteem of Lord Kaimes, from pride, a selfish passion, and is but at best a gross pleasure, too rough an entertainment for those who are highly polished and refined. Without calling his lordship to our aid, pride has, of all human vices, the widest dominion ; it appears in the greatest multiplicity of forms, and lies concealed under the greatest variety of disguises ; disguises which, like the moon's veil of brightness, are at once its lustre and its shade, and betray it to others, though we hide it from ourselves. When ridicule becomes rampant, truth has to summon all its force to ward off the blow.

Another link in the chain of the quality under consideration, is that of contempt—than which there is not a more odious disposition. A proneness to contempt has a touch of ill-nature, as well as pride ; and is certain to be in operation, where there is not grace to correct it. In a really good, benevolent mind, there is no room for this sensation. As in sneering, so in this instance, the meanest of human beings are generally the most forward to despise others, and the most contemptible are generally the most contemptuous. We do not wish to represent the feeling as by any means in full operation ; but it is slightly apparent, and the very appearance of evil ought to be avoided, and especially in the guides of others. Character is perceptible in little things. It was the needle, touched with the loadstone, not the massive bar, that gave the iron its direction

towards the poles. It is much easier for an ill-natured than for a good-natured man to be smart, contemptuous, and sportive with human frailty. It is, in short, a piece of ill breeding, on the shewing of Abbé Bellegarde, to indulge ourselves thus, and is not a single defect, but the result of many. Listen to his catalogue: "It is sometimes a gross ignorance of decorum, or a stupid indolence, which prevents us from giving to others what is due to them. It is a peevish malignity, which inclines us to oppose the inclinations of those with whom we converse. It is the consequence of a foolish vanity, which hath no complaisance for any other person; the effect of a proud and whimsical humour, which soars above all the rules of civility; or, lastly, it is produced by a melancholy turn of mind, which pampers itself with a rude and disobliging behaviour." The contemptuous sneer is, when indulged, like hunger, and will with the utmost difficulty be restrained, when ignorance, imbecility, failings, or mistakes fall in its way. In these, it is certain to find a sufficient portion of "savoury meat" for a meal. But it is too bad to be always running away with the defects of others, and not to part with our own. Persons of this cast, who are ungenerous enough to divert themselves at the painful expense of others, are not unfrequently repaid, if not in coin with the same image and superscription, at least in real bullion. Simplicity is rightly characterised as the friend of nature; and if pride were allowable in any thing, it should be in an alliance of this sort, so highly distinguished for its openness and honesty. A harvest of instruction may be reaped from the following lines of Wordsworth, whose fine philosophical mind entered into the very arcana of men and things:

"If thou be one whose heart the holy forms
 Of young imagination have kept pure,
 Stranger! henceforth be warn'd: and know that pride,
 Howe'er disguised in its own majesty,
 Is littleness; that he who feels contempt
 For any living thing, hath faculties
 Which he has never used; that thought with him
 Is in its infancy. The man whose eye
 Is ever on himself, doth look on one
 The least of Nature's works,—one who might move
 The wise man to that scorn which wisdom holds
 Unlawful ever. O he wiser, thou!
 Instructed that true knowledge leads to love;
 True dignity abides with him alone,
 Who, in the silent hour of inward thought,
 Can still suspect, and still revere himself,
 In lowliness of heart."—

It is recorded in history, of Titus, the son of Vespasian, that he never suffered a man to depart in discontent from his presence. Can this be said of the gentleman before us? We are not able to ascertain in what mood every subject has left our studio: but as the personage just sketched, is reported to have read No. III, on the issue of our *First Volume*, at the last Newcastle Conference, to the gentleman professed to be "taken," while in partial undress, somewhat mischievously enjoying the marks of perturbation exhibited, as the shadow of his mental and physical character was thus made to pass before him,—that gentleman may now return the compliment, by taking up our *Second Volume*, and reading No. CXII. for the edification of its subject. We only hope the likeness may, in this case, be equally striking.

No. CXIII.

* * * * *

"The Creator does not intend that the greatest part of mankind should come into the world with saddles on their backs, and bridles in their mouths, and a few ready bootied and spurred to ride the rest to death."—

RAMBOLD.

"In most countries, the acts of state being altogether directed either to enslave the people or to keep them under slavery, it is become almost everywhere a crime to reason about matters of government. But if men would bestow a small part of the time and application they throw away upon curious and useless studies, in perusing those excellent rules and examples of government which the ancients have left us, they would soon be enabled to discover all such abuses and corruptions as tend to the ruin of public societies."—ANDREW FLETCHER.

IN one view of the subject, sketches of such characters as the present, as well as others we have had to work upon, would constitute a scarcely justifiable intrusion on the more private life of an individual, who, though living in some measure for, and solely by, the public, deserves not the character, in the fullest sense of the term, of a public man. As to any product of his brain—of which more in its proper place—he would be lost to the public; and were it not for the Minutes of Conference, which, through a necrological

notice, mention that such a man entered the itinerant work in 1811, he would be unknown to fame;—a posthumous record which, by the way, like many a weather-beaten tombstone, gratifies no curiosity, and awakens no grateful remembrance in the reading public. Nevertheless, he will live, if it should even be below-ground. As the Abbé Sièyes was, on account of his occult influence, surnamed “The Mole of the Revolution,” this gentleman—not to omit other worthies—may be denominated “The Mole of the Stationing Committee, and of the Mission House.” Many of the obstacles over which above-ground men have stumbled, have been upturned by the invisible and anonymous deeds of the moles of Methodism. And yet these moles, while they complain of anonymous “Takings,” practice themselves, on a broad connexional scale, with closed doors, in anonymous hints, anonymous shrugs of the shoulder, anonymous looks, anonymous inuendos, anonymous whispers, and anonymous doings.

As there are often close points of resemblance between animals of the same breed and species, we find it necessary to dwell the more directly and more largely on the distinctive features of each, as they pass in review before us. The subject of our sketch approaches the middle size, both in height and bulk. His face—round and sallow—is such, in some of its expressions and aspects, as would lead a person, as Dr. Bunting once said in jocose mood, to laugh outright at it; a feeling which he himself found it often difficult to repress. Discontent, with an occasional touch of squeamishness about the mouth, seems to settle upon it like one of the heavier clouds in the month of November. The eyebrows are slightly arched—the hair, in early life, a

deep auburn, next to black—the eyes round and grey, and, on raising the head, staring, as if waking out of sleep. The mouth is rather large, and the forehead without the amplitude characteristic of intellectuality. In addition to a dissatisfied, complaining expression, as if about to give utterance to some personal ailment, there is an occasional peeping, prying, inquisitive look, breaking through the general langour. His step, which, in early life, was familiar with the plough, in the neighbourhood of York, has not forgotten its clownish habit; the foot taking a partial circle, with the toe winding inward,—slinging—sagging—lounging—with a kind of creeping ambulation,—and the body inclining forward, as if about to plough the ground with the more angular portion of the face. All is sluggish and drawling. It would be as marvellous to see him dash off at a brisk, quick, buoyant pace, as it would be to see a horse accustomed to the dray enter the circus.

In the pulpit, as out of doors, the action is the same. There is the appearance of languor in everything; not the languor of physical debility, but of apparent indolence and indifference. The very hand is raised as if nerveless, and, when uplifted, appears as if the wrist were dislocated, and required the aid of the surgeon to re-place the joint, or relieve it of the “swing-swang” slowness of its motion. He is calm, but it is, to a superficial observer, the calmness that is allied to stupidity, which, nevertheless, is a reflection he does not merit altogether, though no Johnsonian. It may comport with his dignity, and still more with his natural inclination, not to perspire; but still, though there is nothing of the puffed round mouth—nothing of bluster—nothing of the solemn silliness of strut, you see him leisurely

at work, and you give him credit for sincerity, whatever may be the modicum of work thrown off the hand. His voice, though dull, is not altogether dry and drawling; and, though conveying more opium in its monotony than consists with the wakefulness of an entire congregation, he is not altogether uninteresting as a preacher. A canal has been compared to a river in a coffin: be it so; if asleep, it is not dead; it has both an inlet and an outlet: there may be nothing of the ripple; but still, though it propels not, it permits the vessel to glide along its surface. His language is generally tame, and sometimes tedious; but never embarrassed. His periods are without harmony; his phraseology without elegance, without spirit; yet there is some precision connected with the queen's English; and if there is no force, there is no inflation. His natural vein would seem to be philosophical, though not high. He has good sense—is cold, cautious, and calculating; has a little dryness, akin to humour, in conversation, told heavily, but not mischievously; and is not very nice, nor even delicate, in some of his anecdotes, especially in his approach to the Duchess of St. Alban's, and his rehearsal of tales about Abernethy, in cases of flatulence. This would scarcely be credited by those who witnessed the more than maiden modesty he recently assumed, when about to expel a good man from the Wesleyan Society for expressing his sentiments on the polity of Methodism, urging against him the fact of his having, on a particular occasion, employed the scriptural phrase, "the nakedness of the land!" It is well, as Coleridge would say, that he did not live in the days of the pious Richard Baxter, that detester of superstition; or the learned Sir Thomas Brown, the exploder

of vulgar errors ; or the great Sir Matthew Hale, whose wholesome severities against half-starved sorceresses so aptly illustrated his position, that Christianity is "parcel of the Common Law of England,"—or he would have been a fine tool for despotic men and bitter times.

Though he lacks passion—lacks imagination—he is not without an occasional quiet, sweet feeling. He has neither taste nor industry for anything like style. Too intent on "cash accounts"—being a kind of living Wesleyan money box—an apostolic accomptant, or financier—all relish, if ever there were any, for biblical studies, is gone. There is no room in his sermons for patient heart-painting and development of character. A man of ordinary mental vigour, given to studious habits, could drive a dozen sermons abreast, at one sitting, such as he gives to the people, and would have every pore closed to even insensible perspiration in the delivery. A poetical thought, a lively picture, a touch of pathos, to keep the auditory on the move, or impress the heart, would be like a patch of green vegetation in the deserts of Arabia, or a well-spring which princes of old felt honoured in digging, and around which they sang. But such things here, are

"Like angel visits, few and far between."

He is one of those men who never appears to have had a flowering season, and could not, therefore, ever be said to be "in full blow." The ancients studied nature ; the moderns study them, and are content to submit to an authority, which, though it may impose a check upon reason, sets no firm restraint upon the imagination. It is no wonder, therefore, to see young aspirants run into all

the errors of artificial habits. Not so with the personage before us. He jogs on at the pace at which he started ; and is as little disposed to trick himself out in other men's attire, as he is to change the antiquated habiliments which clothed the "inner man" between thirty and forty years ago. If he has written anything tolerable—and that is very little, not more than an odd pamphlet—it is just sufficient to shew, that he has as much common sense as to keep him out of the way of a heresy against the Minutes of Conference, which he has studied under Dr. Bunting.

This last circumstance is a key to the mystery, why one so inert—for inert bodies pair best—should have been able to reach the highest point of elevation in Methodism—the Presidency. Without his master's tact, he has been a servile imitator of some of his peculiar qualities ; and like Lord Mansfield, who drew out the steps of James II., and recommended them one by one, he has—as a tool, not a leader—greatly aided in destroying the spirit, transparency, and simplicity of ancient Methodism. Dr. Bunting and he, in all connexional matters—and especially in those of finance, their chief concern, have long been linked together, like the Siamese twins ; and ever since the former began to deal out his laws in homœopathic doses, two bad effects have naturally followed ; the health of the Wesleyan mind has been injured by the potency of the ingredients administered in their more concentrated form, as in the law of 1835, and the system of Methodism has been nearly ruined. In the unscriptural, un-English, and impudent law just referred to,—which is jesuitically said to be an enlargement of the people's rights, that is, in the reverse way, as asthma promotes the free exercise of the lungs, and manacles give

freedom to the limbs,—in this law, our subject revels, declaring so far down as 1850, that the preachers ceded too much to the people by the constitution of 1797. What is to be expected from such a man ?

The transparent anonyne of the old system, under John Wesley, with his own illustrious signature, was much more favourable to the growth of real liberty than the universal and obligatory signatures appended to every pamphlet and circular under the present system ;—a system which will allow a man, on the unblushing confession of its supporters, to think, but not to speak, except in conclave, and not even then, unless a favourite, and under certain restrictions. John Wesley, to employ his oft repeated sentiments, said, “ I desire to do all things openly and above board. I would have all the world, and especially all our Society, see, not only all the steps we take, but the reasons why we take them.” It is for want of this, that the Wesleyan body is in its present convulsed state ; and but for the absence of such a mode of proceedure, anonymous pamphlets would never have appeared. The anonymous squibs of 1847, which, like rockets, fell upon a mass of combustible matter, and gave ignition to it, were the mere circumstances of a certain occasion ; evils, if evils they were, rising out of a series of abuses of long continuance : the evils were there before the pamphlets were issued, and but for those evils, the latter had never appeared. They succeeded each other like cause and effect. The pamphlets to which we refer, were merely the windows to let the light into the building, into the prison, into the charnel house ; the guide-posts to point the way to certain acts of mal-administration, favouritism, injustice, and extravagance.

And if they could excommunicate men from the Christian church on suspicion of having penned them, pray what would they have done had they possessed a certainty? No crucible would have been deemed too hot for them. But why suspect ministers of such games? "Because," replied a lady, shrewdly, "the rulers concluded that none but ministers could have arrived at a knowledge of the matters detailed; and hence, an argument as to their truthfulness, and in favour of reform, in order to their removal." Good logic this, and not easy to refute.

Methodistic matters seemed to have reached such a state in 1849, as to resemble the reign of Chaos and Old Night; if not to be the identical thing; and as that state was not without its deity, the present subject, to keep himself out of an atheistical way of thinking, like Horace Walpole, might have worshipped Old Night as enshrined in that dark temple, Centenary Hall, Bishopgate-street; promising to answer any questions, that any gentleman might be disposed to propose, in the Missionary Committee of Review in Manchester, and when, on his return to the Mission House in London, was one of the first, if not the first, to impose silence on one of the Missionary Secretaries, respecting his bonus of three hundred pounds to an occupant of the spirit vaults beneath the hall. If the published documents of a correspondent from Leek, and a Dublin Trustee, in a respectable public journal, are to be relied on—and their truth rests on the official documents of the parties implicated, the clerical treasurer, and clerical secretaries, have committed in the Missionary Reports, what, in the mildest form of expression, may be denominated a series of one set of blunders, while they assiduously con-

ceal others,—others which, if laid open, would for ever gibbet their perpetrators as dunces, on the majestic page of history. But we leave these things, and our prime reason for noticing them is, because our hero has been mixed up with these things—because he has attained a point in Methodism to which his talents, standing, and usefulness never entitled him—because he has aided and abetted in enslaving the people—because he is said to indulge the hope of becoming successor to Dr. Bunting; and, to be near the focus of centralization, has been assiduously preparing a “Nest” for himself, comfortably lined with £400. per annum, in the Normal School, as governor!

We are reminded by the commercial habits of this gentleman, and by the money value which has recently been put upon church-membership in the Wesleyan Societies by certain preachers, of whom this gentleman may, in many respects, be taken as the type,—of the following lines from Hudibras, with which we conclude our sketch:—

“Money, being the common scale
Of things, by measure, weight, and tale,
In all th’ affairs of church and state,
’Tis both the balance and the weight;
Money is the sovereign power
That all mankind falls down before;
’Tis virtue, wit, and worth, and all
That men divine and sacred call;
For what’s the worth of any thing,
But so much *money* as t’will bring?”

No. CXXV.

EDWARD FRAZER.

"The man who has not any thing to boast of but his illustrious ancestors is like a potato—the only good thing belonging to him is under ground."

Sir T. OVERBURY.

"I pass with haste by the coast of Africa, whence my mind turns with indignation at the abominable traffic in the human species, from which a part of our countrymen dare to derive their inauspicious wealth.—There is an alacrity in the consciousness of freedom, and a gloomy, sullen indolence in a consciousness of slavery. Let sugar be as dear as it may, it is better to eat honey, if sweetness only be palatable; better to eat aloes or coloquintida, than violate a primary law of nature, impressed on every heart not imbruted by avarice, than rob one creature of those eternal rights of which no law upon earth can deprive him."—Sir WILLIAM JONES.

ON Sunday, August 27, 1837, we heard this extraordinary man preach, in New Road Chapel, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, on 1 Peter i. 13,—“Wherefore gird up the loins of your minds, be sober, and hope to the end, for the grace that is to be brought unto you at the revelation of Jesus Christ.”

John Sunday, as to real polish and culture, seems to form a kind of connecting link between Peter Jones—another Indian chief, and Edward Frazer; each link pure, and strong of its kind, as well as in its proper place;—Peter,

as to polish, slightly above John, yet both stamped with the same royal letter, while Edward is richly embossed and burnished. Edward Frazer, independent of his negro birth, his colour, and the circumstance of his having been a slave in the West Indies—which will ever heighten public interest, is a man of rare intellectual endowments.

In person he is light and gentlemanly; and though with woolly hair, and something of the negro hue and feature, yet, like Peter Jones, his features are inclined to the sharp, rather than to the thick and round, with the exception of the lips—the whole being rather beautiful in form than otherwise;—agreeable, with an engaging smile—and a fine, quick, expressive, rolling eye, surmounted with a fair proportion of forehead. The general expression is that of placidity, bordering upon joyousness of heart. His action, like that of Peter Jones, is slightly varied, but has, perhaps, a little more of the square and rude about it than that of the chief; more of that of Wesley, without his ease and grace. His voice is far from strong, and rather sharp than round and full; but it is clear, accompanied with a distinct enunciation,—though now and then a little negroish. It is a clearness, however, not at all allied to the harsh or the shrill,—barring a slight touch of the smart, sharp, smack of the blackbird and the thrush.

His compositions partake more of the sententious than the long and parenthetical. Some of his sentences are perfect aphorisms; while his style, combined with the terseness and condensation of John Wesley, has often the beauty, simplicity, and grace of Addison. There is in his manner an occasional pause, nearly amounting to hesitancy, but it is not felt as such, and is without the appearance of design.

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The rise and fall of the voice is upon the sentence, rather than upon the paragraph; and though a degree of rapidity characterizes the delivery, it furnishes, as a whole, no idea of an even stream; but if a streamⁿ at all, it is one with its breaks and pauses, at lengthened intervals, with a ripple on its surface—still flowing,—its interruptions never putting a period to its progress. He possesses a sovereign command of good, though not highly elevated language. His expositions are clear, truthful, and natural; his explanations of terms those of a lexicographer,—giving not only the shades of difference, but the identical meaning in each particular place.

Combined with considerable invention, there is a good share of originality; not only drawing out of a subject originated by another, all that the inventive faculty is capable of, but furnishing creations of his own, and adorning those creations with uncommon beauty. It is easy to perceive great delicacy of feeling and sentiment; and what is more perspicuous, a keenness of thought and expression, which penetrates the inmost soul, cutting—by means of that very delicacy—not with a harsh, jagged edge, but like a razor oiled, and fresh from the hone. Point and neatness are his leading characteristics; but with these are intermingled great beauties, and many touches of tenderness. While his illustrations are generally brief, and singular for their aptitude, his metaphors are purely such, and without any apparent disposition to push them beyond the point necessary to adorn and elucidate.

He has more mind than passion—more imagination than fancy—yet imagination is under strong control. He labours to convince rather than impress;—conviction first, and

impression afterwards, as its natural result. Though logical, it is—as in the case of another who has been under review—the logic of briefly enunciated sentences, rather than a long chain of reasoning ; one sentence bearing upon another, and each successive sentence, like the stroke of a hammer rivetting a nail,—bringing the subject taught and the matter treated, closer and closer to each other, till escape from conviction is next to impossible. Not only in the act of listening to him, but in recurring to the subject when from under his voice, both matter and manner afford less pleasure perhaps, as a whole, than in a minute detail of detached parts : but in aid of the former, there will always be present his colour—his redemption from slavery—together with other circumstances, which will awaken a curious, as well as a tender interest. He displays, everywhere, good taste ; and it is as difficult, while confining attention to his style, matter, and manner, to retain the impression that he was once a slave, as it is, while reading the writings of Terence, to believe that he ever sustained the same character ;—there being a kind of involuntary homage rendered to him, as to one who had only trod on classic ground. While discoursing on the necessity of a superior power to that possessed by man—

“ To catch the wandering of the will,
And quench the kindling fire ;”

—and while entering with fine discrimination into the difference between voluntary and involuntary evil,—the possibility of “ evil entering into the mind, and yet not being wrong ;”—the evil only becoming so to us, when encouraged and unrepressed, just as a villain may enter the residence of an honest man, but not as one of the family, not as an

inmate, but as an intruder,—uninvited and creating nothing but discomfort by his presence,—watched, resisted, and expelled. On these subjects, he is a master. He comes under the class of an instrusive, rather than a powerful preacher; one who inspires his auditory with respect, rather than fascinates them with his charms; one who is useful, rather than showy; a workman, in short, that need not to be ashamed.

Dr. Coke, a first-rate evangelist, sailed for America, in the course of the last century. America was the place of his destination. But, as beautifully expressed by the author of “The World before the Flood,” he was under sealed orders, and the seal was not allowed to be broken till his Divine Master, by a providential storm, drove him into one of the West Indian Islands, where a people was prepared to receive him. Here we perceive a link in the golden chain of divine providence. Africa is unfriendly to the European constitution, and has been the premature grave of many a missionary. How is Africa to be evangelized? By converted negroes, called of God to preach the gospel. “Converted negroes!” exclaims the infidel, with a sneer; “Let them be men untainted by slavery; men of mind, whose understandings have been enlarged by science!” This would have sounded much better, when aforetime we looked into the West Indian Islands as into a menagerie. But, if we are to behold the lion in all his majesty, we are not to look upon him in his cage, and in chains; but in his native forest, with the thunder in his voice—with the lightning in his eye—shaking his mane—and springing upon his prey! In like manner, we are not now to contemplate the negro enervated, broken in spirit, and in fetters; but, like

Edward Frazer, with his faculties expanded and improved by Christianity. • Turn such an one, with a call from God to preach the gospel, into his native forests,—fitted by constitution for the climate, and he will work wonders among his countrymen. And if Africa is ever to be converted to God, it must be by means of Africans.

No. CXV.

* * * * *

"Men of the highest rank notice those who speak correctly and elegantly, of whatever profession they may be; and on the contrary, despise those who have not this advantage: while even the lowest order of people mock and rally each other, when they speak with difficulty, or when they do it in a way not perfectly pleasing to them. There is an advantage peculiar to eloquence—it can never be really despised, nor can it be combatted but by eloquence. It was this occasioned it to be said of Plato, though he seems to condemn eloquence, that it was his greatest eulogy, as it furnished him with all those eloquent words with which he fought against it."—ANON.

THE question—"Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" received a reply in the affirmative, in reference to the Saviour of the world; and has, since then, been confirmed in innumerable cases, not only as to domestic life, but towns, cities, and communities, civil and religious—not excepting even the Church of Rome. And why not in Methodism, with all the reproach it had to breast, while ploughing its way, like a vessel, through successive storms?

Though the gentleman to our left, who is adjusting himself for his likeness, has accepted the Chiltern Hundreds, and has, for some length of time, been, to a certain

extent at least, shelved, he is still permitted to sit in Parliament,—to sit in the Legislative Assembly of Methodism, and is not only allowed to speak, but is listened to attentively for another reason besides that of generally speaking to purpose. Pitt was heard, not only for his own sake, but for the sake of his father—Lord Chatham; and had his father been living, and in all the supremacy of his power, he would have had, if not an additional charm superadded to his native eloquence, a still more deeply attentive auditory, in the presence of his illustrious sire. Strange influences are very often exercised, in consequence of certain associations, independent of personal worth. In the present instance, the gentleman before us has entered without any adequate labour of his own, into the inheritance of his father's influence, and spends the power he has acquired with the careless ease of one who has never toiled for the position and treasures he enjoys.

Physically, he is incapable of hard labour, and may gratefully adopt the sentiments of another, not having been necessitated to it—"The lines have fallen to me in pleasant places; I have a goodly heritage." He is tall—thin—has a consumptive appearance—round face—light complexion—small features—an agreeable, benignant expression—a good forehead, though not large—and a slight Aristotlean tuft of hair surmounting the brow.

In the pulpit, with the exception of a few dogmatisms, enunciated in a somewhat repulsive tone and manner, there is the general appearance of modesty. The arm is gently raised—the forefinger pointed out—the hand occasionally dipping into the breast, as if adjusting the corners of the neckcloth—a slight degree of stiffness in the general

position—and, owing to the operations going on within, as if intent on bringing out the material in the precise order of previous arrangement, he does not seem to include the congregation as constituting any portion of the object of vision before him. The eye might be blank, as to any perceptible impression produced by it on the auditory. We know not whether this is always the case; but such is the shape matters assumed when we sat to him, as he now sits to us, and we are giving utterance only to our own impressions. There is a great evenness in his manner; no emphasis; not an outburst to give variety to his mode of delivery, or animation to his hearer; and the voice being rather feeble and depressed, he is but indistinctly heard in the remote parts of large chapels. His delivery is somewhat rapid, and inclines, in tone and manner, more to the conversational, than the oratorical. A full breath is now and then drawn; as though he laboured under an affection of the lungs, or a straitness at the chest, accompanied with a certain opening and contraction of the mouth, and a smack of the lips at the close of a sentence; not, it may be remarked by the way, so as to affect the interest of the hearer, by drawing attention from the matter to the man.

There is a copiousness of diction, approaching to wordiness; yet it is never otherwise than distinguished for elegance and good taste,—the poetry, in fact, of thought and of language, without the poetry of feeling. His sentences are often involved, nor is his meaning always clear. He has, if we may so express ourselves, a meaning now and then to himself, which is not sufficiently apparent, and therefore not satisfactory, to his hearers; and this

meaning is the less transparent to ordinary minds, owing to the elevated style employed. We do not wish to take advantage of Selden's illustration, who, in speaking of a person requested to make a speech for a Lord Mayor, expressed a wish that he might first be allowed to take measure of his lordship's mouth: we have no such design; —nevertheless, though conscious that the words employed are fitted to the speaker's mouth, they are not equally so to the hearer's ear. Language is that which exhibits and preserves thought, just as glass preserves a rich spirit,—lavender, rose, or other water; without which the spirit would be lost, the water spilt; but the glass ought to be clear, if the spirit is to be seen, and the spirit powerful, if it is to be felt. As to mere sound, which albeit concerns not the subject in hand, Swift declares that he would rather have trusted the refinement of our language to the judgment of the ladies, than of illiterate court fops, half-witted poets, and university boys. What is wanted here is a little more daylight. We are as little disposed to guess out a speaker's meaning, as we are to decipher the letter of a friend who does not accustom himself to write a clear and intelligible hand.

We do not, with these occasional defects, wish to deprive the gentleman of all claim to public favour. Great merit is due to him; and due to him, not only as a man, but as a public speaker. Mind, notwithstanding an occasional indistinctness of perception, is perceived everywhere; and in the midst of great beauty and luxuriance of expression, there is not anything gaudily tricked out for the purpose of mere display. The mind, however, is more of a microscopic, than of a telescopic character; dwelling on the

minute and the near, not on the expansive and remote. There is no small amount of invention, of fancy, of imagination, of discrimination, of rich thought; but he wants strength—wants condensation—is more inclined to beat the gold into leaf, than give it in ingots. He loses his strength in diffusion; never stands boldly out—has nothing of the daring of originality. The same materials in the hands of another, who knows how to condense and give a hard blow at once, would perform wonders—wonders which, in his hand, will never be effected. He is a preacher that will amply remunerate an intelligent hearer, with a fair stock of time and of patience on hand, while in the act of hearing; but there is very little for the masses to recollect, when the service is over: the thread is too fine, too even, and generally too long; or, to diversify our illustration, the sermon is too crowded, monotonous, and microscopic in its fillings and details.

As is said of a living writer, so it may be said here, the manner in which great truths are accepted and applied by him, goes far to show the want of practical decision exemplified in his proceedings as a public teacher. His compositions are more the play than the work of the mind. They want earnestness, weight, purpose. They are such as, with ordinary prudence and diligence, would make the character of a respectable essayist, not that of a hard thinker,—of an amusing sophist, not of a philosopher. His sermons, nevertheless, contain passages of pleasing and instructive suggestions, communicated, with the exceptions specified, in a generally unexceptionable style,—not unfrequently commended by the music and march of a sentence, lustre of imagery, and beauty of thought. To these

qualities we award their full amount of merit ; and wish them to atone, as far as possible, for what absence of originality is apparent to those who are unacquainted with the modern school in which his mind, as a public speaker, has been educated,—taking for his models others than the more eminent of the early Methodist preachers. Yet, as in the case of the writer referred to, there is a certain quality of originality ;—a peculiar turn—a bias—a specific *verve*—a vivid and vital perception distinguishable of his own, which reveals itself by innumerable little traits, minute individualities, and shadings of character, and which, though perceptible to the hearer, is difficult to be described. Having indicated the fact, and explained our meaning as far as we can, we entertain no hope of leaving him much more than an excellent PUZZLE. We know there is a certain way of coming at what we want, but we doubt whether the discovery will compensate the trouble, or whether we shall be thanked when done.

His sermons are not only too long—much, much too long, for the attenuated character of thought that distinguishes them—but there is a dogged, perverse attempt to dragoon the people into submission to a protracted service, and an obstinacy on his part to proceed to the close of a sermon, however long, after an audience has become restless, and seat after seat, and pew after pew, has become vacated. But memoriter preachers are generally the most reluctant to draw to a close till the task is completed ; taking it for granted that others can see the full line of road they propose to travel, as clearly as themselves. Like some aristocratic politicians, who are described as having been “rocked and dandled into

legislators," he has been rocked by his sire into high notions of the priesthood, and of church government. This seemed to discover itself in his advocacy of the gown question, which agitated several societies a few years back. Waiving other crochets, we may just notice that he has been tolerated in district, and other meetings, when offering sentiments adverse to those enunciated by Mr. Wesley, in his *Standard Writings*,—an act which would have jeopardised the *status* of others in the *Connexion*;—that he gave utterance, notwithstanding this smack of heresy, to the strange opinion—an opinion which goes far to unchurch all other Christian communities, connected with the *Evangelical Alliance*, of which he is a member, and of whose publication he is co-editor—"Disloyalty to Methodism is disloyalty to Christ;"—that he hinted, in the case of the amiable Daniel Walton, who refused to violate a pledge of friendship, for which he was degraded by the Conference of 1849,—that when the interests of the church demanded it, it ought to be done; and that the same church which gave the command, could—in true popish style, of course, absolve;—and that he moved the Conference to summon to its bar, the Revs. John Burd-sall, James Everett, and James Bromley, against whom not only no charge had been preferred, but no charge was even pretended to be preferred,—to stand there, as in the Star Chamber and High Commission Court of old, to submit to "**QUESTION BY PENALTY!**"—a procedure as firmly resisted by the **THREE**, as was the decree of Nebuchadnezzar by the three Hebrew children, and for which resistance one of the moderns was insulted, a second degraded, and the third suffered Methodistic death! It

has been significantly asked in some quarters, "Who, but a Bunting, would have moved such a resolution?" But the mover, nevertheless, has many excellent qualities both as a preacher and as a man.

We were forcibly impressed with a remark by Dr. Johnson on a certain class of comedians, when thinking on long sermons; and if any instruction is to be reaped from it, by our clerical readers, it is here for them: "He that is himself weary, will soon weary the public. Let him, therefore, lay down his employment, whatever it be, who can no longer exert his former activity or attention. Let him not endeavour to struggle with censure, or obstinately infest the —— till a general hiss commands him to depart."

No. CXVI.

* * * * *

"What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to a human soul. The philosopher, the saint, and the hero,—the wise, the good, and the great man, very often lie hid and concealed in a plebeian, which a proper education might have disinterred, and have brought to light."—SPECTATOR.

"If refined sense, and exalted sense, be not so useful as common sense, their rarity, their novelty, and the nobleness of their objects, make some compensation, and render them the admiration of mankind; as gold, though less serviceable than iron, acquires, from its scarcity, a value which is much superior."—HUME.

THE history of the pulpit, in the changes it has undergone, in consequence of the different kinds of preaching exhibited by its occupants, would be exceedingly curious, and not altogether uninteresting. To give effect to such a work, it would be found useful to follow in the wake of Dr. Fordyce, critically to examine the eloquence exhibited in Athens and in Rome,—the apostolic or oriental manner of preaching,—the style of the fathers,—the degeneracy of the monks,—the French, Italian, and English genius, as to oratory,—the revolutions which have taken place in England, in reference to the pulpit, since the Reformation,

—the character it at present sustains,—and what preaching ought to be, to answer the purposes of God in its ordination. What it ought to be, is expressed with equal ardour, accuracy, elegance, and perspicuity, by the professor of philosophy in the Marischal college, Aberdeen, in the work referred to, who represents Argorates, one of his interlocutors, as addressing his friend thus;—"I want to have my mind exalted above the world, and above itself, with the sacredness and sublimity of divine things: I want to be suspended, and awed, as with the presence of God, to sink into deep prostration before him, to be struck with the majesty of his perfections, and transported with the wonders of his love: I want to conceive an infinite horror at sin, to glow with an ardent passion for doing good, to pant after perfection and immortality, and to ripen apace for both: in short, I want to have my understanding enlightened, my heart enflamed, every affection thrilled, and my whole life reformed. But are these important ends likely to be gained, by a well-reasoned harangue on some speculative point of orthodoxy, by a clear confutation of some infidel or heretic, by a dry, critical discussion of some dark or dubious text, by a cold elaborate dissertation on some moral subject, or a curious dissection of some passion of mind, or a vain declamation on some virtue or vice, and their effects on society or individuals? Yet *such* I find the general taste of preaching now to be." So much the more to be regretted.

As to the subject now under the eye, his mode of preaching may be considered as exemplifying the transition state, somewhere between the more animated and eloquent, and the more correctly dull; one who has sufficient warmth

to keep alive the flame of piety, but not, like a Fletcher, to impart to it any additional fervour or brilliancy. It is to his philosophy alone, that he is indebted for his temperature. He is not deficient in liveliness in social life, but his fire is subdued by a certain softness of expression, which takes off the brightness and intensity of the flame. It is a soft glow, rather than a "bickering blaze."

The Greek and Roman classics are his study, his delight. He is not only well grounded in these, with regard to a knowledge of words, but is well acquainted with the intricacies of construction and changes of dialect, as exhibited in the pages of ancient Greek and Latin writers. He is one of those men who love to drink at the fountain head of knowledge, by going to the originals. What redounds to his honour is, that though a scholar, there is no ostentatious display of learning.

That his classical attainments should have some influence on his style, is what may be reasonably expected; and this is distinguished for its purity, its beauty, simplicity, and good taste. In some few cases, you would think that Addison, in his less satirical, less gay, or more properly, in his more serious moods, as in his *Evidences of Christianity*, had become Methodist preacher; and he is so correct, that the compositor has nothing to do but transfer the speech or sermon, as the case may be, to the press, just as it proceeds from the lips of the speaker. There is nothing of effeminacy about his style — nothing of the ornamental. He differs widely from many of our popular, rising speakers, in reference to many of whom it may be affirmed, that it would be as difficult a task to bring them back to the simplicity of "olden times,"

when Greece was in her glory, as it would be to bring some of our modern geniuses to deign, as Homer did, to offer the world the first canto of an epic poem, unadorned by a single simile. He knows, from a perusal of Demosthenes in his own tongue, that the most perfect eloquence is destitute of a prolix or artificial style.

Though he has a mind fitted for metaphysics, he does not appear to indulge the taste. There is satire, but not keen, and a fair proportion of Attic wit, but not much indulged; except in occasionally shewing the absurdity and unphilosophical character of scepticism and materialism. His argumentative powers, though not of the highest order, are good and substantial; and his statements, though not as transparent in every case as crystal, preserve the character of a piece of good plate glass, sufficiently clear to the attentive and intelligent. He is unwearied in the pursuit of his deductions, has a quick perception of his point, is certain of its attainment, and never leaves it till he is satisfied he has established it. He has a nice discernment, too, of the relative importance and weight of different arguments; and, like an eminent public speaker at the bar, has the faculty of assigning to each its proper place.

It is by no means affirmed, that his learning is profuse and varied, that his fancy is exuberant, or that there is anything profound or mature in his philosophy: but this we maintain, that he possesses all the ordinary accomplishments of an English education, and an intimate acquaintance with some of the best Greek and Latin classics. He has also the taste which that acquaintance confers, and a tolerable knowledge of history. These stores he has been increasing, not rapidly and extensively, but slowly and surely. In

classical knowledge especially, he delights ; his knowledge here is minute and accurate.

In the pulpit, he is, to some, tame and inanimate, and sometimes lingering ; but his matter, though not rousing, will always find acceptance with persons of taste and intellectuality. His action, though slow and languid, as if labouring under occasional physical debility, is natural ; and his voice, though not strong, is clear—a little constrained withal—and enables him to reach even a large auditory. The face dips a little—assumes slightly the appearance of languor, and quiet thought—inclines to a hue between the sandy and the pale, and presents a good curved forehead,—the head itself, particularly from a hinder view, rising towards the crown. His build is compact, shows good bone, and approaches the ordinary size. After having been classical tutor at Woodhouse Grove, and kept, we are informed, a seminary of his own, he entered the itinerant ministry—travelled a few years—went out to the East Indies to superintend the Wesleyan Missions—returned after a short stay—re-engaged in the work at home, and is now classical tutor at Didsbury. He took up his pen in the case of Dr. Warren, and vindicated the disciplinary measures exercised on the occasion ; previously to which, he had a slight skirmish with the Rev. Daniel Walton, in the Wesleyan Magazine, on a disputed passage in the Acts of the Apostles,—conducted, on each side, with temper, scholarship, and skill.

OUTLINES

READY FOR FILLING UP.

† 117.—JOHN STOREY:—Above the ordinary size;—halted, in consequence of an injury received in his knee;—rather sandy complexion;—round face;—bald;—flaxen hair;—light grey eye;—regular features, and a fine benignant smile lighting up the whole countenance. Was originally the pastor of an Independent Congregation, but renounced the Calvinistic creed. Offered himself to the Wesleyan Conference of 1809, and finished his course July 21, 1832. Possessed a heart susceptible of the tenderest emotions, combined with great sweetness of disposition, evenness of temper, and affability of manners. Assiduous in the work of gathering souls into the fold of Christ, and more than ordinarily successful. The delight of all who were favoured with his pastoral visits, which were numerous; in which he was always tender of character—helpful to piety—serious—affectionate—earnest—dropping the honey, but never implanting the envenomed sting. Much followed as a preacher, and easily remembered in his discourses. Furnished a clear, natural, simple outline; and filled up his discourse with matter of puritanic

character, in modern costume. Rather experimental and practical, than doctrinal; and though close, exceedingly encouraging. His sermons, never crowded, and rarely long; and almost invariably satisfactory. Each position illustrated with a few plain, and often striking remarks, and supported by two or three appropriate passages of scripture; concluding the various divisions and sub-divisions with a sentence or two in prayer, which was sure to be responded to by the more zealous part of his auditors—*Amen* resounding from several voices. Had a soft, plaintive, persuasive, yet full, manly voice, and distinct enunciation. His matter substantial—sometimes imaginative—never profound: what might be denominated, to employ the less elegant language of the cook—"good kitchen stuff,"—being better adapted to the head or the foot of a table, than the centre or the sides,—more fit for the first, than the third or fourth course—for the healthy and hungered, than the sickly or pampered. There is what Addison denominates "artificial humanity;" which he observes is another term for "good breeding," but more fully describes it as "an imitation and mimicry of good nature, or, in other terms, affability, complaisance, and easiness of temper reduced into art." John Storey had the substance, not the shadow,—kindness constantly welling from his heart, as from a fountain, and finding its way into every action of his life.

* 118.—CHARLES RADCLIFFE:—Full habit; Middle size; light complexion, but not fair; an expression of intelligence and benevolence, each striving for the mastery. Free and rich in conversation,—sometimes strong, even to extravagance;—heavy, rather than biting, when necessary,

—and always at home on the antique, being rich in antiquarian lore. Reading and scholarship. Voice strong, but rather thick;—deliberate,—varied,—instructive,—and impressive. Still, though antique in his tastes and habits, has formed a correct estimate of what only is valuable, subscribing to the truth of Goldsmith's remark, that "Volumes of antiquity, like medals, may very well serve to amuse the curious; but the works of the moderns, like the current coin of a kingdom, are much better for immediate use; the former are often prized above their intrinsic value, and kept with care; the latter seldom pass for more than they are worth, and are often subject to the merciless hands of sweating critics, and clipping compilers." Began to itinerate in 1810. Now a supernumerary.

† 119.—WILLIAM RADCLIFFE:—Brother, and a fair *fac simile* of the above, as far as person is considered,—only a slight degree lower, a little more corpulent, rather darker complexion, and a somewhat quicker expression in the eye. A good voice,—an easy, natural speaker,—ingenious,—a thorough knowledge of his subject,—offering a good exposition of the sacred text. An amiable and instructive companion. A good deal of fancy, but under perfect control. Well read—a sound theologian. Excelled in the mathematics; and found them, in the language of Fuller, "a ballast for the soul, to fix it, not to stall it; nor to jostle out other arts." Travelled 31 years, was supernumerary three, died in 1835, with a mind like the calm and sweet sunset of a summer evening—his thoughts presenting to him a heaven of burnished gold, just as he sunk beneath the horizon.

* 120.—EDWARD WALKER:—His first station in Scot-

land, 1826. Tall—gentlemanly—rather pale; a gentle placidity of expression in the face, with form and features which General Washington may be supposed to have exhibited when at his age. Reads well and clerically—and comes over the ear with some agreeable cadences. Good judgment; rather retiring; something ministerially becoming in the whole man. Full, noble voice in the pulpit, and often powerful roll of sound. Three notes perceptible in many instances; the one with which the sentence is commenced, then the elevation, and next the fall; the fall itself being perfectly audible, and dropping, especially in prayer, with solemnity upon the ear. Fluent, bold, weighty, energetic; an impressive speaker; and an excellent, free, pleading earnestness in prayer. Language good—sometimes elevated—and the construction of his sentences, particularly in the expository parts of his discourses, conversational and natural. Subjects well and deliberately studied, and never fail to enlighten and impress. Rather logical than imaginative; but certain of making constant advances upon his congregations, and of endearing himself to the people of his charge. A northern accent now and then detected, to which he seems to have no legitimate claim. Gives out the hymns with good effect; the shaking of the head, and the motion of the hand, often expressive of the deep emotion within. Action emphatic rather than varied: generally striking the book with the palm of the hand. Poetical quotations from the hymns and other sources, effective, appropriate, and often musical. Considerable breadth, as well as closeness of thought; but makes too much use of his notes, which he is anxious to conceal.

† 121.—THOMAS OLIVERS:—Was born at Tregonan,

Montgomeryshire, in 1725, entered the itinerant life in 1753, and died in London, March, 1799, where his remains were deposited in the tomb of John Wesley, behind the City Road chapel. Light and neat in person—dark complexion—regular features—a quick, piercing eye. Strong clear voice;—ready utterance—great command of language—a good stream of thought—striking—bold—argumentative—energetic—warm—successful—never failing to rivet attention as a preacher. Was originally of the “GENTLE CRAFT”;^{*} a circumstance to which scurrilous allusion was made by Sir Richard Hill and his brother Rowland; but Thomas Olivers had more music

^{*} We intend no offence against the memory of this excellent man by this statement. We find a list, many of whom never graced an ecclesiastical stall, and among whom are the following names, all belonging to the Gentle Craft. Lackington, the bookseller; Gifford, the author of the “Baviad” and “Mœviad,” and editor of the “Quarterly Review.” Holcroft, the dramatist; Winkelman, an eminent German writer on works of taste and art; Drew, the metaphysician; George Fox, the founder of the society of Friends; Jacob Boehman, usually called the Teutonic philosopher; the Rev. John Thorpe, who led the way to the establishment of the Masbro’ College among the Dissenters; William Huntington, of Providence Chapel, Gray’s Inn Lane, London; the Rev. Samuel Bradburn; the Rev. James Nichol, minister of Traquair, Selkirkshire; Dr. Carey, professor of Sanskrit and Bengalee, in the College of Fortwilliam, at Calcutta; Dr. Morrison, the eminent translator of the scriptures into Chinese—next akin to a shoemaker, having been a clogger; the brother of Dr. Sibley, famous for astrological science and horoscopical delineations, and his brother Manoah; the “Cobbler of Alsatia,” who edited the Westminster Journal when the late John Nichols made his literary debut; the celebrated Dr. John Partridge, of “Almanack” memory; William Parsons, a member of Dr. Franklin’s literary club, at Philadelphia; George and Nathaniel Bloomfield, and Robert, the poet; Hans Sacks, the Neurembourg poet, a fac simile of our Pierce, the ploughman, and a man who aided Wickliffe in the work of reformation; M. Fremole, the poet of Brussels; John Strothers, the author of “The Poor Man’s Sabbath,” &c., Savage, the poet, a victim of genius and misfortune; Joseph Blacket, the poet, patronized by the Duchess of Leeds, Lady Milbank, the Rev. F. Wrangham, and Mr.

and poetry in his soul than all his opponents put together—yes, more than Augustus Montague Toplady himself; and could chaunt with glee the lines which have been applied to the art,—

“Our shoes were sew'd with merry notes,
And by our mirth expelled all moan,
Like nightingales, from whose sweet throats
Most pleasant tunes are nightly blown:
The Gentle Craft is fittest then
For poor distressed gentlemen.”

Never would his hymn to “The God of Abraham,” adapted to an air sung by Leoni, have been admitted into the Jew’s Synagogue, and warbled along its roof, had it not made melody in the inmost soul; nor would it have reached to the thirteenth edition, in 1779, had it not had a charm with the public. The same may be said, as far as popular favour and feeling are concerned, of his hymn on the “Last Judgment,” set to music by himself, and in the twentieth edition at the same time; of his “Hymn of Praise to Christ,” set to music by a gentleman in Ireland, and performed before the Bishop of Waterford, in his cathedral, on Christmas day, to which was annexed a hymn on Matthew v. 29, 30; and of his hymn beginning with “Lo! He comes, with clouds descending,” and

Pratt; Nathaniel Elliott, author of “Food for Poets;” John Bennett, the poetical shoemaker of Woodstock; I. Johnstone, the poet of Craighouse; Souther Watt, celebrated by Sir Walter Scott; Thomas Knight, famous for heraldry: Sir Simon Eyre, Leadenball, and Lord Mayor of London. This list might be enlarged; but we refer our readers to a little, curious, scarce work, entitled “Crispin Anecdotes,” attributed to the author of the “Hopes of Matrimony,” for various interesting particulars respecting the Gentle Craft, which would be no dishonour to the titled opponents of Thomas Olivers.

its exquisite tune, which places him in no ordinary rank as a composer of music, and shews him to have had a soul formed for the sweetest melody, and of which John Wesley was aware, or it would not have found its way into his "Sacred Harmony." (P. 124, h. 56.) Still more exalted as a theologian; being pronounced by John Wesley, himself a master in controversy, "a full match for Augustus Toplady;" nor less applauded by the sainted Fletcher, equally capable of appreciating real merit, when treated with contumely by Sir Richard Hill, who addressed him as "one Thomas Oliver, *alias* Olivers."

"This author," says Fletcher, "was twenty-five years ago a mechanic, and, like 'one' Peter, 'alias' Simon a fisherman, and, like 'one' Saul, 'alias' Paul, a tent-maker, has had the honour of being promoted to the dignity of a preacher of the gospel; and his talents as a writer, a logician, a poet, and a composer of sacred music, are known to those who have looked into his publications." Superintended Mr. Wesley's printing concern several years, but was rather too careless to secure typographical accuracy, and somewhat too independent, in the insertion of articles on his own responsibility, to remain in office more than twelve years. An interesting memoir of him, written by himself, and published during his life, both in a separate form and in the *Arminian Magazine*,—rich in incident, and sustaining the double stamp of providence and grace. A list of his works appended to his "Refutation of the Doctrine of Unconditional Perseverance," published in 1790, comprising fourteen distinct articles, but two more added afterwards. A free, forcible, and collected extempore speaker, as exemplified in "A Defence of Methodism,

delivered extemporary in a public debate, held in London, December 12th, 19th, and 26th, 1785, on the question—‘Have the Methodists done most Good or Evil?’” afterwards enlarged and published in 12mo. Entered the lists fearlessly, and fought successfully, against Toplady, Erskine, Sir Richard Hill, and his brother Rowland, Caleb Evans, Mark David, and others, and, like Fletcher, afforded efficient aid to Mr. Wesley, who had other work upon his hands. A plain, perspicuous, forcible, popular style—wants the purity, correctness, and condensation of Wesley; but generally simple and natural. Acute, convincing, and often original, as a writer; leaving, nevertheless, evident traces of the want of a liberal education in early life. Though a good reasoner, was aware with Swift, that “Reason is a very light rider, and easily shook off;” that, unaided, it will lead Medea to kill her children, Cato to imbrue his hands in his own blood, pagans to offer up human sacrifices to idols, Epicurus to deny a Providence,—will make men sceptics, bigots, and enthusiasts,—will cause the free-thinker to deny the freedom of the will, and the Unitarian to deny the divinity of Christ. Took Revelation with him, convinced, with a writer of note, that “the most natural beauty in the world is honesty and truth—that beauty itself is truth—that true features form the beauty of the face—that true proportions are the beauty of architecture, as true measures constitute that of harmony and music—and that in poetry, which is fable, truth is still the perfection.” Not quite perfect in self-control; could be a little tart now and then. An excellent specimen of self-cultivation, without any of its pedantry, tinsel, or glare—possessing its solidity

without its finish, its uses without its more delicate tastes. Called by Wesley, in 1761, "a rough stick of wood;" an expression sufficiently indicative of what he was, and what he afterwards rose to, when the same judge considered him "a full match" for the first polemics of the day.

* 122.—JOHN KIRK:—Entered the work in 1825. Tall, —well made;—a dazzling expression about the eye, though not strong;—light complexion, but not fair;—and a mild, simple, innocent play of feature. No particular promise in conversation. Unassuming. A slight lisp, but lost in the loudness of the pulpit. Most natural in prayer—fervid—tender—entreating. Drops the voice in the Lord's prayer, which gives the notion of a second person striking in; but when least loud, the most sweet. Not so natural in speaking, yet serious, impressive, clear, with some rousing matter and intonations of the voice. Instructive. Good devotional feeling. Sermons well arranged—the material substantial and varied—but not always his own. Wears well—and has a strong place in many hearts. Dryden was never more correct than when he said, "An intrepid courage is at best but a holiday kind of virtue, to be seldom exercised, and never but in cases of necessity: affability, mildness, tenderness, and a word which I would fain bring back to its original signification of virtue—I mean good-nature, are of daily use, they are the bread of mankind, and the staff of life." So John Kirk finds the latter, and, when left to himself, never fails to display them. Would have been without blemish, had not "Methodism as it is," in the administration of its present rulers, with whom the priesthood is everything and the people nothing, led him astray.

† 123.—JOHN H. BUMBY :—Native of Thirsk, Yorkshire. Began in 1830 ; finished his course in 1840. Proposed in the York District Committee in 1829, but put back one year to advance in age, regardless apparently of the ripeness of the fruit. All were astonished at the precocity displayed. Full of poetry and gay colouring. A few years softened the tints, enriched the fruit, and gave a warmth, a depth, a solidity, and a modest beauty to the whole, of which he himself seemed unconscious. A rich imagination ;—good arrangement ;—apposite practical quotations ;—ready at scriptural proofs and illustrations ;—sermons crowded with rich and varied thought ; often great force and elegance, and not unfrequently a splendid passage. Here and there, a little juvenile in his language. An admirer of old Caryl on Job, whom he occasionally modernized and moulded to suit his purposes. Voice, rather shrill ; but occasionally a languor and tremour about it, produced by nervous sensibility, which fell with amazing effect upon the ear of an audience. Often excited to the very toe end, when speaking. Latterly, a kind of morbid sensibility. The restlessness of Brainard about him ; wishful to be somewhere else than where he was ; and God being apparently in it, he offered himself as a missionary for New Zealand, when, in 1838, he was appointed for the Mangungu and Waima station. The tribute of respect paid to him by the Birmingham friends on his leaving them, as reported in the “ Watchman,” and his own farewell addresses, as inserted in the same paper, p.p. 294, 301, of the same date, are exceedingly touching. Set sail with a beloved sister as his companion ;—landed ; but, oh the mysterious providence of God!—drowned by

the upsetting of a canoe in crossing an arm of the sea, called the Thames. No wonder that the imagery of Dawson should occur to the mind, on the occasion, on the sudden death of Mr. Bramwell: "Never was Jordan's current smoother than when he embarked, and never on its banks was seen a narrower place, than the one at which he was privileged to cross. He was not, as many others are, five or six weeks, or even a longer period in crossing the stream. No; in a few moments, he was wafted over." Still less remarkable, that a passage should occur, found in a sweet little tribute of filial affection, penned by Mr. Bumby himself, in a Memoir of his excellent Mother, published in the Wesleyan Magazine of 1833, who died of apoplexy, and of whom he observes, that "Without a sigh or groan, she fell asleep in Jesus;" adding, that "the thickets and entanglements of the wilderness hid the river from her view, till the brink was actually gained; and even then it was so narrow and shallow that, without the formality of dying, the opposite bank was gained, and mortality was swallowed up of life." This imagery, apparently a reflection of that employed by Dawson, but turned out of the mould of Bumby's own mind, assumes a somewhat different form. What Bumby penned respecting the sudden departure of his mother, was prophetic of his own. Had to cross a bay of the sea. All was full of promise; —the weather beautifully fine; —scarcely a ripple; all being smooth and clear. Righting the sail, the canoe upset, and twelve natives, out of seventeen, together with himself, sunk to rise no more, June 26, 1840. Ah, the dangers of the "wilderness of waters," through which he

passed, were as much hid from his companions and himself, as were the "thickets and entanglements of the wilderness" from her that bore him! One moment buoyant on the bosom of the deep, full of hope for time and eternity, and the next stretched a lifeless form beneath the spot where he had been seen riding in triumph! But never was sea-bird whiter—dancing on those waves—hovering over that deep—or shining like the newly driven snow in the sunbeams, than was the purified spirit of Bumby, when it quitted its clay, winging and hymning its way upward to another sea—a sea of glory, where, embarked with the Saviour, the glorified throng float on in felicity for ever. Has no one been led to appropriate the stanzas penned by Montgomery on the death of the Rev. Thomas Spencer, of Liverpool, who was drowned in the Mersey while bathing, to John Bumby, whose character, prospects, sudden death, and comparatively tender years, might have warranted them to be written for the occasion? Listen to the sacred songster, of Sheffield, with a mere transposition of the name:

" Oh, there was ONE,—on earth awhile

He dwelt;—but transient as a smile

That turns into a tear,

His beauteous image pass'd us by,

He came, like lightning from the sky,

He seemed as dazzling to the eye,

As prompt to disappear.

Mild in his undissembling mien,

Were genius, candour, meekness, seen,

—The lips that loved the truth;

The single eye, whose glance sublime,

Look'd to eternity through time,

The soul, whose hopes were wont to climb

Above the joys of youth.

Of old,—before the lamp grew dark,
 Reposing near the curtained ark,
 The child of Hannah's prayer,
 Heard, through the temple's silent round,
 The living voice, nor knew the sound
 —That thrice alarmed him, ere he found

 The Lord, who chose him there.

Thus early called, and strangely moved,
 A prophet from a child, approved,
 BUMBY his course began;
 From strength to strength, from grace to grace,
 Swiftest and foremost in the race,
 He carried victory in his face,

 He triumphed as he ran.

How short his day!—the glorious prize,
 To our slow hearts and failing eyes,

 Appeared too quickly won;
 —The warrior rush'd into the field,
 With arm invincible to wield
 The Spirit's sword, the Spirit's shield,

 When, lo! the fight was done.

The loveliest star of evening's train,
 Sets early in the western main,
 And leaves the world in night;
 The brightest star of morning's host,
 Scarce risen, in brighter beams is lost;
 Thus sunk his form on ocean's coast,

 Thus sprung his soul to light.

Who shall forbid the eye to weep,
 That saw him from the ravening deep,

 Pluck'd like the lion's prey?
 For ever bow'd his sacred head,
 The spirit in a moment fled,
 The heart of friendship cold and dead,
 The limbs a wreath of spray.

Revolving his mysterious lot,
 I mourn him, but I praise him not,
 Glory to God be given;
 Who sent him, like the radiant bow,
 His Covenant of Peace to show,
 Athwart the breaking storms to glow,
 Then vanish into heaven.

O Church! to whom that youth was dear,
 The angel of thy mercies here,
 Behold the path he trod—
 A milky way through midnight skies,
 —Behold the grave in which he lies,
 Even from his dust thy prophet cries,
 ‘PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD.’”

But where are the points of resemblance between Bumby and Spencer? Both were converted to God in early life;—both began to preach in their teens;—both were set apart for the sacred office before they reached their majority;—both were possessed of superior talents, elegant mind, good taste, simplicity of character, mildness of disposition, with gentle, agreeable, and unassuming manners;—both were more than ordinarily useful and popular;—both were indulged with the brightest prospects;—both died single, and though the one was a little in the advance of the other, still it was in youthful prime;—and both unexpectedly and suddenly, sunk into the flood to re-appear in heaven. As life advanced, he seemed to represent the violet, which, while it perfumes the air, modestly hangs its head, unconscious of the eyes that gaze upon it, and of the richness of its own fragrance. Like Jonathan, he was “lovely and pleasant” in his life; and in his death, a voice from the sanctuary seemed to say, “Be still, and know that I am God.”

* 124.—JOSEPH HARGREAVES:—Stands for 1829. Low in stature, but full of stirring metal. Face rather pale, between the round and square,—dark eyes,—black hair,—with sharp, pointed, speaking features. Makes good way. All—even to a sentence—bears the character of care and toil, yet tolerably free, though not easy,—embracing what

nearly amounts to a ready speaker, in dealing out his engrained preparations. Considerable strength of voice, —distinct enunciation,—often happily emphatic,—well heard,—and rarely fails to rivet attention. Matter striking and useful. Good expression and keeping; yet not difficult to be perceived, that, like most Wesleyan preachers, which is the more to his credit, he has been the architect, under God, of his own elevation. Both style and manner hard. Ought to take care, in “troublous times,” not to excite popular prejudice, as neither spirit nor talents are calculated to place him on high ground, when once lowered. Should ponder the words of a wise man—old Feltham: “Let no man slight the scorns and hate of the people. When it is unjust, it is a wolf; but when it is just, it is a dragon. Though the tyrant seated high, does think he can condemn their malice; yet he ought to remember that they have many hands, while he hath only one neck. If he, being single, be dangerous to many, those many will to him be dangerous in their hate. The sands of Africa, though they be but barren dust and lightness, yet, angered by the winds, they bury both the horse and traveller alive. Against the hatred of the multitude there is no fence but what must come by miracle; nor wealth, nor wit, nor bands of armed men, can keep them safe that have made themselves the hate of an enraged multitude. It is thunder, lightening, storm, and hail together.” While there is such a thing as “hate” in the world, there is such a thing as “prejudice” in the church; and though the latter is milder in its form than the former, it is as inimical to usefulness as the other is to life. Co-signer, with H. H. Chettle, of the Osbornian Test.

† 125.—MILES MARTINDALE:—Commenced in 1786, and died suddenly, in 1824, in the 68th year of his age. Full habit—strong—well-built—ministerial in his walk and appearance—commanding general respect. Good intellectual face, and agreeable in its expression, but grave withal. Hair dark, and a healthy hue of countenance. Governor of Woodhouse Grove School, and thanked by the Conference for his services. Translated from the French “Fletcher’s Grace and Nature;”—published a “Dictionary of the Bible,” 2 vols. 8vo., of which there is a review, creditable to its merits, in the Methodist Magazine for 1820, attributed to the pen of the Rev. James Everett;—and also a few minor pieces, in prose and verse. His verse not always easy, and more remarkable for strong sense than genius. His prose distinguished for greater ease than his poetry;—something of affluence in his diction;—and strongly marked with mind—combining discrimination and force. Generally deliberate as a preacher;—a distinct enunciation;—fine full voice;—commanding in his manner;—instructive in his matter;—none of the deficiencies of the modern school;—weighty;—usually grave; could say strong, biting, sarcastic things, with a touch of humour, which he found it difficult to bridle even in the pulpit. On great subjects, dignified, sublime, and sometimes impassioned—flowing onward with a strong flood-tide. Substantial reading—an early riser—industrious—and a man of letters. A great deal of CHARACTER in his composition; a subject on which Sir R. L’Estrange and Lavater differ, and yet on which a reconciliation may be proposed without a change of principle. “Men,” says the former, “are not to be judged by their looks, habits,

and appearances ; but by the character of their lives and conversations, and by their works. 'Tis better that a man's own works, than that another man's words, should praise him." True, but according to the latter, " Actions, looks, works, steps, form the alphabet by which you may spell characters : some are mere letters, some contain entire words, lines, whole pages, which at once decipher the life of a man. One such genuine uninterrupted page may be your key to all the rest ; but first be certain that he wrote it all alone, and without thinking of publisher or reader." Miles Martindale might be read morning, noon, or night, and one character would have been found.

† 126.—SAMUEL ENTWISTLE :—An infant of days in the itinerant work,—beginning and ending his toil in the same year, 1830. Noticed here, not only for his own sake, but for that of his excellent father, who, under God, had wherein to glory, having three sons—and three such sons, in the Wesleyan Ministry, at the same time—Joseph, William, and Samuel. The latter, rather broader, and of a lighter complexion, than the two former ; but participated—waiving some distinctive characteristics of his own, in the voice, manner, delivery, &c., of his brothers. A fine mind, and distinguished for good mental training. Perhaps of a higher order of intellect than William, but less of his luxuriance. Clear, chaste, comprehensive,—and highly equipped for extensive usefulness. Rather delicate in his physical frame,—but of great fortitude, patience, and integrity. A hard student. Seemed, but with much greater sanctification of spirit, to act upon the advice of Sir W. Temple, who observes, " The best rules to form a young man's character, are, to talk little,

hear much ; to reflect alone upon what has passed in company ; to distrust one's own opinions, and value others' that deserve it." Died in the 27th year of his age, rendering himself worthy of the best part of B. Jonson's " Ode to the Memory of a Youth," and of the pen of a more Christian eulogist ;—

It is not growing like a tree,
In bulke, doth make man better be :
Or standing long an oake, three hundred yeare,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and seare :
A lillie of a day,
Is fairer farre in May,
Although it fall and die that night ;
It was the plant and flower of light.
In such proportions we just beauties see ;
And in short measures life may perfect be.

The wish of his excellent father was gratified as to piety and promise.

† 127.—WILLIAM ENTWISTLE :—Travelled from 1820 to 1831 ; thus, entering the world of spirits the year after his brother Samuel. Low in stature, and exceedingly slender ;—pale, but fine expression. Great opulence of intellect ;—considerable genius. Good voice, though not strong,—and distinct in his enunciation. Delivery inclined to the rapid. Would have made an extraordinary, rather than a great character. Faithful, diligent, discriminating, successful. All his compositions took the mould of a mind that had reaped the advantages flowing from a liberal education. Prognosticated a few years before, from a general calculation of the tendency of things, that, about the year 1830, and onward, Dissent,—in its more hostile views, forms, and feelings, would link itself to Infidelity, Socinianism, and Popery, in politics, against the Establish-

ment, and that Infidelity would assume some of its more licentious features—which was actually the case in Socialism. Had no fear of the ultimate triumph of truth in the struggle. Less arrangement than his brother Samuel, which seemed to grow upon him latterly ; but still that kind of “irregularity,” or “want of method,” which generally accompanies, and as Addison would say, “is only supportable in men of learning and genius, who are often too full to be exact, and therefore choose to throw down their pearls in heaps before the reader, rather than be at the pains of stringing them.” Died in the 32nd year of his age. Some of his last words were :—“The Lord hath turned his hand upon me, and purely purged away my dross, and taken away all my tin.”

* 128.—JOSEPH ENTWISTLE, Jun. :—Low in stature, and, like his brother William, slender. Nothing externally attractive. Gentle, modest, unpretending. Sound judgment ; education methodical, but not to a fault ;—the method leading to classification, or that which may be expected to move in companionship with a well disciplined mind. A correct, clear speaker, and an instructive preacher. Doctrinal. Voice not strong, but effective ; somewhat like that of the Rev. F. A. West. Much of the sweet spirit, conscientiousness, and deep piety of his father. “A just and reasonable modesty,” says the author quoted in the case of his brother William, “does not only recommend eloquence, but sets off every great talent which a man may be possessed of. It heightens all the virtues which it accompanies ; like the shades in paintings, it raises and rounds every figure, and makes the colours more beautiful, though not so glaring as they would be without it.”

† 129.—WM. HUNTER:—One of the early preachers; commencing in 1767, and finishing his pilgrimage in the house of Mr. Dodd, of Nanthead, near Alston, Cumberland, in 1798.—Broad, strong, not tall. A good voice. Solemn, sensible, deliberate. Partial to children, and ready to promote catechetical instruction. Affectionate and agreeable in his manners. Well qualified, both with knowledge and experience, for building up believers. Belonged to the old school; the days of the Gothic cocks, and not of the civic round hats; the days of bush wigs, blue coats, and horn buttons; the days in which the males and females sat apart from each other in the “preaching houses,” and not as now, in the “chapels,” in union and fraternity. Attired as many of the old preachers were, and some of them poor withal; yet, as “A horse,” according to Socrates, “is not known by his furniture, but qualities; so men are to be esteemed for virtue, not wealth.” William Hunter had in him an excellent spirit.

* 130.—WILLIAM WILSON, 4th:—Middle size, slender, sandy complexion, hair inclined to red, and the face to the triangular. Active, prompt; always at his post. The same in the domestic circle as in the pulpit; cheerful, agreeable, but without levity. Enunciation somewhat thick, when hurried, and therefore, not perfectly intelligible to a defective ear in the distance; but generally understood. A good understanding; fair reading; energetic; a touch of imagination, with great kindness. Acceptable wherever he goes—taking the Christian with him. “Though ‘the words of the wise,’” says Fuller, “‘be as nails fastened by the masters of assemblies,’ yet sure their examples are the hammer to drive them in to take deeper hold.”

Here the nail is not only driven, but rivetted on the other side.

† 131.—**RICHARD HENDERSON**:—A native of Ireland. Entered the work of the ministry in 1759, and arrived in England in 1762. Ministerial talents above the ordinary standard—deep devotional feeling—modest—diffident—a shade of melancholy thrown over his brow—but exceedingly amiable notwithstanding. Great good sense, but too much inclined to exercise false reasoning on his own state, and to philosophize on the sacred text,—thus throwing a veil over what otherwise was bright, and bewildering his mind when he ought to have enjoyed sunshine. Left the itinerant work, but not his God. Kept a lunatic asylum in the neighbourhood of Bristol some years; sufficient of itself to render a man of his temperament uncomfortable, and still more so, on recollecting the office he had been induced to abandon, and for which he had been eminently qualified. Surrounded by maniacs, with a mind exceedingly sensitive, what must have been his moments of misery? Imagination, according to Cogan, and he is borne out by the everyday experience of man, frequently—even in its healthy state, presents images, fancies, and conceits, not only unauthorised by reason, but which are without a prototype in nature—these sometimes dying away like the visions of the night, answering no permanent purpose—at other times leading to corresponding experiments, and terminating in realities—or amid the wilds of conjecture, furnishing hints which the judgment only can improve into useful plans or consistent theories. But, left to itself, then, in the language of Swift, who was at last let into the whole secret, “Imagin-

ary evils soon become real ones; as he who is in a melancholy fancy sees something like a face on the wall or wainscot, can, by two or three touches with a lead pencil, make it look visible, and agree with what he fancied." Or, according to Burton, who had studied the subject more profoundly than Swift,—“As a man, when he is once imprisoned for debt, finds that every creditor immediately brings his action against him, and joins to keep him in ruinous captivity, so when any discontent seriously seizes on the human mind, all other perturbations instantly set upon it; and then, like a lame dog, or a broken-winged goose, the unhappy patient droops and pines away, and is brought at last to the ill habit or malady of melancholy itself.” His end amply atoned for all his mental agony; hence, says Mrs. Johnson, of Bristol, while pouring her dove-like notes into the ear of his widow, “What he said was not the rejoicing of a babe, but the adoration of a father. He seemed let into such a sense of the infinite love of God, and his mercy to him in particular, that awed both himself and all around him. His chief concern was, lest he should feel a thought contrary to the will of God; and you know how patiently he bore the most exquisite sufferings, and with what strength of mind he bore the sight of death in its approach. As death drew near, I felt that his view of eternal things was beyond my reach. He told me that all that was to come was between God and his own soul, saying ‘do not interrupt me.’ At that time, who can tell what passed before him! We can, therefore, only say, that he was peculiarly favoured both by sufferings and enjoyments.” A lovely death, and beautifully expressed! It was from this parent stem that

the eccentric but highly-gifted John Henderson sprung, A.M. of the University of Oxford.*

* 132.—WILLIAM COULTAS :—Went out as a Missionary to the West Indies in 1810. Laboured there for seven years, bearing the burden and heat of “ high noon ” in the dark night of West Indian slavery, during which

* This young man was highly esteemed for his learning by Dr. Johnson, Sir William Jones, Professor White, Dean Tucker, Hannah Moore, Mrs. Gunning, Mr. Wilberforce, &c., &c. He is supposed to have possessed the variety and extent of knowledge of the Admirable Creighton. He taught the Latin tongue at eight years of age, and at twelve taught the Greek at the school of Traveka. He died at Oxford, 1788, aged 32. A brief but interesting memoir of him is to be found in the Methodist Magazine for 1793, p. 140. Some characteristic notices of him were published also by Mr. Joseph Cottle, in a volume of minor poems. Dean Tucker refers to some of his habits and eccentricities, in a letter to Miss H. Moore. See the Life of the latter by Roberts, vol i. p. 194. Two portraits were published of him; one in May 1, 1792, by J. Sewell, 32, Cornhill, London, for the European Magazine, engraved by J. Conde, from a miniature in the possession of John Tuffin, Esq.; and the other a large 4to., published May 30, 1792, by James Hogg, 52, Berwick-street, London, engraved from a picture, painted at Hanham, by W. Palmer, 1787, and printed by W. Lander. No bodily change was visible on his death; he was kept beyond the usual time, and through certain impressions on his father's mind, was three times disinterred: the last time he was found turned in his coffin, with a scratch on his face, and a sprinkling of blood oozed from it,—evident proof that he had come to life again, though kept some days after the first and second disinterment. This lay with a heavy weight on the father's mind, though no blame could be attached to any one. Young Henderson possessed great patience and forbearance, and had a mind perfectly serene in the midst of circumstances the most trying. Having, on one occasion, left a number of valuable MSS. behind him, when he went to college, he enquired for them on his return to his father's house. His mother had deposited them in an old chest in one of the attics, but on going for the literary treasures, not a vestige was to be found. The servant was interrogated on the subject, when it was found that, under an impression that it was old paper which had been put there as useless, she had lit the fires with it as long as it lasted. John, without either angry word or feeling, shook his head and said, “ Ah! Mary, you have destroyed the midnight labours of many years.” We should be glad to see a separate life of this extraordinary man published.

period he was instrumental in cheering many of the sons of Africa with prospects of that bright land where "they hear not the voice of the oppressor, and where the slave is free from his master." Had to endure persecution among the traffickers in human flesh. Was once summoned before the slave-holding authorities of one of the islands on the charge of being a proprietor in a slave-ship, which accidentally touched at the harbour near the mission station where he resided,—his accusers, meanwhile, being perfectly aware of his innocence. Realised, on the occasion, a fulfilment of the promise of Christ—"It shall be given you, in that same hour what ye shall speak; for it is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of your Father which speaketh in you." His accusers were confounded and put to shame. Returned to England in 1817, where he has since laboured with much zeal and success. As a preacher, plain, sound, energetic, practical. As a pastor, diligent, affectionate, faithful. His course, not that of a comet or falling star, but, like "the path of the just,"—calm, constant, steady,—“shining more and more, unto the perfect day."

† 133.—NICHOLAS MANNERS:—Born at Sledmore, near Malton, Yorkshire. Took a circuit in 1759, and left the work in 1784. Published a volume of Sermons and Essays on various doctrinal and experimental subjects, the year before he left the work; printed at York, 12mo. p. p. 274. Rather eccentric, but a good deal of mind. Curious habit of playing with the fingers of his right hand whilst working his way into his subject. Interrogatory. A quick speaker. Went to America, and travelled on foot through the thirteen provinces. Was one of those high-spirited men,

of whom Bishop Earle would have affirmed, that "he looked proud, but was not; and whose looks would have been forgiven because of his worth, being too proud to be base." Still, not too partial to the Wesleyan curb.

† 134.—JOHN MANNERS :—Brother of Nicholas, but inferior in intellectual endowments. Convinced of sin under the ministry of Benjamin Beanland, in 1754. Never lost a sense of his acceptance with God from the moment of its reception. Enjoyed "perfect love." Became an itinerant preacher the same year in which his brother entered the work. Feeble in constitution, but like a flame of fire. One who is characterised by Wesley as "a plain man, of middling sense, and not eloquent, but rather rude in speech; one who had never before been remarkably useful, but seemed to be raised up for this single work in Dublin. And as soon as it was done, he fell into a consumption, languished awhile, and died." How did he die? Mr. John Johnson, writing to Mr. Wesley from York, April, 1764, observes, "This evening, about a quarter before seven, it pleased God to take to himself our dear brother, John Manners, after a time of remarkable affliction, and as remarkable patience. He was clearly sensible to the last, as well as solidly happy, saying, "The way is quite clear; my heart is at liberty.'" He died at the house of his sister, and was buried in St. Saviour's church-yard. Thirty years after, his remains were turned up to make way for the remains of the venerable Alexander Mather, who entered the work two years before him; the bones, in most instances, were entire; and the beautiful white teeth, fixed in the jaw, like native pearls, caught the eye of the eccentric Thomas Wride, who, by a little rude

force, abstracted them, and put them into his waistcoat pocket. What surprise, and what a feeling, when, at the sound of the last trumpet, Manners and Mather—unconscious of having slept in the same bed, shall at the same moment start from their slumbers, look each other in the face, and advance with quickened step to meet the Saviour ! The simple, beautiful imagery of Franklin, on the death of his brother, will apply here : “ Our friend and we were invited abroad on a party of pleasure, which is to last for ever. His chair was ready first, and he is gone before us. We could not all conveniently start together ; and why should you and I be grieved at this, since we are soon to follow, and know where to find him.” But, in applying it, it must be stripped of Benjamin’s cold philosophy, have the spirit of Christianity infused into it, and be referred, not barely to an invisible state, but to a state of blessedness comprehended within its vast and sweeping circle.

* 135.—ALFRED BARRETT:—First station at Oxford, in 1832 ; the second at Cambridge, in 1834 : highly complimentary, and may, independent of earlier studies, have cherished, elevated, and fixed his literary taste. About five feet ten—well made—stoops a little—clear, light complexion—hair inclined to auburn—a quick, sparkling eye—and the whole countenance beaming with intellect. Sweet, pensive, persuasive earnestness in the intonations of his voice ; admirably suited to the tender and pathetic, and in perfect keeping with the character of thought of which it is the vehicle. Drops his sentences a little towards the close, so as not always to be perfectly audible ; verging slightly towards the monotonous ; with a kind of half-hiccup, occasioned by the working of the under jaw, on starting

a sentence, scarcely perceptible, except to those who are near, whose attention may be accidentally drawn to it, but without seeming sensibly to affect them. Expressès himself in private conversation with propriety, but not studiously so. Language clear, chaste, and almost fastidiously correct. Lacks energy, in the estimation of some ; a defect, however, which can only apply to his manner, and which, to the thinking of others, is abundantly supplied by the energy of thought and depth of feeling which he displays, and which, on sensitive minds at least, produces a more powerful effect than the most vehement eloquence. Not highly figurative ; rather sententious. Every thing seems garnered and sifted in the study. Discusses every subject with care, perspicuity, and modesty. A ripeness of judgment, closeness and extent of observation, and, considering his other duties, a course of reading beyond his years. Never soars on eagle-wings, but maintains a strong, long, and steady flight—and always in view ;—a ministry, in fact, that contains a charm which invigorates the springs of mind, when worn and let down by the heated atmosphere in which more heated preachers have their being, and therefore an admirable successor to all such, as well as a fair balance in their more immediate presence. Listened to, as if sitting at the foot of Mount Olivet, within hearing of the gentle murmur of Siloa's brook, as it trips on silver feet over the smooth stones. The softened splendours of the evening sun are thrown over the whole scene ; the hallowed associations of by-gone times crowd thick and fast upon the spirits, and the hearer almost fancies he hears the Saviour's foot-fall, as he retires from the thronged city to the accustomed place of prayer. The physiognomy and tendencies

of his genius would furnish a good subject for a lengthened article; but here, in a mere outline, little more than the material aspect, and the probable influence of such a man upon the people of his charge, can be hinted, while the more subtle, refined, and alemblicated exaltation of his peculiar mental constitution, must remain to a great extent, untouched. An instance of the fact, that beauty of thought does not require embellishment to set it off, but that, like truth, it is never so glorious as when it goes plainest, and appears in its purity and simplicity. An example also of industry; knowing, in the language of the Adventurer, that, "He that floats lazily down the stream, in pursuit of something borne along by the same current, will indeed find himself move forward; but unless he lays his hand on the oar, and increases his speed by his own labour, must be always at the same distance from that which he is following." Has committed himself on the PASTORAL OFFICE, by publishing a prize essay on the subject; and is, according to report, and to some extent, a practical exposition of his own principles,—fulfilling pastoral duties with assiduity, tenderness, and discretion,—while, in the pulpit, he reflects a lustre on the ministerial character. Would that he had never stooped from his heights, and joined hands with George Osborn, while in Manchester;—would, also, that he had never lent his pen to the support of those who merge the pastor in the despotic priest;—but that, like the Rev. George Stewart, he had held on,—peacefully, beautifully, benignantly, triumphantly, to the close!

† 136.—THOMAS WRIDE:—Started in 1768, and, like John Manners, finished his course in old Ebor, but not till 1807. Rather below the middle size—stout—yet

active. Voice somewhat sharp. Treated his subjects in a logical manner, displaying both acuteness and grasp of intellect. Ingenious,—full of anecdote,—inclined to the sarcastic. A good preacher in the pulpit, but often quarrelling out of it, exercising both the sagacity and patience of Mr. Wesley to preserve him in the “gears.” Appeared to belong to that class of beings, of whom Swift speaks,—who permit small causes to make them uneasy, when great ones are not in the way; and who, for want of a block, will stumble at a straw. Often in the right, but for want of the spirit of meekness, transferred the right to the wrong side. His words were sure to stick.

* 137.—GERVASE SMITH:—A fair specimen of the more popular class of orators turned out by the Wesleyan Theological Institutions. If we might venture to breathe anything less fragrant than frankincense in the presence of a reverend divine from Richmond or Didsbury, we should say that he has entirely misconceived the attributes essential to a successful minister of the gospel. Belongs to a class of preachers that may be denominated splashers, slapdashers, flounders; constantly lifting his curtailed vision to clouds and to ceilings,—straining after effect—dealing in borrowed strikifications and images—and mistaking vehemence for pathos, finery for eloquence, rant for reason, and bluster for zeal. Voice good. Manner mere parade. As the man, according to Sir William Temple, who only translates, will never become a poet,—as the artist who only copies, will never be a painter,—as the man who always swims with bladders, will never be a swimmer,—and as persons who live on the bounty of others, will always be poor;—so the man who mimics the oratorical, will

never be an orator. From the Didsbury branch of the Theological Institution ;—one of those places described by Rowland Hill as a “ Manufactory of dried tongues.” But we forbear, having before us a salutary dread of the fate which befel George William Harrison, of Wakefield, where this *young* gentleman has recently been exercising what has been somewhat impiously called “ godly discipline,” on some of the oldest and best men in the Wesleyan Connexion.

* 138.—WILLIAM SHREWSBURY:—Proceeded to the West Indies as a Missionary, in 1815, where he “ fought,” if not “ with beasts at Ephesus,” with demons of men at Barbadoes. After weathering the storms of the West Indian Islands, where persecution swept over some of them with the violence of one of their own tornadoes, he returned to England, and next proceeded on a mission to Africa, where he again had to face the blast, only in another, and perhaps milder form. Has been in England several years, since his second return. Middle size,—rather lightly made ;—a small round head, with hair closely cropped ;—an intelligent eye, with a modest timidity of expression in the face. Like a true pastor, “ feeds the people with knowledge and understanding.” Voice clear and sweet, with its elevations. Keeps his auditories rising in feeling and expectation to the close of his discourse. Clear in all his statements ;—generally free, easy, correct, and recollected. Calmly serious in the commencement. Mild and agreeable in his manners, and serious without gloom. Not one of those who return from their travels more empty than they set out, as if they had neither heard a voice nor seen an object, but displays close as well as

general observation, turning his missionary materials to a good account on the platform. A devout, unpretending, instructive fire-side companion. If erring at all, it is on the side of virtue. A calm, but firm "total abstainer" from all fermented liquors; and has published his views to the world. Like many on that side, is supposed to push his principles too far, but not with recklessness or fiery zeal. Gives a reason for his conduct, and is conscientious in his adherence to the cause he has espoused. Not one of those persons described by Congreve, who talk so incessantly as not to give even an echo fairplay,—having that everlasting rotation of tongue, that an echo must wait till they die, before it can catch their last words. He knows that "This is thankworthy, if a man for conscience toward God endure grief, suffering wrongfully."

† 139.—ROBERT PILTER:—Admitted into the itinerant work in 1803. Took fire at the altar of Richard Cundy, when in the zenith of his zeal and of his glory in the north of England. Next, an imitator of the Rev. John Doncaster, in voice and manner. Tall—long neck—good face and eye. Clear voice—rather shrill. Manly in his gait. Smart—sprightly—full of wit and repartee. Natural temper cheerful. Too apt to play upon the remarks of others, and to expose, though in jocose mood, his neighbour's weak points, by way of provoking a smile,—receiving a requital kindly, though often at his own cost. Always smackish, and agreeable. Honest in the discharge of duty—faithful as a friend. Presented a good outline in his sermons; and, though neither crowded with thought, nor originally bold,—clear, pointed, and useful. Plain, rather than chaste and elegant. No literary display—nor much

reading, save what was brought within the sphere of the pulpit, but good, healthy feeling. Reminded us of Selden's observation;—"Wit must grow like fingers; if it be taken from others, 'tis like plums stuck upon blackthorns; they are for awhile, but come to nothing." The "fingers," not the "plums," were present on the stock in question. His wit was natural, spontaneous, and kindly,—yet decisive. A person at the Quarterly Meeting at Bradford, not being able to accomplish a purpose, closed his remarks, in a slightly offensive tone, with, "The weak must always go to the wall!" "Be thankful, brother," said Mr. Pilter, "that you have the wall to support you." He was a pleasant companion—useful in his day and generation—and died in great peace.

* 140.—WILLIAM BARTON:—Sent to Lynn in 1826. Rather below the middle size;—round face,—light, sandy complexion;—unusually bald;—small bone,—fleshy;—a full, sparkling eye, quick in its motions, and, for his hue, dark in its pupil. In feature and form, a collection of rounds. Plain, but acceptable. Gentle, winning, insinuating,—sometimes commanding. Little action, but simple and neat. Good sense;—solid matter;—discriminative, clear, varied,—with copiousness, though not elegance of expression. Ready, but not rapid in his delivery: a fair travelling pace for both himself and his hearers, in getting over the ground. Sermons well digested—well arranged—and distinguished for good theology. Reads and thinks, though neither deeply nor extensively. An instructive companion; and not at all out of humour with the hospitalities of life,—though not exactly one of those of whom Seneca speaks, who live betwixt an anxious conscience and a nauseated

stomach,—and who, in the language of Pope, find, like savages and wild beasts, snares and poison in the provisions of life, and are allured by their tastes and their appetites to their destruction; resembling a lamp choked by a superabundance of oil, a fire extinguished by excess of fuel, and so destroying the natural heat of the body by a lavish abuse of the good things of life. Voice good, full, though somewhat thick in general delivery;—not sufficiently liquid;—best and most natural when least vehement;—occasionally, when loud, a remotely shaking or gargling effect, as if the neckcloth were a little too tight for comfortable utterance, though without any painful effect upon the hearer. Has the pen of a “ready writer,” as well as the tongue of an acceptable speaker. Query: Has he read the witty Dr. Fuller, who says, “Reasons are the pillars of the fabric of a sermon, but similitudes are the windows which give the best light.” In Mr. Barton, the same number of “pillars,” with a few more “windows,” would add to his brilliancy, though not perhaps to his solidity. Truth requires that we should add,—that he appears to the best advantage in the pulpit. He ought never to be entrusted with the pastoral crook. Does not sufficiently appreciate the disinterested labours of his co-pastors, the leaders and local-preachers;—is a foe to freedom of discussion,—arbitrary in his mode of proceeding in disciplinary matters—dogmatical withal,—has lofty notions of the pastorate,—is vituperative against those to whom he is opposed,—and is not over-nice in his language on particular occasions. Would that he were more perfect; but we “take” him as he is.

† 141.—ELLIS HALL:—Commenced in 1831, and soon

closed his earthly career. A sad hand at the pipe ; supposing it, like the great Robert Hall, under much bodily indisposition, to be possessed of great medicinal virtues. More partial to reading than thinking ; neglecting pulpit preparation for the one, and when driven to the other, would sometimes fag at composition to the last hour, at the expense of a night's repose. This habit to be traced to indisposition, unfitting him for close and deep thought, and inducing a taste for light reading, which, to him, was rendered as delightful as it seemed necessary. Well acquainted with the English classics ; devouring the last series with the zest of a Mc. Nicoll. Some of his pulpit essays passed over the spirit in the detail, with all the force and brevity of a collection of useful and appropriate proverbs, giving the notion of a sage metamorphosed into a youth, combining with the wisdom of the one, the rapidity and fire of the other. Had health admitted of close study and systematic training, his powers would have carried him to a high point of elevation. Often great beauty of thought, with exquisite conception. Strength—point—good effect. An excellent voice, and a good delivery ; — clear,—distinct,—and forcible. Herrick, on looking upon such an one, would have strung his harp to—

“ Gather the rose-buds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying ;
And that same flower that blooms to day,
To-morrow shall be dying.”

* 142.—**ROBERT JACKSON** :—Brother of Samuel and Thomas, noticed in the first volume,—recognised by him respectively under the familiar cognomens of “ our Sam,” and “ our Tom.” Rather low—stout—well made ; firm,

yet elastic ; a good healthy hue ; and a fine sloe-black eye. Of recent date compared with his brothers ; beginning only in 1823. Active—cheerful—full of vivacity. Strong, full voice. Provincial in his pronunciation, and so far a genuine Yorkshireman. Smart and crackish. Loves a joke, and a little innocent hilarity. Makes good use of his reading, as to the contributions he has laid upon it ; and has collected together a fair stock—for his standing, of useful, striking, and forcible matter. Is sooner smitten with the bold, quaint, and witty, not excepting a few vulgarisms, than with tinsel, and with the fine spun thread ; taking good care to gem, deform, bespatter, enliven, demean, or dignify—as may be, his sermons with the whole. Not backward in chiming with the views, feelings, pursuits, and attainments of a friend, when a little of the unctuous matter of laudation is likely to prove acceptable. His tastes displayed in the strength and ruggedness of his remarks ; but fervid, varied, and generally healthful. Not so soft as Thomas, and less sepulchral than Samuel. Less polish also than the former, and less strength, originality, and moroseness than the latter. Thomas, in conversation, is cautious, yet free : Samuel is under seal, with one of Chub's patent locks to boot : Robert throws open his heart, and tells his friends to make the best of his wares. Thomas is naturally sterile,—Samuel is a piece of pasture-land, overstocked with thistles,—Robert a mixture of soft mould and clay, the latter greatly preponderating over the former. Rare to find three brothers, in the same community, who have risen higher in office from lower grades in society, than the three Jacksons ;—the one taken from “ the hod,”—the other from the cartwright's shop,—

and the other from the smithy. As men are made, not only for, but by the times, in which they live, so circumstances of recent occurrence have demonstrated the unfitness of certain parties to sustain offices into which they have been thrust, or to which they have aspired; like a piece of cloth held up between the sun and the eye, not only the texture of the piece, but its defects, have been revealed. Some men are no more fit to be entrusted with power, than others are with health and wealth. "We perceive," says Barlow, "no exertion of power in the motion of the planetary system, but a very strong one in the movement of a whirlwind; it is because we see obstructions to the latter, but none to the former." Abuse of power invariably destroys itself, and renders the men who exercise it obnoxious to others. It is not possible to found a lasting power upon anything but justice, sincerity, and truth. Demosthenes teaches us, that, "as in structures of every kind, the lower parts should have the greatest firmness—so the ground principles of actions should be just and true." How will the Jacksons look on the page of Wesleyan history, when the present storm has subsided? Men look differently on record from what they do when admiring themselves in a mirror; and there are other histories than the Minutes of Conference.

† 143.—JOHN SMITH:—Generally known by the distinguishing epithet,—"THE REVIVALIST." Born at Cudworth, near Barnsley, in the West Riding of Yorkshire. In early life, "an adept and an enthusiast in vice," glorying in "the awful distinction which an athletic body and a desperate mind enabled him to maintain among his sinful associates." After his conversion, equally energetic

and pre-eminent in self-devotion and success in the cause of God, and religion, and the salvation of the souls of men. The friend of David Stoner, whom, in many respects, he greatly resembled. His ministry, like that of Stoner, "a flame of fire;"—the same zeal, the same energy and unction, but without his refinement and polish. A lion in courage, and a Samson in strength. Would sometimes rush in between two combatants in the street, and hold them asunder by main strength, till he had reasoned them into mutual forgiveness and peace. Exhibited great tact in reproving sin. Walking in the streets of Nottingham, on one occasion, he overtook two men in conversation, just in time to hear one of them say—"I'll be d—d if I do." Mr. S. touched him on the shoulder, and said, in a low impressive voice—"Sir, it is a serious thing to be damned!" The man turned pale, and instantly replied,—“You are right, Sir; it is so.” “Then do not talk so fluently about it,” returned Mr. Smith, and passed on. An excellent memoir of him published by the late amiable and talented Richard Treffry, Jun.,—reviewed in a somewhat disparaging manner, in the Wesleyan Magazine; the late William Dawson, however, giving it as his opinion, that if Richard Treffry had come into the world for no other purpose than to write the life of John Smith, he would not have lived in vain;—the Wesleyan public confirming this opinion, and stultifying that of the reviewer, by calling for a third edition of the work, in a short space of time. Commenced in 1816, and died in 1831. A brief but successful career. John Smith seems always to have acted under the influence of the following striking sentiment of Cecil:—"Faith is the master-spring of a minister. Hell

is before me, and thousands of souls shut up there in everlasting agonies. Jesus Christ stands forth to save men from rushing into this bottomless abyss. He sends me to proclaim his ability and love. I want no fourth idea! Every fourth idea is contemptible! Every fourth idea is a grand impertinence!" Would that the Christian church generally, and that the Wesleyan branch of that church in particular, had more ministers like him.

* 144.—WILLIAM HORTON :—Commenced his career as a Missionary in Asia, in 1820; subsequently laboured in Van Dieman's Land, &c., and returned to England in 1829. Middle size,—inclined to the florid,—well built,—of full habit,—good features. Somewhat stately in his attitudes, and ministerial in his appearance. Voice rather agreeable, and, upon the whole, a natural speaker.—Sparing of action. Memory never idle or at fault. Not elegant, but generally respectable. Good sense, and generally in exercise, when not under the influence of prejudice or vindictive feeling. Has large views on a few subjects, to which he has directed his studies. Calculating, on the money side of a question;—consecutive;—premises and conclusions, on common topics, generally meet with a response from the audience. Practical, and often distinguished for both thought and observation. Sober feeling, and acquits himself with a considerable degree of credit on the platform. Has travelled in good circuits, as Sunderland, Preston, *Edinburgh*, LINCOLN!—Doubtful whether his mind is so exquisitely and delicately constituted, as to enable him to discuss a subject involving a multiplicity of little, nice distinctions; or whether he has that class of feelings, which would qualify him to acquit himself with

eclat, in a lecture on the *moral affinities* of the human species. Are we understood? Chemists inform us, that the union of the particles of which matter is composed, is owing entirely to what, in that science, is called affinity. For instance, in dyeing, without an affinity between the substance to be dyed, and the colouring material, the dye will not take. There is an analogy in this theory in the moral world. "Evil communications," says Euripides, (quoted by St. Paul,) "corrupt good manners." They do so, because a latent principle of evil is often drawn out by the presence of a kindred quality in another. If this be correct, the maxim is susceptible of some qualification; for where the supposed affinities are not found, there will be repulsion instead of cohesion, and the virtuous will escape contamination. It is pleasant also to reflect, that this theory includes the converse maxim, viz., that "good communications purify evil manners:" hence, Christian ministers, who really believe in the attracting beauty, as well as in the varied and inherent excellence of the goodness they commend, may find great encouragement to continue their efforts to extend the possession of the qualities they so much reverence; cautioning their flock, both old and young, by *example* as well as precept, against all improper affinities and alliances. The phenomena which have suggested the idea of a moral sense, according to Cogan, are seldom discovered in persons whose education has been neglected: and where it seems to exist, it is frequently obtunded or destroyed, by the indulgence of improper habits. The moral sensibility improves by our progress in virtue and piety; it is rendered callous by the repetition of evil; it recovers its quick susceptibility by

permanent reformation and piety towards God.—Doubtful also, whether, in disciplinary matters, he has always acted with that nice sense of justice and discrimination, requisite to the peace and prosperity of the church, whether at Sexleby or in Edinburgh. More of the magistrate than the minister; and yet men who have had mercy shown them, should show mercy to others;—the faulty—we speak generally, of course—should, in the exercise of discipline, recollect their own hair-breadth escapes.

† 145.—THOMAS MORGAN:—Born in the South of Wales, and converted to God in early life. Constitutionally timid and inclined to retirement. Constrained by the love of Christ to resist and overcome his natural tendencies, and to engage in the work of the ministry. Laboured seven years in England, and eighteen among the enslaved sons of Africa in the West Indian Islands. Like most of his countrymen, of a somewhat hasty temper, which, with his indomitable love of freedom,—also derived from his Cambrian origin,—rendered him peculiarly sensitive to the scenes of oppression and wrong by which he was surrounded. All controlled and directed, however, by a sound judgment and the grace of God. A man of strict integrity and upright conduct; kind and affectionate as a colleague and superintendent, and as a chairman of districts in the missionary field, remarkable for the correctness and clearness of his financial accounts, and for his economy in the expenditure of the public money;—a pattern, in this respect, to all missionary secretaries and other public functionaries, whether at Centenary Hall or elsewhere. Earnest, faithful, clear in his pulpit ministrations, and very acceptable to the people among whom he laboured.

He died suddenly on his journey to the Conference of 1833. His work was finished; and his memory is still precious to the thousands of negroes who were converted to God, or edified in the faith, by his ministry in the West Indies.

* 146.—ELIJAH HOOLE:—Resident some time in Ashton-under-Lyne. Went out to India as a Missionary. Made creditable progress in the language. Forgot that the gospel is intended to destroy *caste*, as seen in his rebuking one of the Buddhist Priests, on his return to India, for daring to enter into his presence without taking off his shoes, as if the place were holy ground; the priest having, while under the tuition of Dr. Adam Clarke, sat at table with the family, dined with Sir Alexander Johnstone, and other highly respectable characters. On Mr. Hoole's return to England, he published an account of his labours, not omitting the fact, that the natives, while carrying him in his palanquin, sang to their steps, like a nurse singing lullaby to her child,—“Elijah the Illustrious!” Who could omit an incident so interesting? Elected missionary secretary. Cost the missionary fund, as shewn by the missionary reports, exclusive of £10. per quarter for cab-hire and dinners, and also exclusive of travelling expenses, £6,500., at the rate of £500. per annum, during a period of thirteen years! Preaching abilities ordinary—far from popular—not even generally acceptable. Has some exquisite distinctions instilled into his brain, by gentlemen who can condemn a book but not its author—who can recommend an argument but not the pamphlet in which it is bodied forth,—declaring, that he published an article in the “Watchman,” in which were some reprehensible state-

ments, in the character of a "private gentleman," and not in his official capacity as secretary!—reminding those who might know it, of the following fact, in attestation of the reverence for truth among the ancient Athenians, in the case of Euripides. The great tragic poet, though famous for the morality of his plays, introduced a person who, on being told of an oath he had taken, replied, "*I swore with my mouth, and not with my heart.*" The impiety of this sentiment set the audience in an uproar; made Socrates (though an intimate friend of the poet) go out of the theatre with indignation; and gave so great offence, that the poet was publicly accused and brought to trial, as one who had suggested an evasion of what they thought the most holy and indissoluble bond of human society. So jealous were these virtuous heathens of any, the smallest, hint that might open the way to perjury, evasion, or a disregard to truth. Bellingham, on shooting the Hon. Spencer Percival, declared that he shot the minister, not the man. Alas, the blow aimed at the one, killed the other. Will God, the Judge of all, tolerate such distinctions? Can Christians innocently indulge in them? It is stated by Sir William Jones, that it is with the utmost difficulty that truth can be elicited from the natives of India. Query: Has this any influence on the European mind? Another query suggests itself: In which capacity will our subject wish to be judged at the last day?—as a private gentleman, or as a missionary secretary? We are here reminded of an incident recorded of a certain English bishop, somewhat notorious for his unclerical habits, who, on being gently reproved by a friend, replied, that he did not hunt and get drunk as a bishop, but as a private gentleman. "Ah, my lord!" said

his friend, putting the thing in rather a startling light—"If the devil gets the private gentleman, what will become of the bishop?" Said to be a tight, good purchaser of missionary stores, looking well after the *discount*. Had some difficulty in securing the ejection of an occupant of the spirit vaults beneath the Mission House, but accomplished his purpose at the small cost of £300 of hard missionary cash. Supposed to be on the "Committee of Confidence;" a committee created for special occasions, to give the appearance of a trial, and to conceal delinquency, when the evil inflicted on a good cause by exposure, might be supposed to counterbalance the benefit resulting to the individual from punishment. Active and industrious in his situation; but, like all material things, when too long kept, shews symptoms of decay.

* 147.—ROBERT S. ELLIS :—Inclined to the rapid in his delivery ;—generally even ;—now and then effective. Sermons distinguished for great care and hard labour. Evidently memoriter, with a free use of the literary productions of others. Reaches what Shakespeare would denominate a kind of medium point. Listen ; " They are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing. It is no mean happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean ; superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer."

* 148.—WILLIAM DAVENPORT :—Agreeable in person and manners. An auditory can scarcely escape the impression, that, as to mind, he is capable of sitting down and thinking out a subject in a few hours, and—without pen, ink, or paper—of delivering it on a Sabbath evening, with beauty, with ease, with grace, and with propriety ; not, be

it observed, as to the surface matter of the subject merely, but in some of its more hidden depths. Are we correct? An agreeable delivery;—a diction slightly leaning to the florid, in his more elaborate compositions;—useful matter, though not remarkable for either point or force. As a mirror, when true, gives a faithful representation of the face of him that looks into it, so ought a sermon to be to an audience; to give a correct likeness *of* themselves *to* themselves. Is the preacher before us always impressed with this? Though there is much to praise, a few more lessons on this point will further the object of the Christian ministry. What says Sprat? “It is the property of all true knowledge, especially spiritual, to enlarge the soul by filling it; to enlarge it without swelling it; to make it more capable, and more earnest to know, the more it knows.” Progress is the character of the present age. As the minister advances in piety and knowledge, so do the people. Go on in beauty, in brightness, and in power. There is much to learn, little to unlearn.

† 149.—JOHN STRAWE:—Originally entered the work of the ministry among the Kilhamites;—left that body and joined the Old Connexion in 1826. Middle size, dark hair, pale complexion; the head early shorn of its crown of glory by the effect of disease,—a loss, which, so far as appearance goes, was well supplied by art; the nose not the least prominent feature of the face, reminding us of “the tower of Lebanon which looketh towards Damascus.” A strong but somewhat monotonous voice; little action in the pulpit, which consisted chiefly in the elevation of the right arm when enforcing some point of doctrine or practice, and an occasional rocking of the body from side to

side, like the motion of a ship riding at anchor in the trough of a short rolling sea. Sermons plain, pointed, practical,—perhaps a little too mechanical in the arrangement, presenting an appearance of stiffness which otherwise would not have belonged to them. A mind not naturally fertile, but by industry and application attained an elevation which others naturally more highly gifted failed, through indolence, in reaching. His hearers always knew what to expect from him ; in which respect he differed from many of his brethren, who sometimes astonish by rising above their usual standard, and at other times disappoint by sinking below that standard. His talents were solid and useful. His great aim was to win souls, and to instruct, establish, and build up the people of God in scriptural religion. His whole life exemplified the truth of a remark by Dr. Calamy,—“ There is no man, but God hath put many excellent things into his possession to be used, improved, and managed by him for the common good and interest ; for men are made for society and mutual fellowship. We are not born for ourselves alone, but every other man hath some right and interest in us ; and as no man can live happily in this world without the help and assistance of others, so neither is any man exempt or privileged from being, in his place, some way beneficial to others.” He died in peace and triumph, being called home in the midst of his years and usefulness, September 17th, 1841.

* 150.—JOHN CROFTS :—Was a missionary in the West Indies. Unfortunately let it out, that poor Sambo said, “ You, massa Croft, be Craft.” As huge and cumbered in body as in mind ; with the heavy tread of the elephant. His sermons involved, misty, heavy, and unattractive.

Not always straightforward in church matters ; employing a language full of loopholes and provisos for retreat, when found necessary. The ear more open than the mind, which involves him in perplexity and difficulty. Three things asserted by Lavater, will generally, without applying them in all their force in the present instance, be found to be correct ;—that “ he that attempts to make others believe in means which he himself despises, is a puffer ; that he who makes use of more means than he knows to be necessary, is a quack ; and that he who ascribes to those means a greater efficacy than his own experience warrants, is an imposter.”

* 151.—WILLIAM TARR :—Slightly below the ordinary size ;—well formed ;—an open, cheerful, honest, agreeable countenance. Active, pushing qualities. A ready elocution, with a highly creditable stock of knowledge, civil and ecclesiastical. Excellent pulpit material ; lighting up a congregation with the cheerful warmth of the sun, when nature becomes vocal on the first approach of his summer beam. Happy tact for the management of a prayer-meeting ; a restless anxiety for the life, power, spirit, spread of vital godliness among the people of his charge ; and greatly owned of God in the conversion of sinners to the truth. A fine temper,—an attractive manner,—a good voice,—a fair share of popular favour ; has the misfortune—which is, in some cases, visited with transportation to the penal settlements of Methodism—to think for himself, and to preserve the dignity of his manhood entire. Loyal to Wesleyanism without deeming it necessary to admit the regality of a clique. One of the “few chosen” for honour, as to the high distinction which nature confers on her children over the creatures of art, out of the “many” that

"are called" to preach. "Kings," says Burton, among his other musings on "Melancholy," "may create majors, knights, barons, and other officers, but cannot make scholars, philosophers, artists, orators, and poets." Neither can theological institutions make soul-saving preachers.

* 152.—THOMAS EASTWOOD :—Unwieldy. A round face—a round head—a round eye ; literally,—agreeably to a nearly obsolete Methodistic term,—a "round preacher." Management as a superintendent, in ordinary matters. A strong voice, and a little harsh in his manner. Lacks good taste, and often lowers the dignity of the pulpit, by coarse expressions and "odious comparisons," when inveighing against that which is offensive to society and morals. Strong in his prejudices and prepossessions. Alphonso of Arragon is said to have been greatly pleased with four things ; viz.—"dry wood for firing, wine of a year old for drinking, an old friend for conversation, and an old book for reading." An "old book," if we are rightly informed, is seized with avidity here ; nor are an old friend and a warm fire out of place. As to the other item, we leave it, trusting that he has too much good sense not to know, with Erasmus, "that it is not safe for priests or courtiers to drink deep, for fear of throwing their hearts out at their mouths."

* 153.—BENJAMIN GREGORY :—Tall,—thin,—prominent features,—long hair,—the general English hue,—the air and appearance of a scholar, mingling with society, and enjoying enlightened conversation, as well as the seclusion and profounder thought of the study. A fine intellect ; great originality ; a good classical scholar. Remote from everything stiff, stilted, and systematic. Order, without

its appearance ; ease, without carelessness or negligence. Large, liberal views. Both the logician and the genius perceptible. Mild, gentle, deep-toned feeling ; blended with spirit and point. A chaste, clear, clean, manly style. Neither rapid nor slow in delivery ; an excellent pace for the character of thought in which he indulges, and in which he deals. While he respects rule, and obeys law, he forgets not his independence. Would be an awkward subject to buy. Possesses that genius which is described by Sir Joshua Reynolds, as comprising a “power of producing excellencies, which are out of the reach of human art ; a power which no precepts can teach, and which no industry can acquire.” Stands apart from all commonplace ; reminding us of the sentiment of a German writer, who says, “The proportion of genius to the vulgar, is like one to a million ;” adding, “but genius without tyranny, without pretension,—that judges the weak with equity, the superior with humanity, and equals with justice,—is like one to ten millions.” Can give spirit to a whole sentence by a single expression,—feeling to an entire assembly by a single thought.

† 154.—ROBERT HOPKINS :—A native of Devizes. Converted to God in his seventeenth year, and soon after called to the work of the ministry. Attracted the notice of Mr. Wesley by the energy of his zeal. Slightly below the middle size ; clean, neat, of good habit ; clerical in his aspect and dress, of which he was somewhat innocently proud. Fond of claiming acquaintance with the persons and productions of pious and eminent authors and clergymen of the day. Possessed a fund of lively and interesting anecdote, with which he delighted to amuse his friends.

Somewhat egotistical withal, but not offensively so,—tending rather to create a smile, and to render him a more pleasant and amusing companion. Of an eminently social disposition, with the ability to suit his conversation to the character of his company. Believed, with Johnson, that—“He only will please long, who, by tempering the acidity of satire with the sugar of civility, and allaying the heat of wit with the frigidity of humble chat, can make the true punch of Conversation; and as that punch can be drunk in the greatest quantity which has the largest proportion of water, so that companion will be oftenest welcome, whose talk flows with inoffensive copiousness, and unenvied insipidity.” Eminently successful, both in the conversion of sinners, and in the edification of believers. Forty-six years in the regular work, continuing in the discharge of the duties of the ministerial office till within a few days of his decease, when he suddenly departed this life, in the sixty-ninth year of his age.

* 155.—JOHN C. GEORGE:—Delicately formed;—gentlemanly in his whole texture, without the semblance of anything put on for the occasion. Modest, humble, unobtrusive; a living illustration of the fact, that “the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance.” And yet,—with the soft and chastened glow of these graces, all beautifully blended, as Montgomery would say, like the prismatic colours, in a ray of pure and perfect light,—there is the firmness of the rock. A transparent intellect—good expression—hallowed feeling—a highly interesting preacher. Beloved wherever he goes by the people; persecuted by “the powers that be,” owing to a want of more maleable

material. As the rose-tree is composed of the sweetest flowers and the sharpest thorns,—and as the heavens are sometimes fair and sometimes overhung with clouds, alternately tempestuous and serene ; so has been the position of John C. George, intermingled with hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, pleasures and pains. Returned to his native country, with a constitution greatly enfeebled,—having borne the burthen and heat of the day, as a missionary in an East Indian climate ; twice dragged from doating flocks, at Grantham and Mansfield, around whose affections his own were entwined, and drifted down to the far north, to endure its chilling blasts, after braving the heats of a burning sun. Patient, submissive, enduring, in the midst of all. Nice discrimination. Seems, in his discourses, to act on the advice of Pope, as to poetry : “ We should manage our thoughts in composing a poem, as shepherds do their flowers in making a garland ; first select the choicest, and then dispose them in the most proper places, where they give a lustre to each other : like the feathers in Indian crowns, which are so managed, that every one reflects a part of its colour and gloss on the next.” This, of course, so far as judicious arrangement goes. As to material, it is neither the “ feather ” nor the “ flower ; ” but the bird and the fruit ; substantial, pleasant, nutritive.

* 156.—WILLIAM ILLINGWORTH :—Middle size,—well-made,—agreeable in his demeanour ; — a pleasing voice, though neither powerful nor varied in its tones ;—action moderate, and occasionally graceful, sometimes rather Newtonian ;—a degree of hesitancy, almost amounting to a stammer, perceptible in the delivery of some of his more lengthy sentences, arising apparently from not being able to

find the right word at the right moment ; by which the harmony of an otherwise well-turned period is completely destroyed, producing a very unpleasant effect on the minds of the hearers. We are disposed to give him the full benefit of an opinion expressed by Swift:—" The common fluency of speech in many men, and most women, is owing to a scarcity of matter, and a scarcity of words ; for whoever is a master of language, and has his mind full of ideas, will be apt in speaking to hesitate upon the choice of both ; whereas common speakers have only one set of ideas, and one set of words to clothe them in ; and these are always ready at the mouth : so people come faster out of a church when it is almost empty, than when a crowd is at the door." Language generally correct and respectable,—matter substantial and good ;—fond of startling expressions, which are sometimes indulged in at the expense of good taste. Considerable care perceptible in the arrangement of the earlier parts of his sermons, the connection and character of thought being well sustained ; but towards the conclusion, there is an evident falling off in these respects, when there is a tendency to wild and incoherent declamation ; the former part of his sermons resembling his first year's labours in a circuit, — and so gradually diminishing in interest to the close of his appointment.

† 157.—JAMES M'DONALD :—Slender, active, and well made ;—a little above the middle size ;—a nut-brown, penetrating eye,—small, regular features,—with a keen quizzing look, as though he were determined to look through the outer man to that which lay hidden in the secret recesses of the soul. In conversation would shake and toss his head, as though perfectly satisfied with the correctness and force

of his own remarks, and as if bidding defiance to any who should attempt to move him from the position he had assumed. Dogmatical,—but with a better plea for his dogmatism than many men of greater name, inasmuch as he had read, pondered, and laid up the contents of many a musty volume in his literary storehouse. Somewhat fond of dabbling in the shallows of metaphysics, and making a splash with his attainments in that kind of lore. Not capable of navigating the deep seas, yet could creep along the shore with tolerable certainty, avoiding rocks and breakers with infinite skill. In the pulpit, fluent and sensible,—sometimes very dry; at other times equally touching and tender. Appeared to considerable advantage in the social circle, where his extensive stock of information on almost every subject, was readily displayed for the inspection and gratification of all. When heated in debate, his countenance would kindle and flash with true Hibernian glow; yet, however animated and excited, he would rarely come to a rupture with an opponent, being aware that, in such a case, reputation generally comes out of the conflict somewhat shattered. Seems to have studied the advice of Fuller to his son, so closely did his conduct conform to it:—"Let no man know thee thoroughly; for as no man dares to cross a river on foot, until he has found out the depth of the ford, so will no man take liberties with thee, so long as the bottom of thy capacity is not seen." Was seldom affronted at any point of wit or raillery levelled at himself; knowing, that "salt, in whatever quantities it may be thrown at a man, cannot hurt him, if he be not raw or ulcerous."

* 158.—SAMUEL ROMILY HALL:—A little below the ordinary size; compact, well-built; florid, benignant, agree-

able features. Unites the pastor and the preacher. A good, free, affectionate manner; manly withal. Voice strong and agreeable. Useful matter. Clear in his statements and definitions; and truth enforced with warmth. Honest, straightforward and liberal in his views. Knows well, in the language of a popular writer, that "the real honest man, however plain or simple he appears, has the highest species, honesty itself, in view; and instead of outward forms or symmetries, is struck with that of inward character,—the harmony and numbers of the heart, and beauty of the affections,—which form the manners and conduct of a truly social life." Aye, and we add, that of the ministerial too. Highly appreciated wherever he is known. In good odour with the people.

* 159.—JOHN WESLEY THOMAS:—Author of "An Apology for Don Juan; A Satirical Poem, in two Cantos;" a glance at which shows, as in a mirror, the features and peculiarities of the author's mind, as well as the out-goings and ossifications of his heart. The term "satirical" a mere misnomer. Occasional smartness, but wants the grace, the cut, the point, the power of the Juvenalian school; exhibiting the disposition, but lacking the ability to accomplish a purpose; the author, meanwhile—to employ a borrowed allusion of his own—breaking his teeth by biting at the rasp. His impotency only equalled by his inconsistency. Censures anonymous writing, yet a bitter, personal, anonymous writer himself; thus furnishing an apology both for himself and others. Has a good opinion of his poetic powers, and hints the incapacity of others to "emulate his flight." Often as great a want of harmony as there is a glut of sameness in his rhymes; in reference to

which, his readers may apply a couplet of his own, as they think best—

“A work whose eloquence so far surpasses,
That those it charms not must have ears like—asses.”

not omitting to link, with the permission, all that may be implied in another couplet, still less musical—

“I’d have you tremble for the consequences,
And ponder what your future recompense is.”

Pours forth a bitter wail in his preface, in consequence of some one attempting “to spoil the metre” of a single stanza of a poem like his own. Genius is represented as having her “habitation” in “Fancy’s fair creation;” the minor thus comprehending the major—as though the butterfly of fancy could embody the eagle of genius. Apart from defective execution, and the common-placeisms with which the work abounds;—and apart, too, from the weeds which have been mistaken for flowers, when borrowing from others to enrich what he appropriately denominates his “pilfering muse,”—the great quarrel with the poetaster is, the fact of his having, as a Christian minister, and especially as a Wesleyan minister, touched the subject at all;—purloining from the people of his charge the valuable time which ought to have been devoted to pulpit preparation and pastoral visitation, for the purpose of reading and studying such a poem as the one to which his own owes its origin,—a poem characterised by himself as distinguished for its “moral defects,” and its “licentious” tendency, and whose author is very politely said to have been “be-devilled.” Complaints of his muse having been made “the groundwork” of a dastardly attack on his moral character.

What must be the tone of religious and moral feeling, his readers ask in return, that will admit of a minister of the sanctuary, whose soul should be as pure as the sanctuary itself—revelling in a work calculated only to fill the mind with impure imaginations, and to indulge the grosser feelings of human nature?—leaving the soul, on rising from its perusal, as though a demon had passed over it, and left its deeply indented foot-prints behind. A poor preparation for the work of the ministry. The writer's tastes seen in the class of books which occupy his leisure hours; enabling Wesleyans to form a proper estimate, not only from the work itself, but from the writers noticed in it, of the way in which the apologist for "Don Juan" spends his time. Human nature may be studied in its various phases, but it is not essential to a Christian minister, to visit either the theatre, the horse race, or the brothel, to enable him to guard his flock against the fascinations, villanies, and pollutions, of either the one or the other. Not surprised to hear of a tasteless, heartless ministry, as the result of studies such as these; as well as a difficulty in finding a circuit for such men; or, once found, of preserving them on the ground the usual term. Much more to the credit of ministerial character, and to the profit of the people, if, instead of issuing from the fumes of such literary stews as those with which the public are presented in "Don Juan," the minister were to issue from his closet, as from a "holy place," with his mind richly imbued with the theology of the best old Puritan Divines, and with the influences of the Spirit of God. Displays considerable invention as a caricaturist—though with great extravagance, and equal malignity; having caricatured Dr. Bunting as a lion, surrounded

by a number of quadrupeds,—amusingly, and yet cuttingly, “shewn up” in “The Test Act Tested.” As a platform speaker, J. W. T. is something like the sphynx atropos, or death’s head hawk moth, which has a dark, black, startling appearance; his speeches, in another view, being like Joseph’s “coat of many colours”—a counterpane of patch-work—a collection of patches and shreds; without keeping, the patterns taken as out of a lottery-box. In the pulpit,—we speak advisedly,—without action or animation—dry—repulsive—without unction—harsh in voice and manner—fierce, hard, and freckled. Never gathers a congregation, and unable, to any extent, to keep those congregations that have been drawn together by others. Travelled at LEIGHTON BUZZARD!

* 160.—WILLIAM WEARS:—Entered on the work of a Christian missionary to the Zetland Isles, in 1824. Ordinary size; something of languor in his movements, and in the expression of his face;—more of the copper, or sallow, in his⁴ hue, than of the dark;—regular features, with a combination of gentleness and intelligence. Great strength and originality. Strikingly graphic in many of his descriptions. An audible voice, and acceptable to the ear. Deep, good feeling. Sincere—self-denying—unobtrusive—affectionate—obliging. More than an acceptable preacher, and exceedingly useful. Sometimes extraordinary in his pulpit ministrations; on other occasions, startlingly paradoxical, till he lets his hearers, in the way of pleasing surprise, into all the heighth and depth, all the length and breadth of his meaning. Not unfrequently strikes with the force of a sledge hammer—scattering to the winds the sophistry and subterfuges of sinners. Noble—independent.

* 161.—ISAAC HARDING :—Had a plain, simple, plebeian beginning ; — a good deal of ardour ;—was then useful and acceptable, though common-place. Favoured, as Sir H. Wotton would word it, with “ damask’d skin,”—became vain,—next aped the gentleman,—and then the priest. A *fac simile* of those of whom Goldsmith speaks ; “ who are ready to give up all their own importance, to cringe, to flatter, to look little, and to pall every pleasure in constraint, merely to be among the great, though without the least hopes of improving their understanding, or sharing their generosity.” Such persons might be happy with humbler aims, and among their equals. Hitherto confined to the poorest circuits.

† 162.—FRANCIS TRUSCOTT :—A native of Cornwall,—a county which has furnished many men eminent in science, literature, and law, and for their qualifications as ministers of religion. Converted to God at the age of seventeen, and four years after sailed for Pembroke in Wales, to commence the itinerant work. Tall, bony,—with a dark piercing eye, a good forehead, with the hair combed down after the manner of the ancients. A pattern of punctuality in all his movements,—always “ redeeming the time,” and appropriating it to some useful purpose. The sentiment of Seneca not at all applicable in this case, where he says,—“ We all complain of the shortness of time, and yet have much more than we know what to do with. Our lives are spent either in doing nothing at all, or in doing nothing to the purpose, or in doing nothing that we ought to do. We are always complaining our days are few, and acting as though there would be no end of them.” Not content to slide along through life with bare acceptance among the

people of his charge, he laboured diligently to cultivate his mind, so as to qualify himself rightly to discharge the duties of his office. In this he was eminently successful. Wherever he went, his ministry was well received, and attended with considerable success. His discourses were plain, sensible, natural,—always drawn from his text, and invariably adapted to the circumstances of his hearers. His voice was somewhat harsh and inharmonious ; yet was he always listened to with pleasure, and especially by those who knew his character. The delight of the social circle, —and especially beloved by the young, for whose improvement he was constantly on the watch. Best beloved by those who knew him best. In proof of which, it is only necessary to adduce the fact, that out of forty-five years which he spent in the work of the ministry, thirty of those years were spent in his own county, and, as it were, among his own friends ; furnishing a rare exception to the all but universal rule laid down by Christ : “ A prophet is not without honour, save in his own country, and in his own house.” Died at Plymouth, Feb. 17th, 1833, universally beloved and deeply lamented by all who knew him.

* 163.—**RICHARD RAY** :—Tall, well-formed, and agreeable to look upon. Some time governor of Taunton School, but found unfit for the situation ; giving proof that something else is necessary to equip a man for governorship than the mere outside of humanity. Returned to the itinerant ranks ; and finding himself as unequal to the task of governing a circuit as to that of governing a school, in “troubulous times,” put himself under the guidance, in disciplinary matters, of the Rev. John Kirk, his junior both in years and office, while in the Salford circuit ;—

adding force, because of its truth, to a remark of Seneca ; —“ We are past our minority, but not our indiscretions ; and, what is worse, we have the authority of seniors, and the weaknesses of children.”

* 164.—ROBERT DUGDALE :—In the prime of life—ordinary size and build—with a grizzled complexion. A face inclined to the snarlingly dissatisfied and squeamish ; so Lavater would say. Vain enough to conclude himself learned, without the capital requisite to set up an establishment of his own ; and would express himself greatly disappointed, should he be invited to attend, if not present at the examination of a few boys, as to their classical attainments ! In this respect, like the Rev. W. H. Clarkson, who advised the candidates for the Wesleyan ministry, if they wished to form a good style, by all means to read Homer in the original !! Like him, also, in his resemblance to those ladies, who, in studying the glass, are in danger of neglecting the heart. To such men Steele refers, when he says, “ A modest person seldom fails to gain the good will of those he converses with, because nobody envies a man who does not appear pleased with himself.” Slight encouragement here, for either envy or imitation.

* 165.—JOHN P. HASWELL :—Set out in 1812. A little below the middle size ;—compactly formed ;—between the sandy and the florid ;—with look of promptitude, daring, integrity, and openness. An excellent accomptant ; has rendered essential service to the Preachers' Fund, which has laid heavy contributions on his time, comfort, and ministerial labours,—one of the banes of the present system. Active—untiring. A clear head, and a generous nature. Honest—independent. Good voice, though not

musical. Never enters the pulpit with a subject unstudied ; and never leaves it without his hearers understanding it, and being impressed with its importance. Distinct utterance, and moves at a good hearing pace. Generally interesting. A pattern of industry ; excellent business tact ; moves surely, steadily, and makes fair progress. Knows that employment, which Galen calls "Nature's physician," is so essential to human happiness, that indolence is justly considered as the mother of misery. Easy to follow, and certain of respect.

† 166. THOMAS KELK :—At the age of fifteen, was employed as a local-preacher ; admitted on trial as an itinerant in 1788, in his nineteenth year ; finished his probation in 1792, and closed his career of active service in 1828,—having lost his sight sometime before he became supernumerary. About the middle size ; fleshy, but not corpulent ; and, by stooping a little, appeared older than he was. Had a dark, dull, blue eye ; bushy eye-brows, wide mouth, thick lips, with a sallow or saffronlike complexion ; yet features neither large nor disagreeable. A feeble, inflexible, grating voice,—not altogether unlike the sound heard in the corn-fields, on an evening in summer. Though not designed by nature as a specimen of the beautiful in form and aspect, still, from the cleanness and neatness of his person, and the clerical appearance he assumed,—especially in the form of his hat,—he was a venerable looking man. No imagination, and but little characteristic vigour of intellect. Had acquired, by plodding industry, a respectable stock of theological information ; could sermonize neatly ; and was a very acceptable and useful preacher. Not one whose inventive faculty could extricate him from difficulties, or

whose courage would enable him nobly to struggle with them ; but, in ordinary circumstances, his prudence, judgment, and integrity so guided him, as to secure for him the esteem of those among whom he laboured. Could set himself firmly to the maintenance of principle, and could master any thing but his pipe, by which he was always mastered, to the prejudice of his health, and the frequent annoyance of those who truly loved him. But where is the man who has not his rattle or his straw, to tickle or amuse him ? An ancient philosopher used to say,—“ that no living creature was worse to man than man himself ; because, that at the time he hath dominion over all things, yet he cannot rule himself nor his desires.” With some show of reason has it been satirically said, that “ man is an animal without feathers, and walking on two legs.” Well, however, was it for Mr. Kelk, that he was a slave to nothing worse than his pipe.

* 167.—CHARLES PREST :—Approaches middle size ;—full, but not heavy ;—of a pasty hue ;—an intelligent eye, and regular features ;—a somewhat fearless expression ;—the muscles well adapted to the work of a contemptuous scowl, when invited from its half-concealed retreat by subjects or occasions, and not unfrequently in operation when Christian forbearance ought to hold it in check ;—the general expression that of disdain, mingled with no ordinary degree of *hauteur*, and but ill according with a trim, straight-breasted coat. Finds it, like all haughty men, as Bruyere would say, hard to forgive a person that has caught him in a fault, and who he knows has reason to complain of him, whether on disciplinary or other matters, his resentment never subsiding till he has regained the

advantage, and found means to do his opponent a wrong. Little provocations and offences, unavoidably happening in man's commerce with man, as unfairly met, as they are ill brooked. As is such an one's pride, so is his displeasure; as the opinion of himself rises, so does the injury, so does the resentment: 'tis this—so Sterne talks and preaches—which gives force and edge to the instrument which has struck him, and excites that heat in the wound which renders it incurable. He is sore all over: touch him, you put him to pain: and though, of all others, he acts as if every mortal were invulnerable, yet is he possessed of a sense and feeling so nice and exquisite, that the slights, the little neglects, the instances of disesteem, which would scarcely be felt by another, are perpetually wounding, and oftentimes piercing him to the very heart. Will blink the pettinesses of meanness in his own party, and even the baser wriggings of deceptive art and despotism. An eagle in matters of offence against discipline, when the people are concerned; a beetle in reference to the mal-administration of the preachers. Has had a short but very prosperous run; commenced only in 1829, and was loaded with thirteen connexional honours, when he had travelled but sixteen years—and with fourteen in 1850, in consequence of his high-toned Conferencism. Respectable diction, though not at all of a classical character; and his periods, though occasionally laboured, have neither majesty in their march, nor elegance in their construction. Voice, though full and strong, is harsh, stern, and without the least flexibility, accompanied with a stiff, pompous air in his delivery. Some good sarcastic hits on the platform, and neither nice in handling an opponent, nor yet delicate in the

terms of disapprobation employed,—studding a set, verbatim speech, with occasional pungent, piquant, adroit remarks, with the touch of a Hood on those words which are most open to such play, without the delicate strokes and nice discrimination of that master. Not without strength, acuteness, perspicuity, and observation. Occasionally takes a passage from a newspaper, of a somewhat questionable character, to shew his dexterity in cutting it up ; but with the rude, rough dash of the shambles, rather than the skill of the anatomist in the dissecting room. Anxious, apparently, to assume the character of a close, broad, dignified observer of passing events ; but unable, to any extent, to enrich his thinkings by localities, by facts, by comparisons of eras with eras, manners with manners, creeds with creeds ; or to make—as time goes on—his thinkings, his readings, his observations, the elements of his discourses. He lacks scope, temper, patience, forbearance, experience, native tact ; is despotic, pert, positive—and will brow-beat those who thwart him in argument, whom Providence has placed beneath him.

* 168.—**PHILIP HARDCASTLE** :—Moved into the ranks in 1829. Tall—good figure, though not elegantly formed ; —bony—limber—florid complexion—aquiline nose. The strong, good sense of his father—a portion of his wit—but not his experience. Sermons well composed and put together ;—often full of thought ;—rich, racy, and telling. Fine temper—thoughtlessly benevolent—and not sufficiently nice and exact in worldly matters ;—as if heedless of the practical wisdom embodied in the observation of Seneca, who declared it to be “ one thing to know the rate and dignity of things, and another to know the little nicks and

springs of acting." Not sufficiently mindful of a Minute of Conference intended to guard spiritual men against the secularities of business. A full, bold, mellow voice, and, with more care, would secure a good share of popularity.

* 169.—THOMAS ROWLAND :—Diminutive as to the "outer man," but possessed of soul, blended with gentleness, and the agreeable amenities which link man to man. Well informed ; instructive and useful as a preacher ; faithful and affectionate as a friend. Seems, by his urbanity, to make every one his debtor, making it go against the heart—except that heart be a bad one—to say he can do ill. Stands by conscience, as God stands by his children,—forsakes it not ; exemplifying the truth of the fact enunciated by an old poet, that—

" A just man cannot fear ;
Not, though the malice of traducing tongues,
The open vastness of a tyrant's ear,
The senseless rigour of the wrested laws,
Or the red eyes of strained authority,
Should, in a point, meet all to take his life :
His innocence is armour 'gainst all these."

† 170.—THOMAS OWENS :—An Irishman by birth, and educated for the Romish priesthood. Shook off the trammels of Popery, and became a Methodist preacher, commencing his labours in his own country in 1786. Went out as a missionary to the West Indies in 1788, where he laboured for twelve years. Above the middle size,—well built,—fresh coloured,—of a comely and intelligent countenance,—with a dark piercing eye, and a benevolent smile, giving grace and loveliness to the whole aspect. More than ordinarily popular and useful. Remarkable for the acuteness of his understanding, the vividness of his imagin-

ation, and the retentiveness of his memory,—qualities all sanctified and rendered meet for the Master's use. Married into a wealthy West Indian family, by whom he was frequently urged to leave the Wesleyan Connexion, and to enter the Church. Ordination, a living to any amount, the smiles of the gay and the fashionable, all failed to seduce him from the people of his choice;—like Moses, “Esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt; for he had respect unto the recompense of the reward.” Returned to England in 1801, and engaged in the home work for three years; and then sunk to rest from the effects of the hardships and toils endured in a West Indian climate. Gifted beyond many of his compeers in the work of the ministry. The frame-work of his discourses was substantial and good;—his style chaste and easy;—his thoughts often fresh and striking;—his reasoning, for the most part, pointed and irresistible. Highly excitable, like most of his countrymen. Soon roused by anything mean and base, and as soon subdued to forgiveness and peace, when signs of penitence and grace were exhibited. Died in 1808.

* 171.—JOSEPH THORPE MILNER:—Deals largely in other men's wares, the memory alone being compelled to pay the property and income taxes. Predicted the downfall of Methodism, when in the Bingham circuit; and grounded his prediction on the limited duration of revivals, as portrayed in Ecclesiastical History, and adverted to by Luther and Wesley: resolved, in consequence, on making a little timely provision, by thrift, the sale of books, &c., against dearth and storms. Slightly parsimonious, and in no danger of lighting the candle at both ends. Professed to

be a liberal when in Bristol, but veered round to the opposite side of the compass at Wakefield, where he sat as proxy-judge for Mr. Atherton, on the ecclesiastical bench, and aided, by force and stratagem, in securing the methodistic death of G. W. Harrison, Esq.,—a man of orthodox principles, genuine Christian experience, unblemished reputation, and unbounded benevolence—a magistrate, and two successive terms mayor, of the borough of Wakefield;—thus contributing his quota towards the fulfilment of his own prediction. The reverend judge and executioner translated to Sheffield, as the reward of his disciplinary murders. Not quite certain whether the heart and face are near neighbours, or dwell at a distance from each other; conclude that he must, in judgment at least, coincide with old Burton, who affirms, “false friendship, like the ivy, decays and ruins the walls it embraces; while true friendship gives new life and animation to the object it supports.” Starts, in his preaching, like an alarum, and runs on till he runs down, his auditors hearing “the sound thereof.” Perfectly mechanical.

* 172.—SAMUEL TINDALL:—Physically, one of the tall “sons of Anak.” About six feet three without *shoes*; but by no means a giant intellectually; reminding his hearers of the celebrated impromptu by Dr. Watts, which we quote from memory;—

“Were I so tall to reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean with a span;
I must be measured by my soul,—
The mind's the standard of the man.”

A long, dry, prosy, wire-drawn preacher,—which partly results from constitutional indolence. Recently vaulted

into importance on the back of that tricksey jade—Modern Methodist Discipline, as carried out under “Methodism as it is!” The executioner of the excellent John Keed, of Lynn, and many other good men. Has driven a greater number of the flock of Christ from the fold than he ever collected,—acting as though he were less responsible to God for wounding than healing—for scattering than gathering—for killing than making alive! Early attachments not strong, and incapable of appreciating their strength in others. Has good judgment in the choice of texts; and avoids the reprehensible practice, noticed by Dr. A. Clarke, of a preacher who, in order to render himself conspicuous, foolishly took for the ground-work of his observations—“Old shoes and clouted,” &c. Recommended to read Ezekiel xxxiv., especially verses 2, 3, 4—6, 8, 10, 12—19, 21—28.

* 173.—GEORGE MAUNDER:—Below the ordinary size—limber—active—gentlemanly. Dark complexion, with cheerful, lively expression, lighted up with intelligence. Good voice, and agreeable manner. A clean, good style. Imaginative; not unfrequently poetic; and sought after as a preacher. Clear—free—consecutive—impressive. Can take up a thought, and handle it like an instrument—skillfully. A little too dependent, perhaps, upon his notes, though not so much so as to trammel him in the esteem of his hearers. Not offended with a little pleasantry in others, nor altogether averse to it in himself. Is aware, with Dr. Johnson, that “knowledge is to be gained only by study, and study to be prosecuted only in retirement.”

* 174.—JOHN BEDFORD:—Middle size,—rather slender,—a somewhat grizzled, elongated visage, well adapted to

judicial proceedings. A fair preacher, though not popular, —often trespassing upon the patience of his hearers by the length of his discourses. More frequent in his reference to his *ism* than to Christianity ; as if the latter were intended, in the order of God, to subserve the interests of the former,—injudiciously giving the same prominence to Methodism and its Leader, that the Roman Catholics do to Popery and the Pope. Anxious, in the exercise of “godly discipline,” to be esteemed a good disciplinarian ; appealing to the Minutes of Conference, as the Christian’s Statute-Book, instead of the New Testament ; basing his elevation in the body on the “mint, anise, and cummin” of Methodism, rather than on “the weightier matters of the law—judgment, mercy, and faith ;” on secularities, rather than on spiritualities. Would be an admirable instrument to enforce the payment of church-rates from the Society of Friends. Loses the spirit of the gospel, by nibbling at the letter of the law. Would that he would listen to the “POETASTER :”—“He that will now hit the mark, must shoot through the law ; we have no other planet reigns, and in that sphere thou mayst sit and sing with angels. Why, the law makes a man happy, without respecting any other merit ; a simple scholar, or none at all, may be a lawyer. I tell thee true, my noble neophyte, my little grammaticaster, I do ; it shall never put thee to thy mathematics, metaphysics, philosophy, and I know not what supposed sufficiencies ; if thou canst have the patience to plod enough, talk and make a noise enough, be impudent enough, and ’tis enough. The less art the better : besides, it shall be in the power of thy chevril conscience, to do right or wrong at thy pleasure ; to have better men than

thyself, by many thousand degrees, to observe thee, and stand bare. Thou mayst carry thyself proud and stately, and have the law on thy side, my pretty Alcibiades." Pause a little, and let Shakespeare speak :—

"We must not make a scarecrow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their perch, and not their terror."

† 175.—JOHN HENLEY :—Maintained a fair stand in the connexion; from the commencement of his ministry to its close. Rather slender ;—the dark, the pale, and the sallow blended ;—black hair, with a few silverlings ;—and apparent langour, when settling down from conversation and pulpit exercises. Wore glasses. An expression of intelligence which was in good keeping with his pulpit essays. Not profuse in his conversational remarks, but ready when drawn out by others, and always judicious. Popular and useful as a preacher. Was always on the look out, knowing with Swift, that " Observation is " not only " an old man's," but a young man's " memory."

* 176.—THORNLEY SMITH :—Was a short time in Africa, as a missionary ; returned to England with his excellent wife, who was in an ill state of health, and who died on her passage. Shortly after his landing, preached her funeral sermon ; taking for his text, Rev. xx. 13,—
" And the sea gave up the dead which were in it." The sermon evidently got up as a piece of display—delivered with heartless, philosophical apathy—dished up, to show something like reading, with references to the mythology of the heathen, and the writings of their sages, and repeated like a school-boy going over his task,—leaving the

impression of a preacher delivering a sermon, occasioned by the death of some one who had died somewhere in the interior of Africa, whom he never saw, and in whose demise he had nothing beyond a common-place interest. Intended, apparently, as an advertisement for a second wife to supply the place of the first. Every pulpit effort is a task committed to memory ;—as sapless as a branch of withered leaves. Still, the manner, though conceited, is not outrageously disagreeable ; and the matter, though neither striking nor original, is far from despicable : but withal, there is the notion of some little thing made into a preacher. A decent truckler to power, and exhibits a little of the artifice with which matters are managed.

† 177.—ROBERT LOMAS :—Of a thoughtful and stern countenance, but with a heart overflowing with the milk of human kindness. His abilities as an arithmetician rendered him so singularly useful to the Connexion, that in the year 1808, the following resolutions were printed in the Minutes of Conference :—“ Resolved that the thanks of this Conference be returned to Mr. R. Lomas, for his very laborious, faithful, and successful services in our Book-Room.” “ Resolved, unanimously, that Mr. Lomas be requested to accept the office of general auditor of all our accounts ; and that he be authorized to procure such assistants in that work as he may judge necessary.” Would have been invaluable, in modern times, as a mission-house manager and auditor,—being as remarkable for the integrity of his heart, and the inflexible firmness of his mind, as he was for the clearness of his head. As a minister of the gospel, he was a workman that needed not to be ashamed, giving to all their portion in due season, and watching over

the flock of Christ like a true shepherd. Somewhat abrupt and unpolished in his modes of speech, as though influenced by the sentiment of an old writer,—that to attempt to work upon the vulgar with fine sense, is like an effort to hew blocks with a razor. Commenced his ministerial career in 1789, and closed it in triumph in 1810. His last words were,—“Christ is very precious: my crown is ready, and I am going to receive it.” He then turned on his side, drew up his feet, and expired without a groan.

* 178.—WILLIAM B. BOYCE:—A missionary some time in Africa. Published a grammar of the Caffre language. Returned to England. Afterwards sent out to superintend the Mission in Australia. Low in stature. Face inclined to the round rather than the square. Clear voice, but not musical. Quick perception—has a fair vocabulary—and is a pleasant companion. Skilful in the management of a Mission. Highly interesting on the platform: takes his hearers with him,—who seem to walk by his side—hear what he has heard—see what he has seen; resembling in this respect—though without his finish, variety, and range—Mr. Buckingham, who, as a lecturer, never fails to rivet the attention of his auditories. There is no refinement about the gentleman in question,—nothing of the orator; yet natural, sprightly, and conversational; enlisting the sympathies, and telling more effectually, upon both gentle and simple, than the orations of finished speakers. A slight resemblance to the late respected Thomas Galland, but a very differently constituted mind, and much less cultivation. To such an one, an old writer would say, “Be not ashamed of thy virtues: honour is a good brooch to wear in a man’s hat at any time.”

† 179. — JOHN LANCASTER :— Tall, slender, — loosely formed. Gentlemanly in his appearance, bland in his manners ;—an interesting companion, and an unchanging friend. Too much given to the use of snuff,—a habit which he acquired during his sojourn in the “ Land o’ Cakes.” Plodded diligently at his studies, and acquired a respectable store of varied knowledge. His pulpit exercises always acceptable ;—sometimes containing matter above the common order,—occasionally rising to the truly eloquent and sublime. Would have done credit to the pulpits of any section of the Christian Church. His tongue, his pen, and his life were all happily employed in earnest endeavours to enlighten and bless the world. Lived as one convinced that malice seldom wants a mark to shoot at, and as if resolved to give its arrows as little scope as possible. Died after a month’s illness ; during the early part of which he suffered from deep nervous depression. Towards the close, however, the clouds dispersed, the shadows fled away ; and at eventide there was light. Travelled twenty-six years.

* 180.—JOSEPH MIDGELY :—Ill adapted to a thinking, reading auditory. Wants variety, polish, force. Is earnest, loud, wordy. Too partial to the fishing-rod and the cricket-ground. Zimmerman is correct, in affirming that “ Idlers cannot even find time to be idle, or the industrious to be at leisure. We must be always doing or suffering.”

† 181.—PETER HASLAM :—Entered the ranks in 1796 ; finished his short but illustrious course in 1808. Remarkable for the clearness and comprehensiveness of his views, the depth of his thought, and the soundness of his judgment. Theological knowledge accurate and extensive,—giving him a better claim to a doctorship than the greater

number of those on whom that title is now conferred. As a preacher, interesting and edifying,—sometimes elaborate ; always full of weighty and impressive truths, clothed in plain, neat, and forcible language. His manner not lifeless and statuelike, nor yet boisterous and extravagant. It was that of a man whose whole soul was thrown into his work, and whose spirit was awed by a consideration of its importance. Always seemed to hear “ the sound of his Master’s feet behind him.” Not an indiscriminate reader of books ; but thought, with Locke, that a few choice books, carefully read and well digested, did more towards making a ready and knowing man, than the largest library ill selected, and dipped into as a bird in flight dips its wings in the water. In company, grave yet cheerful—manly, frank, and without suspicion. Left the church a valuable legacy in an excellent little tract on “ Imputed Righteousness,” after the model of the celebrated John Goodwin’s work on Justification. Died at Liverpool, after a short illness, May 5, 1808. Of him it has been said, by one who knew him well, that “ Masked duplicity was as a demon of darkness in his eyes, and pious honesty as an angel of God.”

* 182.—BENJAMIN B. WADDY:—Five feet eleven, or so ;—well formed ;—stiff and formal in his gait ;—round face and eye ;—and somewhat of an open expression. Quiet and unobtrusive in his demeanour. Precise. Regular in his habits. Not readily put out of his ordinary course, and not easily seduced into anything incompatible with the dignity of ministerial character. All constrained, mechanical, and formal. Like an eye-servant under inspection,—a wheel without oil,—a person in cambric. Memoriter, apparently, to the letter ; with a plaintive,

broken whine in the delivery. The character of the voice is that of an uneven effeminacy ; nothing manly in it,—and yet nothing assumed or affected ; a kind of natural unnaturalness. His own resources far from affluent ; but industriously, and generally judiciously, eked out by selections from good standard writings : hence, instructive ; but no power, no feeling, no pathos. Tears in an audience as uncommon as a season without rain. Inclined to priestly domination, and not over scrupulous in carrying out the disciplinary measures of the strong against the weak.

* 183.—WILLIAM ARTHUR:—Diminutive—slender—gentlemanly ; light hair—light complexion—a good eye—a sprightly, intelligent countenance. A good speaker—a great deal of native fire—a respectable style—and a fine intellect. Was a short time in India, as a missionary, and is a prince among the returned ambassadors from afar. A native of Ireland ; and a good deal of trickery and partiality in operation, to secure for him a station in England ; but in perfect harmony with the movements under the present dynasty. Does not, like many missionaries, deal in anecdote, but reasons on facts, and brings the whole to bear upon the state of the heathen, the peculiar character and prospects of the Mission ; all religiously and philosophically brought out, and based on great principles. Sermons and speeches distinguished for thought—spirit—force—reading—and not unfrequently for originality. Has a slight smack of the blarney of the Emerald Isle,—beautifully festooned, and garnished with flowers.

† 184.—RICHARD ELLIOTT:—Above the middle size,—broad-set ;—round face, a piercing hazel eye,—nose inclined to the acquiline, with features regular and handsome.

Originally coachman to the celebrated Sir R. Arkwright. Shrewd, fluent, and prepossessing in his address. Laid up a good stock of information, which he dealt out in sensible and instructive portions to the people among whom he laboured. Greatly beloved, very acceptable, and extensively useful. Could be keen and satirical in his remarks, on those who forgot the law of right and kindness, in their dealings with others. A careful observer of life, as it passed in review before him, and knew how to acquit himself with credit in the various social relations of life. Delighted to exchange civilities with his fellow-men, and to take his part in sprightly and edifying conversation. Was no churl: knowing, with Burke, that "Unsociable tempers are contracted in solitude, which in the end will not fail of corrupting the understanding as well as the manners, and of utterly disqualifying a man for the satisfactions and duties of life." Believed, with the same author, that "Men must be taken as they are, and that we neither make them nor ourselves better by flying from them or quarrelling with them." Travelled thirteen years in the itinerant work; then settled in Huddersfield as a druggist, where, for six years he laboured as a local-preacher. Resumed the full work of a minister in 1809,—preferring the "cure of souls" to the cure of the bodily ailments of men. Laboured three years, and then entered into rest. He possessed many excellent qualities; but his highest glory was, the abundance of fruit which crowned his labours.

* 185.—WILLIAM GRIFFITH, Jun.:—Stands six feet;—massive, herculean, well proportioned,—a fine model of the athletic, open, bland, generous, fearless English character;—the complexion flickering between the brown and

the florid ;—regular, agreeable features ;—a dark grey eye, beaming with intelligence, and sending forth its occasional flashes of fire ;—with a thickly clustered head of auburn locks. The general expression of the countenance would seem to be that of the jocular, but in reality belongs to one who is under the influence of hearty, cheerful, kindly feeling. A terror to evil doers, and a praise to such as do well. Belongs to the PEOPLE ; lives, breathes, thinks, feels, speaks, writes, works for the people. Has no sympathy with the stoicism of those who live in a world of their own, where all is fancy—the mere imagery of something like Plato's republic ; in which men can be unmoved at poverty, —be insensible of injuries, ingratitude—or the loss of estate, of friends, of civil and religious rights and privileges,—can live in the possession of a virtue which is a mere phantom, a firmness which is merely ideal,—can leave mankind in the possession of all their natural defects, without the exposure of a single vice, or a single foible. William Griffith lives in a world of realities, and is eminently practical. Abhors hypocrisy,—despises meanness,—drags abuse to the day,—assigns to men and things their proper names,—paints vice in all its frightful colours, and inspires an avoidance of it. Will never present men with a forged idea of perfection and heroism, of which they are incapable, or exhort them to visionary impossibilities. A little *ultra* in some of his views, but always on the side of humanity, liberty, truth, virtue, and religion. A powerful, instructive, useful, and therefore popular preacher. A commanding eloquence,—endless resources,—a vast amount of imagination,—strong reasoning powers,—a comprehensive range of subjects,—is highly impassioned,—and always intelligible. Never from

home on the platform, when the full, free, commanding figure is revealed, whirling the right arm, putting it forth, or stretching it upward, with the fore-finger pointing heavenward, like the spear of an ancient warrior, to which is added an occasional clenching of the hand, when under strong emotion; the whole attitude and action reminding his classical hearers of the description given by Diomede of the Trojan hero Æneas:—

“ Stetimus tela aspera contra,
Contulimusque manus: experto credite, quantus
In clipeum assurgat, quo turbine torqueat hastam.”*

Just the man for a hurricane; memory helping him with fresh supplies under every emergency;—argument, sarcasm, wit, repartee,—sunshine, storm, thunder, lightning, all at hand when needed. Often bearing down upon an entire audience like a mountain torrent,—carrying all before him, even at the close of a protracted meeting, when three and four hours have been occupied by preceding speakers, and nature has seemed to be sinking under oppressive heat, in densely crowded buildings, such as Exeter Hall, the Great Hall at Birmingham, the Free Trade Hall in Manchester, the Athenæum in Liverpool, St. Andrew's Hall in Norwich, in the principal Corn Exchanges, Assembly, and other public rooms in the kingdom. A bold, rich, racy, and sometimes elevated and highly poetic style; with a voice reminding the auditor

* ÆNEID. XI. l. 282. Thus translated by Dryden:—

“ We met in fight: I know him to my cost:
With what a whirling force his lance he tost!
Heavens! what a spring was in his arm, to throw!
How high he held his shield, and rose at ev'ry blow!”

of the majestic roll of the thunder, which, when in full play, may be heard from afar. Sermons crowded with varied thought,—luxuriantly rich—but capable of improvement by condensation, provided the wealth within would admit of it. Not one of those orators described by Shenstone, who, without arguments, resemble stage-coachmen without arms, adorning their cause with rhetoric, as the others their vehicles with flowerpots. All is natural, all is genuine. Nothing stiff or formal; rather negligent than otherwise; action sitting easy upon him. Powerful both in body and mind. Happy the man who has such an one for a friend.

* 186.—THOMAS HARRIS:—Round, full face,—the hair verging to the state in which the “almond tree” is said to “flourish;”—nostrils “spectacle bestrid;”—rather ecclesiastical in his appearance. A good voice, though not well managed, the rough burr of the *r* being very perceptible, especially in the word *Spir-r-rit*. A rapid and somewhat consequential vibratory movement of the head, attended occasionally with a knowing smile. A gentle spring in the toes, causing the body to rise and fall whilst making his appeals to the consciences of his hearers; on which occasions the fist is clenched, and the right arm raised. Matter good and useful, though not remarkable for methodical arrangement; a want of evenness in the texture of his discourses, presenting the appearance of patchwork,—well constructed paragraphs being frequently tacked together by unmeaning expletives, weakening the force and destroying the beauty of the whole. A mind not well disciplined, reminding us of a warehouse, in which are deposited many valuable articles, which, owing to the confusion and want

of arrangement, the proprietor is not always able to find at the moment they are wanted. Somewhat loquacious. The advice of Sir Walter Raleigh not altogether out of place here:—"He that cannot refrain from much speaking, is like a city without walls, and less pains in the world a man cannot take than to hold his tongue. Therefore, if thou observest this rule in all assemblies, thou shalt seldom err: restrain thy choler, hearken much, and speak little; for the tongue is the instrument of the greatest evil that is done in the world." Can navigate a ship over a summer sea, when gentle zephyrs swell the sail; but not to be trusted in a hurricane, and with breakers under the lee. Stationed in Sheffield, in the memorable year of methodistic misrule, where he furnished another melancholy illustration of the force of the truism;—"He is not fit to govern others, who cannot govern himself."

* 187.—JAMES COLLIER:—Son of a preacher. Slightly above the middle size. *Regular features,—a good eye,—dark, but not black hair. An even delivery; and though accompanied with occasional emphasis, a little more energy would be advantageous, and render him still more acceptable to his hearers. Employs the Queen's English,—pure—dignified; equally remote from the florid and bombastic. Sound sense; interesting; rather instructive than impressive; somewhat deficient in application. Audible, clear voice;—a fine spirit;—tolerant in his views and feelings. Generally calm, but has a pleading earnestness in prayer. Not without imagination. A good, broad platform for his discourses—a fair meaning of the text—no needless waste of words. In harmony with the teaching of old Selden: "When you meet with several readings of the text, take*

heed you admit nothing against the tenets of your church : but do as if you were going over a bridge, be sure you hold fast by the rail, and then you may dance here and there as you please ; be sure you keep to what is settled, and then you may flourish upon your various lections."

* 188.—GEORGE OSBORN :—Brings to recollection a remark of Swift : " There is a brain that will endure but one scumming : let the owner gather it with discretion, and manage his little stock with husbandry ; but of all things let him beware of bringing it under the lash of his betters ; because that will make it all bubble up into impertinence, and he will find no new supply." Somewhere about five feet ten inches ; of an ordinary build,—black hair,—of a pasty hue,—a chin, as if a piece had been shaved off the one side of it ;—a dark, searching, suspicious eye, giving him the appearance of a policeman in a crowd, in quest of prey, —the suspicion lurking within, like heavy armour, more calculated to impede by its weight, than to protect the person. A strong feeling against him when proposed for the itinerant work, because of his " forwardness ; " a feeling admirably supported by his subsequent career ; a " forwardness," nevertheless, exceedingly serviceable, having, in the language of the venerable Richard Reece, got " hitched into the Hundred," and elevated to the Conference Platform, in consequence of its beneficial influence on the projects and doings of a party in power : a reward, by the way, as humiliating to the recipient, as it was impolitic in the donors,—having all the effect of ennobling a man for setting fire to the house of his innocent neighbour : both being yet to be taught, by Burke, that " the road to eminence and power, from obscure condition, ought not to

be made too easy, nor a thing too much of course ; and that if rare merit be the rarest of all rare things, it ought to pass through some sort of probation." Is not teased with one of those scrupulous consciences, which, like a horse not well weighed, starts at every bird that flies out of the hedge ; nor yet like the sheep, that bounds at once over the puddle, while animals of another mould, plunge into the midst of it. Witness his famous "DECLARATION;"—a declaration of his own vanity, suspicion, impolicy, despotism, and recklessness ; which, in less than two years, cost the Wesleyan Connexion 56,000 members, among whom were upwards of 7,000 officials, exclusive of 15,000 on trial in 1850,—the loss of a Chancery suit in the Holt case,—three defeats at Quarter Sessions,—thousands of pounds to the Connexional Funds,—and which effected the degradation of the Wesleyan Conference, by robbing it of its essential dignity, as a grave, deliberative, religious, legislative assembly ! Has lost caste, and been at a sad discount with the people ever since 1847 ; having been severely lashed for his indiscretion in the " Test Act Tested." *Impolitic* enough to declare, in a Missionary Committee of Review, in the house of God, by way of bravado, at a time when the conduct of others had excited painful feeling on the subject, that he would ride in first-class carriages, take his glass of wine, or his glass of brandy and water, when he judged proper ; heedless of the respect due to the conscience of a weak brother, and especially of the character of a Christian minister, who ought to have some regard for the apostolic office : *foolish* enough to state—on the iniquitous conduct of the preachers, exhibited in the expulsion of Messrs. Everett, Dunn, and Griffith,

being named—that the Wesleyan Conference could expel a man for not tying his shoe-strings the right way: and *profane* enough to declare, on expelling five excellent local preachers, of sound creed, deep religious feeling, and untarnished reputation, that “*the word of God*” had nothing to do with such disciplinary acts! Was among the first to bring the iniquitous, un-English, and unscriptural law of 1835 into operation, after slumbering in the Minutes, like a maniac in its cell, during a period of fourteen years, and which only had to be roused, to put forth its destructive power; a law which the preachers declared, in 1849,—with a view to suppress the indignation of the people,—to have reference only to themselves, as ministers, but which, when it suited their purpose, was brought to bear against the private members, as in 1850; an act of treachery only equalled in the case of Mr. Osborn’s “Declaration,” the signing of which, in order to render it more palatable, was at first said to be voluntary, but, after the majority had signed, was made compulsory to the few, on pain of the displeasure of Conference. Declared that he would not shake hands with the reputed author of the “Takings:” “What a calamity!” exclaimed Dr. Beaumont. Apart from his airs of importance, which only exhibit the credentials of impotence, his hearers, in listening to his voice, are struck with its shrillness and inflexibility; more on the slow, than the rapid, and an occasional apparent hesitancy. Now and then rousing, but more frequently a painted fire; or, more properly, say, like alloy in gold, which, though it makes the metal work the better, is certain to debase it. Takes stock of his congregation as soon as he enters the pulpit, searching every

corner, still in true police style, as if for suspicious characters,—or with a view to adjust matters to his company,—or as one in whom materials are always prepared for kindling the smallest spark of vanity into a flame, when likely to be fed. While reading the prayers—which are extremely familiar to him—is busily engaged in looking at every person entering the chapel, and following them with his eyes to their seats. Eccentric in his manner. Action anything but agreeable ; forbidding, rather than otherwise ; and an awkward way of hanging over the pulpit. Matter generally good and varied, but occasionally spoiled by the low and vulgar ; thus shewing the grain to be naturally coarse, and any degree of discretion and refinement to be the result of his position in society, which, not less than grace, operates as a curb upon human nature. Speaking of rings, bracelets, and other ornaments, will condemn them in no measured terms, by first giving an anatomical description of the hand, from Bell ; and then, politely placing the tip of his nose between his finger and thumb, as if about to disembody its contents, will tell his auditors, that they might as well proceed a little further, in the style of the stye, and append rings to their noses ! thus dragging in—to employ a favourite expression of his own, in reference to his “ Declaration ”—by “ hook or by crook,” his tasty morsels of inelegance. A brace of quotations, one from a sceptic and another from an artist, might be useful, if well applied : “ However contradictory it may be in geometry, it is true in taste, that many little things will not make a great one. The sublime impresses the mind at once, and with one great idea ; it is a single blow : the elegant, indeed, may be produced by repetition—by an

accumulation of many minute circumstances." "The taste of beauty, and the relish of what is decent, just, and amiable, perfects the character of the gentleman and the philosopher. And the study of such a taste or relish will, as we suppose, be ever the great employment and concern of him who covets as well to be wise and good, as agreeable and polite." A little caution on the subject of plagiarism may not be improper. Not very nice on the subject of self-contradiction. Among the foremost of those who, in 1850, paraded everywhere an increase of 9,000 members against the Reform cause, and as demonstrative evidence of the Divine approval of Conference proceedings; and in 1851, when there was a decrease of between fifty and sixty thousand, discovered that numerical success is no mark of disapproval: * thus "blowing hot and cold," deriving

* The "Sheffield Independent," in the early part of July, 1851, in reporting Mr. Osborn's speech at the Sheffield Missionary Meeting, observes, "In admitting the paucity of converts during the year, as compared with the machinery at work, and attempting to account for it, the speaker referred to the Divine Sovereignty, ascribing the fact to the will of the Divine and Almighty Agent, without whom no conversion is ever brought about. *To calculate the number of agents and the amount of labour bestowed, and then to pretend to bring out how many conversions, or whether any conversions at all, should take place in a given period, he described as great nonsense,—the Divine Sovereignty being as essential an element in all such calculations as the agency and faithfulness of man. He wished all Methodists to frown upon such nonsense.* The matter does not admit of a rule of three application." While we refer to a Statistical Table at the close of the present volume, which has a bearing on this subject, we furnish another gem from the said famous speech, on the same Missionary occasion. "*The money test is the Scripture test of grace: the question put to every converted person is, How much will you give? and where the grace has not got into a man's pocket, it has got a very little way indeed, if at all, into his heart.*" The principle involved in the first of these quotaticus is as false in theology as it is in fact. Conversions are never known to take place on any extended scale, apart from the application of Divine truth and the agency of regenerated men. So often and so regularly do they occur,

equal comfort from a tepid and from a cold bath, amidst the frost, the snows, and storms of a Russian winter. Has good qualities in the midst of his blemishes; reads, thinks, writes;—is active,—clever,—and an agreeable social companion, when things are agreeable to his taste. An active local secretary of the “Evangelical Alliance,” for which office he reaped golden fruit by the hundred, maintaining its principles abroad, but forgetting them among his brethren at home. There is truth in the remark, that “a purchased slave has but one master; an ambitious man must be the slave of all who conduce to his aggrandisement.” And yet nothing is more true, than that, “like dogs in a chain, birds in a cage, or squirrels in a wheel, ambitious men still climb and climb, with great labour, and incessant anxiety, but never reach the top.” The subject

according as the agents are zealous, self-denying, prayerful, humble, and animated with divine love, and according as men are faithfully dealt with, that wherever the required circumstances exist, the happy result may be calculated upon with tolerable certainty. They never take place, as Mr. Osborn taught his hearers to believe, on a Divine fiat, and in an arbitrary, miraculous way. Mr. Osborn is as remote from his Bible as from Mr. Wesley, who, had he heard such a doctrine, would have charged its propagator with a change of creed. In no case are such blessed events the result of mere sovereignty. There is an intimate, if not inseparable, connection between human agency and Divine efficiency. God's time to favour Zion is, at all times, when her people take pleasure in her stones, and favour the dust thereof. “Finally, brethren, pray for us; that the word of the Lord may have free course, and be glorified, as it is with you.” Here we have a mysterious connection, in the economy of God, between the prayers of the church and the progress of the gospel, in the conversion of sinners. Mr. Osborn's inconsistency is as gross as his heterodoxy is glaring. In 1850, as already intimated, he trumpeted it forth, that he had 9,000 reasons for not conceding one point to the Reformers; and in 1851, having 56,000 arguments for concession, he unblushingly pretends to ignore the whole. Within twelve months, he says and unsays, affirms and denies, the same thing. The second quotation from the same speech, is another deadly symptom in the case of Con-

of this sketch has lowered in the esteem of the public, in proportion as he has risen by the forced, unmerited, and untimely efforts of his friends.

† 189.—JACOB STANLEY:—Brother of Thomas Stanley, No. 77, vol. I. of these sketches. Different in form, feature, and character, from Thomas. A trifle lower in stature, and less in bulk; the one taking his mould from the father, the other from the mother. Both full of varied, pleasing, pointed anecdote, and seasonably introduced: both shrewd—distinguished for self-government—and beloved; but Thomas had more of the gentle, the affable, the tender, than Jacob; and Jacob had more reading, was more consecutive, more finished, more piquant, more compact than Thomas. Leaving Jacob to stand alone, he was considered by many as a hard and dry preacher; and so

ference; that they have transformed the ground of membership from a spiritual one, into one of pounds, shillings, and pence. They excommunicate, as "bad Wesleyans," men and women whom they acknowledge to be "good Christians!" as though "a Wesleyan" were a higher "style of man" than "a Christian," or as though a greater degree of excellence were required in the followers of John Wesley, than in those of Jesus Christ. Admission into society is a matter of mere merchandise—bought and sold for money. The Rev. John Mc. Lean was so completely ashamed of it, at the time it was named to him, that he did not believe any member had ever been cut off simply for withholding his money! "It was not for stopping supplies," said he to a friend, "but for conspiring to stop supplies." Admirable logic! Till very recently, the money contributed on the receipt of the ticket was never dreamed to be the price or condition of membership. The contribution was considered a *usage*, not a *law*,—a spontaneous act of liberality and love, not a mercenary qualification for admission. The adoption of the money test is a sure sign of spiritual decay. But they have a powerful, though secret, reason for it. It furnishes them with a wider door, through which to thrust out local preachers, leaders, and members, by the score, without the slightest trouble—without even the mockery of a trial. They cannot afford to parley; to save time, therefore, and protect themselves against remonstrances, they have hit upon this scheme, as much distinguished for its injustice as for its craft.

he was ; but though dry, he was not frigid,—and though hard, not harsh. An amazing amount of point, transparency, and condensation. Sermons well furnished with intellectual material, and calculated to interest the intelligent. Had no passion, no pathos. Went through his work like a machine ; but one of those machines which do good service to society, and which society cannot do without,—furnishing the necessaries, if not the comforts of life. His remarks always perspicuous, and his reasoning logical. Had what might be denominated, a kind of mimping mouth, and a certain sharpness, in consequence of a contraction of muscle ; amounting to a natural prohibition. Voice naturally small, but clear and distinct ; and could gain access to the ear of an audience much more readily than one of twice the volume. Nothing of majesty in either person or manner ; yet nothing mean or creeping. Courteous, well-behaved, and friendly, without familiarity. Had an admirable tact for exposing absurdity ; this exemplified in his writings, on the Papal controversy, and on subjects of minor importance : nor less for making inconsistent arguments totter and clash, and laying bare every species of shuffling hypocrisy. Could discern, when a doubt was propounded, the point in which it lay, and instantly remove it ; knowing well, that yes or no never answered a question ; and that the act of distinguishing things which ought not to be distinguished, and of confounding things which ought not to be confounded, was the great cause of all the mistakes and misunderstandings in the world. Satire was not only at hand, but quiet humour : would have taken a ready part in the pilgrimage to Canterbury, had he lived in that day, and would have rehearsed,

with demure glee, the more religious portions of Chaucer's Tales. Was a shrewd observer of human character and manners, and was well acquainted with the times in which he lived. An exemplification of "What a large volume of adventures may be grasped within this little span of life, by him who interests his heart in everything; and who, having eyes to see what time and chance are perpetually holding out to him as he journeyeth on his way, misses nothing he can fairly lay his hands on!" The same writer, L. Sterne, speaking in his own person, saying, "If this won't turn out something, another will; no matter, 'tis an essay on human nature; I get my labour for my pains; 'tis enough, the pleasure of the experiment has kept my senses, and the best part of my blood awake, and laid the gross to sleep." Adding, "I pity the man who can travel from Dan to Beersheba, and cry, 'tis all barren.' And so it is: and so is all the world to him who will not cultivate the fruit it offers. 'I declare,' said I, clapping my hands together, 'that were I in a desert, I would find out where-with in it to call forth my affections. If I could do no better, I would fasten them upon some sweet myrtle, or seek some melancholy cypress, to connect myself to. I would court their shade and greet them kindly for their protection. I would cut my name upon them, and declare they were the loveliest trees throughout the desert; if their leaves withered, I would teach myself to mourn, and when they rejoiced, I would rejoice with them.'" All but the passion of this passage will apply to Jacob Stanley. Loved a good book; and had a good knowledge of the most healthy and useful part of English literature. To him, "It was with books as with the female character,"

according to a writer of great name, "where a certain plainness of manner and dress, is more engaging, than that glare of paint and airs and apparel, which may dazzle the eye, but reaches not the affections." Some time prior to his election to the presidential chair, viz., 1834, there was a strong feeling in favour of his elevation to that post of honour. The "Christian Advocate" was under the bann of the Conference, as has been the case with the "Wesleyan Times" since; Jacob called at the office for a copy, previously to the election of the President; the Rev. John Mason, to prejudice his [Mr. Stanley's] case with the brethren, stated that he was a reader of the "Christian Advocate," and therefore, as was significantly hinted, not the proper person for the chair; while he himself was one of a coterie who had agreed to take a copy in companionship with the innocent purchaser, in order to read its reports of the proceedings of Conference! Jacob had the misfortune to take his cue from the whig side of the house; juniors, therefore, of less weight, took the precedence. On the refusal of the Book Committee to advertise and sell the first volume of this work, he ordered, in the spirit of demure waggery, among other books to be enclosed in his monthly parcel, "Goody Two Shoes," "Jack the Giant Killer," "Thomas Hickathrift," &c. The waggery was not perceived by the worthy Book Steward, and the order was graciously acknowledged!! More prompt to complete such orders, than orders for the works of Daniel Isaac, or any other man, not in favour at head quarters. And yet Jacob, like William Atherton and Joseph Fowler, veered gently round from the cold north to the warm south, as soon as he felt the mesmeric power of the clique, and

began to breathe the balmy atmosphere of the CENTRALIZED circle in the metropolis. He was never restless, never troublesome, but always had a kindly leaning to the sunny side of civil and religious freedom. Really, there is no accounting for magnetic, any more than mesmeric, influences. Peace, peace to Jacob! Breathe softly. He was a rare man!

* 190.—THOMAS VASEY:—Tact, cleverness, talent, and genius, like other qualities, are variously defined. Tact adapts itself to time place, person, circumstances, and means. Cleverness is like a swallow on the wing, in a summer evening, with a sharp shrill cry, and a sudden turning; or, if more approved, like a butterfly in a storm, dancing hither and thither, — touching everything, but fastening on nothing, and too light to be dashed in pieces. Talent is like a cavalcade of heavy horses and heavy men; or again to change the allusion, is like the swan, proud of its own majesty and grace. Genius, like the eagle, dwells alone in the storm, and rushes like the whirlwind. Talent lives in the study, and among books. Genius dwells in nature and among men. Cleverness is the leading attribute here. Light, active, fair complexion, bald, good features, and sprightly expression. A smart, crack preacher, yet not strictly popular. Wants ballast. In love with himself. Flippant. Will not hesitate to exaggerate to suit a purpose, by denominating an assemblage of persons in Exeter Hall, mostly seniors, and mixed up with some of the first divines of the day, a set of juveniles of no consideration; and the perigrinations of the excellent, talented, useful James Caughey, when seeking to recruit his physical energies, after weeks and months of incessant toil, in a series of

religious services, as so many trips of pleasure, or in his own degrading language, as so many *larks*. An excellent accomptant; and finding that the highest ascents in Methodism, are hard by the "salt" rocks, renders himself useful as a financier, which already, as in the case of others, begins to have a withering influence on his ministry. Like some, whose livelihood or elevation is in the civil list, is seen to express a vivacity or mettle above others, by a little jerk in his motion, a short trip in his steps, court to his superiors, and other indications perceptible in aspirants after fame. Had advice not been among the last things which Ariosto tells us are to be found in the moon, and been so much slighted upon earth, a little, if taken, would prove beneficial. But ah, "If to do," so says Shakespeare, "were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions; I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps over a cold decree; such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel the cripple." However advice may be taken, it ought to be given. Mark the risings of *vanity*.—"A noble heart, like the sun, showeth its greatest countenance in its lowest estate." Keep close to *truth*.—"Like a coat of arms, it is richest when plainest." Thus much for Shirley. Hear Mulso: "It is always dangerous for mortal beauty, or terrestrial virtue, to be examined by too strong a light. The torch of truth shows much that we cannot, and all that we would not see. In a face dimpled with smiles it has

often discovered malevolence and envy, and detected under jewels and brocade the frightful forms of poverty and distress." Beware of *ambition*.—"That high and glorious passion which makes such havoc among the sons of men, arises from a proud desire of honour and distinction; and when the splendid trappings in which it is usually caparisoned are removed, will be found to consist of the mean materials of envy, pride, and covetousness. It is described by different authors, as a gallant madness, a pleasant poison, a hidden plague, a secret disease, a caustic of the soul, the moth of holiness, the mother of hypocrisy, and, by crucifying and disquieting all it takes hold of, the cause of melancholy and madness." Be *modest*.—"A just and reasonable modesty not only recommends eloquence, but sets off every great talent which a man may be possessed of. It heightens all the virtues which it accompanies; like the shades in paintings, it raises and rounds every figure, and makes the colours more beautiful, though not so glaring as they would be without it." "Mere bashfulness without merit is awkward; and merit without modesty insolent. But modest merit has a double claim to acceptance, and generally meets with as many patrons as beholders."

† 191.—GEORGE SMITH:—A man "full of the Holy Ghost and of faith." A little below the ordinary size,—fleshy, but not unwieldy,—and as active as fire. Suffered great hardships in the mission field, in the early part of his itinerancy; and was glad to gnaw the bones left by others, on his homeward voyage from Newfoundland. His piety, zeal, purity of intention, benevolence, power with God in prayer, and pastoral habits, gained him friends every where,

and secured him a popularity denied to many of his more gifted brethren. Was of the pure Bramwellian school. His pulpit addresses, though distinguished neither for compass nor penetration, were rousing, faithful, and affectionate. Was very anxious to master the Hebrew language, owing to his reverence for the sacred writings; but commenced too late in life, and lacked the right tools for the work. Furnishes, with his comparatively limited powers and circumscribed reading, a fine exemplification of small causes producing great effects; shewing, in the language of Mr. Fellowes, "that no good effort is entirely lost, and that no strenuous and honest endeavour to improve the condition of man is ultimately made in vain; of which cheering and salutary truth, the moral and physical world furnish abundant evidence." His were the ram's horn, and the sling and stone—simple, but effective.

* 192.—JOHN RYAN, 1st:—A native of Ireland. In the hey-day of life. Tall—robust—well made, with the exception of a slight inclination of the knees inward. Dark, keen eye, participating in the glare of a head of dark red hair, bristling its way upward like an ascending flame. Features good, but effeminized, like another of his brethren, with the Chian laugh, or perhaps more properly—smirk. Takes unusual pains with his person, to set it off to the best advantage; and from his glances upward and downward and into the mirror, shews a kindly feeling towards the exterior, Was one of those who cut short his pulpit services, and desecrated the Christian Sabbath, by travelling by rail on that day, at the beck of T. P. Bunting, to bear witness, with his "hearsay" tales, against the amiable Daniel Walton, at Manchester; and towards whose

expences, with those of others, the sum of £9. was taken from the Contingent Fund. An acceptable preacher as to talent. Partial to a little literary parade, and looks large with large words. Voice clear, shrill, and scolding. Somewhat rapid in his delivery, but with appropriate rests. Too wordy, and occasionally misty. The intellect capable of something better than what is put forth, but not well disciplined; nor does his reading appear to be of a character to feed the hallowed affections of the heart. Reminds us of a remark of the witty Dr. Fuller, who says, "Wines, the stronger they be, the more lees they have when they are new:" adding, "Many boys are muddy-headed till they be clarified with age, and such afterwards prove the best. Bristol diamonds are both bright, and squared, and pointed by nature, and yet are soft and worthless; whereas orient ones in India are rough, and rugged naturally. Hard, rugged, and dull natures of youth acquit themselves afterwards the jewels of the country; and therefore their dullness at first is to be borne with, if they be diligent. That schoolmaster deserves to be beaten himself, who beats nature in a boy for a fault. And I question whether all the whipping in the world can make their parts, which are naturally sluggish, rise one minute before the hour Nature hath appointed." The subject before us is neither dull, nor soft, nor rough, nor sluggish, but only requires to cut in a right direction, and to shew his worth in a more apostolic way, that the people may appreciate more highly the diamond within, through the rays emitted without, and sip more freely of the wine of the kingdom, on account of the vessel's exemption from any offensive deposit of the lees. Seems, on the intro-

duction of different topics, in social discourse, to have no fixed principles. Jumps at once into a subject ; but, on being fairly met, quickly retires ; and when a listener, the last speaker has always the strongest argument, to whom he generally becomes a ready convert. Social in his habits,—and on the look out for preferment. Not without a little blarney. Has the apparent misfortune of taking the knowledge and opinions of others on trust, which, at best, induces mental indolence, and leaves a man as superficial as before ; resembling a person, who, having need of fire, goes to his neighbour's house to fetch it, but on finding a good one there, draws in his chair and sits down, forgetting to carry the veriest spark back to his own residence, and thus make it his own. Though the manner is often vehement, yet the heart is left cold ; and every attitude in the pulpit seems to say—" Look at me." Time, and grace, and self-examination, may yet do much ; in connection with a little less sail, and a little more ballast. " How is this ?" asks a writer ; " Alsippus saluted me to-day, and with a smile threw himself almost out of the coach to take notice of me. I am not rich, and what's worse, was a-foot ; according to the present modes of life, he should not have seen me. Oh ! now I have hit on it : it was that I might see him in the same coach with the duke of ——." This cuts like a diamond, and leaves its trace on the glass over which it passes.

† 193.—JOHN SAUNDERS PIPE:—A rare subject, and could not but be viewed as such, except by an ordinary mind, to which every subject is alike. It was not, however, in the splendour of his talents, that he was to be contemplated. He never dazzled by the brilliancy of his conceptions, or

charmed by the elegance of his diction. He had superior tools to work with. It was not in tinsel that he dealt, but in the precious metals before they reached the mint of refinement. There was a substantiality about him, which impressed beholders with the notion of the oak, rather than the flower that bedecks the gay parterre. He belonged to the forest—for shelter, rather than to the hot-house—for the gaze. He was intended for the hand, rather than the bosom; not a flower to regale the senses, but a staff to support the frame. And yet, massive as he was, he was as transparent as a piece of glass; but then, it was the double plate; not that which might be broken by a partial storm. The reason for employing the latter illustration is, his purity and simplicity. He had no cover; had nothing to conceal—nothing but what could bear the light. He was seen through at once,—not because of his shallowness, but because of his openness and transparency; for glass as he was, to pursue the metaphor, he was one of those fine, thick pieces, grooved into the deck of a vessel—clear, yet durable,—sustaining the foot, while it imparts light to the eye. There was no air of mystery hanging around him; nothing repulsive; the man who entered his presence instantly felt himself at home, and had nothing to do but draw in his chair towards the social hearth-stone, where, if he felt not the material fire very powerful in its influence, he was sure to be favoured with a fine glow of religious and social feeling. The same glow—the same purity—the same solidity, accompanied him in his public ministrations. He was not, like too many, a prince in language and a pauper in thought. His language appeared to be the everyday drapery of his working thoughts—just thrown on for

ordinary purposes, and to do the work of the occasion ; without any study—without any trimmings—any adornings ; plain—easy—natural—and not unfrequently strong. His conceptions were generally clear—sometimes bold—and greatly varied. Usefulness, not show, was his motto ; and, as among those who have heard him, it may be affirmed, he was never heard without feeling. When turning the eye inward, the hearer always found him fumbling about the heart ; and, as a preacher, he never directed his way *to* it, without coming *at* it. He was a *heart* rather than a *head* preacher. Not that he left the latter unfurnished : no man could hear him without being enlightened. His sermons were distinguished for thought—for solid thought—more so, indeed, than for language. Language was secondary in his estimation. But then, they were thoughts of fire, which burnt their way inward, like a heated iron ; not like icicles hanging at the eave of a house,—long—cold—and clear. There were occasional bursts in the course of a sermon, which came upon his auditory like an unexpected explosion,*—the words and thoughts, like the splinters of an exploded shell, flying in every direction, and very often with amazing execution. These amply atoned for any little apparent deliberation, which might precede them. Yet, in his more deliberate moods, he was never dry,—nor was he ever found to be tedious. When

* An instance of this may be named, which took place in Oldham-Street Chapel, Manchester, one Sabbath morning. After noticing various ways in which the Spirit of God seeks to find access to the heart of man, he observed suddenly and powerfully, “ Sometimes, to alarm him of his danger, the Heavenly Watchman *springs his rick* in the sinner’s heart, and cries ‘ FIRE ! FIRE ! ! ’ ” A young man in Mrs. Boyd’s pew, dozing a little, jumped on his seat,—expecting, we opine, that it was time for him to alter his situation.

he carried his hearers slowly through any part of the journey, it was never unwillingly—never lazily—and rarely otherwise than pleasantly. He gave them time for reflection ; they were always making progress, and saw the point to which he was likely to lead them ; and, what is more, they always had confidence in him ; they felt themselves safe,—felt that they could rely upon him. As to his piety, there could be but one opinion. In sunshine and in storm, he was always found in a devotional frame. This was the secret of his usefulness ; he was an apostle of God. If out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh, his conversation was a fair index of what was contained within. There was one thing which could not but be admired,—he was never obtrusive. He had good discernment, combined with Christian prudence ; and these were always at hand. Knowing his company, he acted accordingly. When in the pulpit, he was there the minister of religion, and was clothed with its commanding authority ; but in the social circle, he was more docile, tender, and alluring, than authoritative. He would have imperceptibly *led* persons into the subject of religion, rather than have *forced* it upon them ; and from the frankness of his manner, the generosity of his spirit, and his softened cheerfulness, he rarely failed to win upon his guests. His memory being tolerably tenacious, and being an attentive observer of passing events, he had an excellent fund of anecdote, as well as a happy method of improving particular occasions and circumstances. But all is over. The waves of the world pass over him unheeded and unfelt. Let the living improve his death by their life ; and shew their regard for his life, by preparing for death. To few can Dryden's " Character of

a Good Parson" be more appropriately applied, than to John S. Pipe:—

"His preaching much, but more his practice wrought;
(A living sermon of the truths he taught);
For this by rules severe his life he squared,
That all might see the doctrine which they heard.
For priests, he said, are patterns for the rest;
(The gold of heaven, who bear the God impressed);
But when the precious coin is kept unclean,
The Sovereign's image is no longer seen.
If they be foul, on whom the people trust,
Well may the baser coins contract the rust."

* 194.—JOSEPH MORTIMER :— Tall,—bony ;—round, open countenance ;—between the dark and the florid. But little reading beyond his Bible, preserved in countenance by his less studious habits. The mind of but ordinary calibre ; and incapable either of soaring or diving, except in the more experimental part of religion. Seizes an occasional strikification, and makes it tell like electricity upon an audience. His sermons are common-place, as to material, but accompanied with such simplicity, sincerity, earnestness of purpose, and power, that they often resemble fire among dry stubble. One of the weak things of the world, bringing to nought the things that are mighty ; and one of the foolish things of the world, confounding the wise ; being mighty, through God, to the pulling down of "holds" too "strong" for men a thousand-fold weightier in intellect and learning than himself. While others, with higher claims, and capable of fascinating the multitude by the charms of their eloquence, know not where to look for the fact of *this* and *that* man being born of God under their ministry, Joseph Mortimer can look around, and say, "Here am I, and the children thou hast given me." One of his strokes has often

produced an ecstasy in the penitent, equal to the discovery of a truth in the mysteries of science by a philosopher ; while another has made the hardened sinner stamp, stare, start, weep, wonder, and strike his hand upon his breast, like a savage in the wilderness, as though for the first time he had seen the likeness of his own face in a mirror—feeling its influence in his bosom, as a man who is deaf, dumb, and even blind, will startle, attempt to ejaculate, and point to his heart, at the sudden shock of artillery. No refinement ; sometimes coarse ; but every thing is overlooked, and finds an apology in the head of the simple and the heart of the sincere. Appears in all the glory of his character in the heated atmosphere of a prayer-meeting, connected with a revival of religion. “ I caution all writers without genius,” says Pope,—and why not preachers too,—“ in one material point, which is, never to be afraid of having too much fire in their works. I should advise rather to take their warmest thoughts, and spread them abroad upon paper ; for they are observed to cool before they are read.” Revival services conducted by the Rev. James Caughey, were so many holidays to the heart of Joseph Mortimer. The right man for the untutored, passing them on to the higher classes for instruction. Was a missionary in the Zetland Islands. Useful wherever he goes,—pouring forth the prayer of Habakkuk as he marches along in his strength—“ O Lord, revive thy work in the midst of the years, in the midst of the years make known ; in wrath remember mercy.”

† 195.—JOHN SLACK :—A *fac simile* of one of the more condensed old Puritan Divines ;—quaint, slow, sound, pithy. Great simplicity, and though no ardour, purity of feeling.

In all his sermons, a fine tone of benevolence, religion, and morality, which added greatly to their value. Was such a man as would have written a book like Isaak Walton, and which would have pleased John Evelyn. Sermons generally short, and all his own. His manner, though lingering and heavy, was not dry. Full and brief; literally packed his discourses with thought, and with striking aphorisms. Very unlike the lengthy expositions of some of the Scottish divines, under which a Wilkie might be tempted to sketch the sleeping heads of the auditors on the blank leaf of his Bible,—a practice, by the way, which cannot be too severely reprehended. Habits economical, but not to the ascetic point of rejecting Christian enjoyment. Was never out of temper. Resolved to overcome all by imperturbable good humour, as he was resolved to outstrip all by the depth and piety of public discourse. A good, flexible voice; a clear, sententious, forcible, terse style. Always succeeded in accomplishing his own purposes, without compulsion, as a superintendent; the surrounding officials, owing to his manner and remarks, thinking and feeling as though they were adopting their own measures; himself acting on the advice of Lord Bacon, who says—"Let a king, when he presides in council, beware how he opens his own inclination too much in that which he propoundeth; for else the counsellors will but take the wind of him, and instead of giving him free counsel, will sing him a song of '*placebo*.'" Kept the wheels of the machinery well oiled, and all ran on smoothly—without grating, without jarring. Middle size,—dark complexion,—good eye;—a placid, modest, unassuming expression. A man of sound judgment and solid worth.

† 196.—**JOHN NELSON**:—Nephew of the famous John Nelson, the coadjutor of John Wesley, whose simple tale, in his "Journal," has imparted fuel to the hopes and joys of thousands. The nephew, though without the wit of the uncle, partook of his character and constitution. A man of huge stature, plain manners, and good common sense. Fearless, earnest, resolute, single-minded,—blending, with admirable effect, the "son of thunder" and the "son of consolation." Mixed his pulpit addresses with appropriate anecdotes, which were told with grace, point, and freedom, and often produced a powerful sensation in the audience. A little credulous and enthusiastic; but always leaning to the experimental part of religion. Great power in prayer. A strong voice, with great flexibility, and well managed. Could melt an audience into tears, or raise them into ecstasy. Though an uneducated man, and not given to much reading, the finest strains of native and impassioned eloquence were frequently poured from his lips. Constituted the centre of attraction for the most zealous and simple-hearted of the Wesleyan Community. The celebrated John Smith, who was allied to him by marriage, lit his torch partly at this fire. There is great truth, and much of nature, in a remark of Goldsmith: "When we rise in knowledge, as the prospect widens, the objects of our regard become more obscure; and the unlettered peasant, whose views are only directed to the narrow sphere around him, beholds nature with a finer relish, and tastes her blessings with a keener appetite, than the philosopher, whose mind attempts to grasp a universal system." John Nelson was no ruler, no financier; and concentrating his energies, to effect the improvement of the people in the

circuit in which he laboured, where he found every thing tangible, every thing under his eye, every thing matter of immediate interest, he was invariably useful.

* 197.—JOHN MC. LEAN:—Bishop Earl, who was the Butler of his day, tells his readers, that “A young preacher is a bird not yet fledged, that hath hopped out of his nest to be chirping on a hedge, and will be straggling abroad at what peril soever. The race of his sermon is a full career, and he runs wildly over hill and dale, till the clock stop him. The labour of it is chiefly in his lungs; and the only thing he has made in it himself, is the faces. His action is all passion, and his speech interjections. He has an excellent faculty in bemoaning the people, and spits with a very good grace. His style is compounded of twenty several men’s, only his body imitates some one extraordinary. He will not draw his handkerchief out of his place, nor blow his nose, without discretion. His commendation is, that he never looks upon book; and indeed he was never used to it. He preaches but once a year, though twice on a Sunday; for the stuff is still the same, only the dressing a little altered: he has more tricks with a sermon, than a tailor with an old cloak, to turn it, and piece it, and at last disguise it with a new preface. If he have waded farther in his profession, and would shew reading of his own, his authors are postils, and his school-divinity a catechism.” What must have been the character of the English pulpit, to have admitted of a bishop indulging in such waggery? We are furnished with a fine contrast to the “young preacher” here pourtrayed, in the Rev. John Mc. Lean. Tall—clerical in his appearance—affable in his manners;—mildness, cheerfulness, and intelligence mingling their beams in the expression of his

countenance. Reminds us, in his sweetest moods, and under heavenly influence,—with some degree of modification,—of the poet's compliment to another personage ;—

“ Fair as the unshaded light, or as the day
In its first birth, when all the year was May ;
Sweet as the altar's smoke, or as the new
Unfolded bud, swell'd by the early dew ;
Smooth as the face of waters first appear'd,
Ere tides began to strive, or winds were heard ;”

we say, his sweetest moods,—moods, of course—

“ Ere tides began to strive, or winds were heard.”

His addresses often breathe the tender passion in its softest strains. Finds his way directly to the heart, through a fascinating, undesigned witchery, which he carries about him ; and exceeds most men in carrying on a stirring, joyous, fervent, unfettered prayer-meeting, when divine grace is poured from heart to heart, like oil from vessel to vessel. Has holy warmth, rather than fervour, in his ministrations ; or, if fervour, none of its feverish heats : all soft and insinuating,—evincing the ardour of John in his love to souls, and in his desire to disseminate truth. Brings to recollection the tone and colouring and perspective of some of Claude Loraine's pictures, rather than those of Salvator Rosa ; the warmth and calm and beauty of a summer's evening, rather than the heavens bespangled with stars in the cooler season of the year. To hear him unfettered, is refreshing to the spirit. Has the Scotch accent and pronunciation, but not broad, and rather pleasing than otherwise to an English ear. The voice soft, full, and mellow. Language respectable, sometimes novel and elevated. An occasional short asthmatic cough in starting, as if at a loss what to say, and employed to aid

recollection ; or, in other words—for it does not amount to a stammer—a kind of broken, interrupted hesitancy, which, as it subsides, and he is fairly at work, is succeeded very often by a strain of the purest eloquence. A little negligent of pulpit preparation, and leaves too much, apparently, to the inspiration of the moment ; particularly in the drapery of his thoughts, and in the branching out of his subject into some of its minuter details. Has a rich, original mind, an amiable spirit, and good devotional feeling. A fine sense of honour.

† 198.—EDWARD HARE:—Born in 1774. Received the rudiments of a classical education in the Grammar School, Hull,—his native place, under the fostering care of the Rev. Joseph Milner, M. A., author of Church History, and brother of Dr. Milner, dean of Carlisle. Buffeted the waves as a mariner, several years, and was some time a prisoner of war, during the long, tremendous struggle between England and France, when, in the language of prophecy, France herself, “like a basket of summer fruit,” was ripe for destruction,—and was shaken from side to side, as by an earthquake, while surrounding nations felt her convulsive throes. Exchanged Neptune with his trident for *terra firma*. Experienced the verities of true religion in early life. Was called to labour in the York circuit, in 1798, and died in 1818, at Exeter, where he had gone for the benefit of his health,—his death being hastened by lying in a damp bed, which brought on a pulmonary consumption. Below the middle size,—not fleshy, yet roundly and compactly formed, with amazing physical energy and activity. A cheerful, intelligent countenance, a good forehead, and a quick eye. Complexion rather dark. The likeness ac-

accompanying his "Pulpit Remains" tolerably correct. A great admirer of Joseph Benson, and, in sermonizing, worked partly after him as a model,—leaving full latitude for the exercise of his own genius. Loved his book; was a close student; brought up the arrears of his Greek and Latin on entering the ministry,—and made a free and religious use of his pen. Not a musical voice; yet audible, round, full, and when impassioned, highly emphatic. Great fluency, fervour, and energy. Language, plain, forcible, and appropriate; never elevated,—never mean; such as the teacher rather than the orator employs. Statements clear, natural, just, and convincing; and truth enforced with a zeal and with an eloquence that would do credit to the first speakers of the day. Highly inventive—acute—not unfrequently figurative; and could manage a parallelism with admirable effect. Not a man whose superiority was merely local, confined to the community in which he moved, and rendered visible by his associating with men of inferior minds; but a man who would have commanded more, much more, than ordinary respect, in any situation, and in any religious body. Too much engrossed in his studies for the mere business influence of the Connexion, though not without excellent business habits. If—according to a German writer, in his Aphorisms—he who can, in the same given time, produce more than any other—has *vigour*; if he who can produce more and better—has *talents*; and if he who can produce what none else can—has *genius*; then Edward Hare may be classed among the highest of the second—as a man of superior talent. His reason appeared the more reasonable, in his studiously avoiding all reasoning on subjects above reason; while in matters within its province, he

never left a subject unsettled. Was first brought into notice as an author, by his letters against the Rev. Joseph Cooke, in whose Sermons on Justification, &c., were found what was deemed a heresy against the doctrines of Methodism; but more especially by some tracts between, on the publication of his "Preservative against the Errors of Socinianism, in Answer to 'The Rev. John Grundy's Lectures on the Principal Doctrines of Christianity;'" in which he lays prostrate the whole Socinian system, by a course of reasoning founded on scriptural truth, at once perspicuous, plain, dignified, Christian, forcible, and convincing. Most of his works controversial, with the exception of his "Navigation Spiritualized," and his Sermons; in the former of which he exhibits superior dexterity to Flavel, if not as much metaphor. Though a controvertist, he is not to be viewed as one of those testy and quarrelsome persons, who, like a loaded gun, might, by accident, go off and kill some one. Had a fine temper—was a pleasant and instructive companion, and was drawn into controversy as much by the necessity of the case, the circumstances in which he was placed, and the importunity of his friends, as by any private inclination to engage in the work. Johnson observes, that "a transition from an author's book to his conversation, is too often like an entrance into a large city, after a distant prospect. Remotely we see nothing but spires of temples and turrets of palaces, and imagine it the residence of splendour, grandeur, and magnificence; but, when we have passed the gates, we find it perplexed with narrow passages, disgraced with despicable cottages, embarrassed with obstructions, and clouded with smoke." Not so with Edward Hare; in the social circle—in the

pulpit—and on paper, each manifestation was full of promise to the other ; and the three combined—preacher, companion, and writer, stamped him as a man of rare endowments. One amusing incident may be named, to relieve more sedate matter : a paper was handed to him to fill up, in reference to the property-tax, when resident in Sheffield ; he entered in the column on property,—

“ No foot of land do I posess,
No cottage in the wilderness,
A poor way-faring man.”

It was understood ; and this piece of Methodism, hitched into a state document, occasioned no small amusement.

† 199.—VALENTINE WARD :—Shakespeare has put into the mouth of Hamlet some doubt of a great man’s memory outliving his life half a year ; and adds, as a foundation for any possible hope,—

“ But, by’r lady, he must build churches then.”

The subject before us imbibed the notion, on being stationed in Scotland, that bricks and mortar would advance the cause of Methodism ; and some chapels belonging to Mr. Haldane’s party being on sale, he concluded that it would be a seasonable opportunity for the purpose of stepping in and driving a bargain for his Maker, in his own section of the visible church. He built, bought, and altered, in first-rate style ; and lives in the recollection of the good people north of the Tweed, to this day,—many of whom groan, being burthened with chapel debts. No fear here, in these railroad times, in which reputation is becoming hourly more short-lived,—in which heir does not thrust out heir, nor wave displace wave, more rapidly than opinion overturns opinion,—no fear of Valentine Ward ever being

forgotten in Scotland. No, no ; had he lived till now, he would not have lived to become his own posterity,—looking back on the thoughts and actions of his prime and vigour of manhood, as on things of remote antiquity. The trustees of chapels, whom he had loaded with heavy responsibilities, and who pursued him like duns, and haunted him like spectres, to the close of life, would never have allowed him to forget that his zeal had got astride of his judgment, and ridden off with it. Always behind-hand in pocket, and was glad of an appointment to the West Indies, to get away from his troubles. Constitution unfit for the climate. Melted away like snow before the sun, almost immediately on entering upon his mission. Noble withal, and much regretted. Stout—comely in person—solid—manly—deliberate ;—good practical sense, in every thing except chapel-building, which was allowed to become a *mania* ;—cool ;—manifested close, as well as general observation,—and was well skilled in Wesleyan rule and tactics. Was no plodder, no recluse, no *librorum belluo*, but rather an assiduous promoter of the more active duties of religion and social life. Read little. Studied men, and trusted mostly to his own reflections. Could say, in a certain sense, with old Hobbes, “ If I had read as much as other people, I should have been as ignorant as they.” Neither too fond, nor too much afraid of religious disputes ; met them fairly ; and in all argumentation was a cool and candid reasoner. Great self-possession ; and when violent at all—if it really deserved that appellation—it was on the subject of church government, which he was not anxious to push to its *apex*. A little lethargic, after intervals of wakefulness, travel, and activity ; and could have calmly dropped asleep, and have

snored in first-rate style, in the presence of a set of trustees boring him on the subject of embarrassed chapels. Had a fine, full, mellow voice. Was a clear, easy, ready speaker ; and both from practice, and strong natural sense, was a skilful debater. Occasionally heavy, but generally telling, in consequence of his broad and plain appeals to popular prejudices, and confident statement of facts. Always distinct in opening his plan ; and often powerful, in connection with his adherents, in defending his own side of a question. Somewhat inclined, at first, to the whig side of Methodist politics ; but veered a little towards the opposite benches, as he became oppressed with the difficulties in which he had involved himself with the Scotch chapels. Had a combination of those natural gifts requisite to the formation of a good preacher ; gifts which lie out of the province of instruction, and which no rules can serve to give,—such as a fine form, a fine voice, and some of those feelings which are among the rarer properties of those who occupy the rostrum. These properties were among the tools and materials, so to speak, of his trade ; and these neither his own industry nor any man's assistance could bestow. Happy is it, when the right use and application of them is known to be another question ; and when persons look for directions from reading, industry, judgment, and heaven. His infirmity was that of a too sanguine temperament ; anxious to accomplish a great amount of good, without duly deliberating upon the amount of means at command.

* 200.—GEORGE STEWARD :—Preachers, like poets and paintings, are sometimes to be viewed from a distance. Not that they are more defective than other men, but the occasional difference between habit and principle, and the

elevated standard set up by the observers, not unfrequently place them on a level with ordinary characters. Inspection, eye, and scrutiny too, are here invited. Stout, but not corpulent; and well proportioned. Black hair;—face full, and nearly allied to the oval;—with a fine, dark, sparkling, 'expressive eye, the power of which is felt after a few seconds have passed away. Good, though not beautiful features,—associated with an expression of gentleness, modesty, and thoughtfulness. No appearance of vivacity;—no effervescence of feeling;—all subdued and deep-toned; aweing away frivolity, impertinence, and familiarity; yet inviting the patriarch in age, and the infant of days, by the more softened aspects which ever and anon appear. The voice, which is listened to in private conversation without any marked feelings of surprise, experiences as perfect a transformation, in the pulpit and on the platform, as if a ventriloquist were at work,—so great are its depressions and elevations: rapid and scarcely articulate at first, then harsh and grating,—giving the notion of an instrument unadapted to the purpose for which it is employed, till it acquires a fitness by use, when it is preferred to any other that might be casually offered for acceptance. Let patience possess the soul of the hearer a few minutes, and he will soon be remunerated for any loss he may have sustained in the commencement; nor will he less readily find his ear attuned to the systematic risings and fallings of the voice, than to the swinging to and fro of a tree in the sweep of the wind. With scarcely a pause, the tide of thought and eloquence rolls on, as if it were one continued sentence,—rivetting, captivating, enchanting, and astonishing the cultivated and intelligent hearer;—often leaving the mind

in a state of mystical absorption, in an attempt to comprehend the illimitable soul of the speaker. Though parenthetical, there are such master principles of the art of composition displayed and exemplified, and at the same time with such concealment of the argumentative victory he is about to achieve, that the occasional grating of the voice, and the length of his periods, are lost in the uninterrupted flow of the sentences, which fall with such magical music, that every sentence in succession dwells on the ear and harmonises, like lines in a poetical stanza, with that which has gone before,—rolling on with power, with majesty, and often with sweetness. Style generally corresponds with the sense; elegant, lofty, but bearing occasional marks of labour, in the midst of great richness and sublimity. Nothing of a faint and mincing propriety; nothing of a tame neatness and dimness, which are as far removed from the strong, the graphic, the straight-forward, as the east is from the west; nothing of the style and feeling of those that can only live and breathe in a world of essences and dressing boxes;—nothing, nothing of the temerities of affectation, frivolity, and fine language, in which the ingenious thought and poetical fancy seek to be distinguished. Brings to the pulpit a strong, rich, and working mind, evangelical views and feeling, enlarged and philosophical thought; clothed in a style which, though occasionally sonorous, and, to the masses, obscure, displays the speaker to be a thorough master of the English language; yet, master as he is, not one of those who aim less at precise knowledge and sound reasoning, than at rhetorical elegance, and who are thus foolishly snapping at the shadow and leaving the substance. Relieved from the

formalities which oppress the rising race of preachers from Richmond and Didsbury; encouraged by the free and enquiring spirit which is animating men in their religious and social affairs, he is characterised by the vigour and novelty of his compositions, by a high sense of the beautiful both in Nature and Art, by a boldness of imagination unknown in Methodism, since the days of Richard Watson, —whose genius, by the way, was of another order,—and by a desire rather to expound those feelings and affections which form the groundwork of man's character and moral condition, than to dwell on the trivial and accidental peculiarities which constitute his external manners. Has none of the stiff and neatly adjusted paragraphs of some of his gifted coadjutors; but appears to have dismissed formality, precision, and pomp. There is now and then an apparent want of dexterity in the art of shaping his materials, and giving them that currency with an entire congregation which is necessary to the full utility of pulpit compositions: but it is here as with Cowper the poet, in the esteem of Campbell,—whether he rises into grace or falls into negligence, he has so much plain and familiar freedom, that few preachers can be heard with a deeper conviction of the sentiments expressed proceeding from the heart, and of the warmth manifested being unfeigned. Genius is not to be drilled by him into the steps of a dancing master; preaching is not to be filed out of its natural proportions; nor is Nature to be swaddled in stays, or distorted into points: Nature is not to be studied here in a park, where the grass is mown and trimmed, and the roller has passed over it. That is not the fashion of George Steward. He leaves that to the preacher of a formal tea-party, or a levee-day, where

the voice of Nature is never heard on her native hills, and the gladdened voices of her children are as mute as the dead ; to those, who, with a mixture of poetry, elegance, morality, and philosophy, in trammels themselves, wish to please rather than profit ; himself, meanwhile, not without fine imagery, expressed in rich, copious, musical language. Any man of common capacity may be made a passable preacher at the Theological Institution ; but such men as George Steward are only met with occasionally, like comets in the heavens. He is unique in Methodism. Occasionally gorgeous, like the rolling clouds, tinted with every variety of hue, in the western heavens : and then, perhaps, not the man of the multitude, whose defective vision requires the pure day. Yet, defective as that vision is, it is gradually clearing ; minute analysis and anatomy being the demand of the day,—not by the superficial practitioner, who fancies subtlety a sure and easy resource, but forgets that subtlety belongs to the depths and not to the shallows of life and experience. There is profound reflection, relieved by striking imagery, and apparent taste for philosophical investigation. Genius, with him, is not a wild, unsettled, wayward thing ; but that which enables him to give the spirit of a thought, and the soul of an action ;—that which makes many ideas burst from one thought, like seas of light poured upon many worlds from one sun. Equally perceptible is originality ; investing even ordinary things with certain charms and colourings, so as to present them to the mind in an unusually attractive way, and by tracing in many of them the primary laws of Nature. Knows that men tire of a constant reproduction of the same imagery, and subjects, and styles, and leading

ideas, and therefore strikes out into a path of his own. In his wide range, gives us an idea of Chalmers, for comprehensiveness of intellect, and yet at the same time minuteness of discrimination ; equally capable of grappling with a giant, and playing with the feebleness of a worm—of grasping a mountain and peeping into a molehill ; bursting forth and flashing among the multitude. Now and then a touch of the true sublime ; not that kind of sublimity after which some aspire, as though it consisted in swelling sentences, and in the power of sonorous words—merely crushing an emmet beneath a mountain ; but that sublimity which lies in the idea, and which appears the more striking and perfect the more naturally the idea is expressed ; that sublimity into which the sacred writers soared to such lofty and bewildering heights—and in which, if the expression may be allowed, they revelled in the majesty of omnipotence—leaving all modern attempts at rivalry, like those of a bird competing in its heavenward soarings with the ascent of a celestial spirit : this, by the way, to show our readers we wish not to overrate. Imaginative, yet not in the strictest sense descriptive,—that is, in the sense in which Crabbe, the poet, is descriptive, abounding in happy delineation of character ; nor yet with those powers of imagination which form a chief ingredient in poetry ; but presenting to his hearers the larger and broader phases of civil and religious society. Has the power of touching mental rather than visible objects, with truth and effect, with a happy choice of expression. Has sympathy invariably with his subject and with his hearers ; with a goodly portion both of abstract and practical benevolence. Blends the determination of age with an exquisite and ingenuous sensibility ;

shewing by his earnestness and gravity, that his sentiments are the result of conviction. Deep feeling and high imagination, leaving the little niceties and refinements of life in the background, not to remain unobserved, but to be preserved in a state of subordination. So profound his sensibilities, that he would take no share in the expulsions of 1850 and 1851. Freedom to him is the parent of preaching, and the nurse of true eloquence ; * and he knows they can flourish only with a free people, and under a free constitution. A fine devotional spirit, which breathes through his sermons and his pages,—falling upon his thoughts like the light of a summer moon on a landscape at midnight,—imparting a tone to his thoughts, as colours receive their beauty from the sun,—and giving a character to all his discourses, as the love of the Creator lends its loveliness to the perfection of all his attributes. Nothing of declamation or bombast ; and an avoidance of the conduct of such preachers as are always either attacking or defending some point in divinity, instead of pouring forth—which is his delight—eloquent appeals to the minds of men, to enrich and interest the heart. Often on the platform, soars beyond the ken even of his more intellectual

* It is matter of general notoriety and observation, that those preachers who have recently manifested so much anxiety for the maintenance of “ Methodist discipline,”—thus merging the minister and pastor in the priest,—have entirely lost the true inspiration of pulpit eloquence,—presenting the appearance of men bound in intellectual fetters. It is also curious to observe, how, in the repetition of their old sermons, passages sometimes occur, condemnatory of their own conduct, bringing the blush of shame to their cheek, and which the people are not slow to apply ;—a fine contrast also, to the freedom, energy, and success, characterising and accompanying the labours of some of the expelled local preachers. The curse of God rests upon the one, whilst his blessing attends and cheers the efforts of the other.

brethren, as is manifest from the fact of their applauding him before he reaches his climax; the sound of the feet playing beneath, like a roll of thunder, as he shoots upward into the clear blue heavens. His whole character is admirably illustrated in the following passage from an anonymous writer:—"It is in strict accordance with the nature of things, that men of original genius should be always inadequately appreciated by the generality of their contemporaries. The reason is, that such men contribute not only an addition to existing stores, but an addition varying in kind, as well as in degree, from that of previous contributors. Of these originalities all may perceive the novelty, but the peculiar excellence lies hidden, except to persons possessing some congeniality of mind; and of these the number in each generation is necessarily limited."

POSTSCRIPT.

SINCE we commenced our artistic labours, in the first volume of these "TAKINGS," the world has undergone many changes, for good or for evil;—changes, slow and without observation in their progress, or rapid and instantaneous in their development. In the political world, the foundations of society have been shaken to their very centre; a mighty dynasty has been overturned, and is now, with its author and head, numbered among the things that were. Nor has the religious world escaped commotion and change. Every branch of the Christian Church has felt, more or less, the influence of agitation,—the wing of the tempêt has swept over them all. But the fury of the storm seems to have burst upon the Wesleyan portion of that Church. Why this should have been the case, is a question on which we shall not now speculate. We hold the opinion, however, that if the wisdom which characterized the pure and patriarchal administration of JOHN WESLEY had continued to influence the councils and guide the movements of those who, since his day, have stood at the helm of government, the good old Wesleyan Ship,—to employ a somewhat favourite metaphor,—instead of being, at the present moment, all but a wreck, would now have occupied the same position among the religious sects in our country, which England does among the

nations of Europe,—she would have been an ark of security and strength, where the weary and tempest-tost of other denominations might have sought shelter and repose.

But, alas! alas! the dynasty of John Wesley has past away, and with it the pure and apostolic spirit by which it was directed. After a brief interregnum succeeding his death, during which there appeared no one with energy and ambition sufficiently daring and presumptuous to grasp the sceptre which Wesley had wielded with such a benignant sway;—there arose The Reverend JABEZ BUNTING,—by an act of courtesy on the part of one of the transatlantic Colleges, *Doctor of Divinity*,—the gentleman who stands as No. 1, in the first volume of these Sketches. At the time that sketch was “taken,” we are free to confess, that, artist-like, we placed our subject in the very best possible light,—throwing into “the shade,” that which, “in a good picture,” might have “offended the eye.” Our apology must be, that the baneful effects of the policy which characterized his movements,—though slightly touched as to his power,—had not then been fully developed,—a policy which was as much opposed to that of John Wesley as light to darkness, being as remarkable for its secrecy and craft, as Wesley’s was for simplicity and openness. In our third edition of that volume, we saw cause to throw a few shadows over the otherwise bright picture; and were we required to give another portrait of the same gentleman, as he now appears before the world, we fear we should be compelled to dip our pencil in still darker colours. But we forbear; the task has already been performed elsewhere, as will be perceived in an article following these remarks.

The Buntingian Dynasty, as it has been appropriately

designated, in contradistinction to the purely Wesleyan,—has reached the summit of its power ; it now totters to its fall. Like all other systems which depend for their support on the craft of their policy, and the secrecy of their movements, it carried in its own bosom the elements of its own dissolution ; and even as we write, it is crumbling into ruins. Listen to the REQUIEM of the departing dynasty, as chaunted by “ The Wesleyan Times ;” which we here offer as a very graphic profile likeness of the leader and head of that dynasty, on his “ withdrawalment from public life.”

“ The announcement of Dr. Bunting’s resignation as Senior Missionary Secretary, made by us some weeks ago, is now confirmed by the authority of his own friends, who characterise the act as a “ withdrawalment from public life.” We shall not be alone in our regret that the parting eulogy was not entrusted to hands more competent to the melancholy task. Was there no Apelles to paint the Alexander, that the office was confided to a brush which would disgrace the signboard of a village ale-house ? Woe be to the party thus summoned to the mournful duty of anticipating the final loss of their distinguished chief, if this bald and limping panegyric is a fair sample of the talent that remains to them ! A pauper’s funeral were a less beggarly enthasia ; a penny theatre might furnish forth a more respectable apotheosis. It is, without exception, the wretchedest piece of composition that ever appeared, even in the Watchman itself.

“ Opposed as we are to the ecclesiastical system which, in the annals of Methodism, will ever be identified with the name of JABEZ BUNTING, we declare it is a name which

merits respect even from an enemy, and might well serve, among sympathising friends and avowed admirers, to make even the tongue of the dumb eloquent in its praise. That the retiring leader possessed great talents, it would be as wicked to deny as it is superfluous to assert. As little can it be doubted, that he early found the precise field suited for their most advantageous exercise, and that they have been therein cultivated to the highest pitch. In that mistaken spirit of self-flattery common to men secluded from their fellows by the narrow and exclusive limits of sectarianism, his small admirers are fond of imagining to what unexampled heights of ambition he might have soared, had not his aspirations been confined to the Methodistic region. The simpletons do not perceive what a poor compliment they pay themselves, when they insinuate how unworthily *he* expends his powers upon such groundlings, who could have given counsel to a Monarch, commanded the homage of a listening Senate, and wielded the destinies, not of a sect, but of a nation. These silly sycophants might congratulate themselves upon the relative importance which they have derived from association with so great a man, without suffering it to appear that they felt utterly unworthy of the honour. Lookers-on are ready enough to discover the Saul whose head and shoulders rise pre-eminent above the multitude; and the surrounding dwarfs need not absolutely prostrate themselves in order to exalt the object of their awe-struck idolatry. A twofold mistake is committed by these votaries of departing greatness. They disparage the office in exalting the man, and they disparage the man by forcing him into comparisons which he cannot bear, and ought not to be subjected to.

“ The government of a body so extensive in its range, and so complicated in its interests and arrangements, as the Wesleyan Connexion, might afford ample scope for the highest talents and longest foresight granted to man ; while it were surely fame enough, and sufficient proof of any man’s gift for administration and dominion, that, in point of skill, he had, by general consent, in this region of human society, developed a faculty for government surpassed only by the illustrious founder of the community himself. To invite a comparison between the moderate capacities, limited attainments, and confined experience of Jabez Bunting, and the great jurists, statesmen, and orators, who have illustrated the annals of our country and even of our age, is to dwarf a reputation which appears truly great when viewed in connection with the field on which it has been achieved, as a Welsh mountain would sink into an inconsiderable hill, if transplanted among the towering heights of the Alps or the Andes. He is not, properly speaking, a man of genius, nor are his unquestionable talents of the first order. Destitute of classical and scientific knowledge, his range of reading (which he might have extended) has been as limited as his range of observation, which has been restricted by circumstances. At an early period, however, he felt his strength, compared with the inferior minds by which he was surrounded ; and this consciousness encouraged him boldly to seize the reins which he clearly saw no other hands were so well able to hold. When in the meridian of his bodily and mental vigour, he enjoyed high repute as a preacher, and offered public prayer with something verging on agonistic fervour ; but his pulpit services have left no distinct or permanent impressions, while, even

for immediate effect, his most powerful appeals to the conscience were often marred by their resemblance to the fury of a scold. In simple and lucid statement, and in the tact of producing a formidable array of plausible pretences, which, under favouring circumstances, might do duty in the lack of sounder arguments, few men have excelled him; but he had, in most instances, the advantage of addressing an audience which passively submitted its judgment to his direction, and never troubled itself to inquire too curiously into the convincing force of his reasonings. It was neither his destiny nor his ambition to "wield at will the fierce democracy;" but to his share (and he was contented with it) fell the easier and less noble task of teaching an ecclesiastical oligarchy how to make spiritual influence the instrument of popular subjection.

"Even an opponent can give Dr. Bunting credit for upright intentions; but posterity will judge him, as it will judge other men, by what he has done. He may have believed that his policy was the best for the interests of the Body which he undertook to direct, and we sincerely believe that he has never had in view any end less creditable than that of promoting what he deemed the respectability of Methodism. It is vaunted that, with all his influence, he has not enriched himself. His flatterers must have singular notions of moral greatness, when they make it a part of his eulogy that he has positively not robbed the Connexion. Common prudence might have taught them to withhold a remark, which, besides its intrinsic foolishness, serves to recall the fact, that he has condescended to quarter his daughter's husband upon the Connexion, and that, in the

disputes which his misgovernment has fostered, his pettifogging son has found a profitable source of litigation.

“ Without questioning motives, then, what has Dr. Bunting done ? He found Methodism prosperous and united : what is it now ? After a fashion, indeed, he has done a great deal ; but, in effect, all his doing has been undoing. The Founder of Methodism proceeded upon different principles. He was but a fallible and erring man ; but, his eye being single, his whole body was full of light ; and, in this matter, he was not permitted to go far astray. The glory of God and the good of man, were his whole object, which he sought to accomplish, not by means of a carnal policy, but by committing himself, in every exigency, to the sole direction of Divine Providence. He did not seek out witty inventions, and depend upon his own ingenuity. Therefore, whatever he put his hand to, prospered ; and it was evident, that Methodism, though the instrumentality was human, was the work of God. There followed him, however, a leader who trusted less to the indications of providential grace and wisdom, and more to the suggestions of secular expediency ; and that which, in its rise and progress, had seemed to be Divine, and promised to be permanent, received within its bosom those seeds of dissolution which always mix themselves with the subtlest of man’s devisings. It is impossible to go fully into the comparison. Suffice it to say, that Jabez Bunting reversed, in almost everything, the course pursued by John Wesley. What he did not change, he perverted ; and the new measures pointed in a different direction from the old. Mr. Wesley, for example, intended a fraternal union between the Preachers and the People ; and, though he

deemed itinerancy indispensable to make the scanty resources at his command go the greater way, yet he never dreamed of rendering the preachers independent of the people. It has suited the purpose of his successor, to make that arrangement subservient chiefly to this very end. While to Mr. Wesley it would have appeared as an advantage, that the preachers should be kept humble by some sense of dependence upon the people to whom they ministered, Dr. Bunting's aim was to exalt them into a separate caste, and to inflate them with the pride of priesthood ; and, for this purpose, he has found the shifting character of the Methodist ministry extremely convenient. The brotherly love which used to subsist between "the old preachers" and the societies among whom they laboured, is gone ; and instead of it, we have a race of men whom Dr. Bunting has filled with absurd and anti-scriptural notions of pastoral supremacy, and who, in the assertion of their fancied prerogatives, make havoc of the churches committed to their care, not doubting that he who has taught them to put on those airs, will find them another circuit to play the priest in, when that in which they now flaunt themselves shall have become too hot to hold them. The preachers were induced to fall in with these new-fangled ideas, by the promise that he who imported them would take care of their interests. Nor can it be denied, that, by his curious and complicated schemes of finance, which have a sort of French ingenuity in them, he did contrive to improve the pecuniary circumstances of the preachers. It is probable, however, that an equal or greater improvement would have taken place in the natural order of things, as the Societies increased in numbers and in wealth ; and with this differ-

ence, that, while this would have been permanent, the other has turned out a miserable failure. Dr. Bunting induced compliance with his schemes by fair promises of corporate advantage; and the preachers now see to what a fine market he has brought them. Take the Children's Fund, for example. Last year it was estimated that 126 members would have to furnish provision for one preacher's child. How many, or rather how few, will have to bear the burden next year?

"But we cannot further pursue so voluminous a theme. Dr. Bunting has touched everything in Methodism. See, cry a thousand admirers, with what mirific effect! Where, we ask, is the evidence? You tell us that his career has covered more than half a century. Have you not spoken more than you intended? With what truth-like error have you not dated the commencement of his mischievous course from the very time when the party which nursed him in its bosom dared first to neglect to record, and afterwards to tamper with and falsify, the Concessions wrung from them by a wronged and oppressed people. What wonder that, with such an example, he should have foisted upon the people, as "guards and securities" for them, the detestable Minutes of 1835. Yes, Dr. Bunting has touched everything in Methodism, and baleful has been the touch: to him we owe our immense load of chapel debt; and to him, also, those boasted schemes of relief, effectual just in proportion as the people put their own hands into their own pockets. He followed the venerable Benson as Editor of the Magazine, which, in his hands, became so unpopular, that even the feebleness of a Jackson was deemed a deliverance. With no less presumption, he caught at the falling

mantle of Richard Watson, whose ample folds so effectually concealed his inferior dimensions, that, in the capacity of Senior Secretary, the world has known little of him, and is assured of the fact chiefly by the flagrant evidences of mismanagement and waste which, under any other direction, would have been avoided. Nor, even while holding this post, which, properly filled, would have found ample employment for all his energies, could he deny his vanity the gratification of being enthroned before the world as President of that Theological Institution which he forced prematurely upon the people, and which, to illustrate once more his marvellous success, has proved a fostering-house for priestly pride and downright Puseyism.

“ But we refrain. The reflections which must accompany Dr. Bunting into his retirement, will be punishment enough. Alas! had he pursued another course, he might have withdrawn from public life with a happy consciousness that he had been instrumental in carrying on and confirming that good work which Mr. Wesley so well began; whereas, under present circumstances, he cannot avoid the torturing conviction, that he has thrown away a long life upon schemes which, whatever temporary applause they may have gained him, have exploded in devastation and ruin, just when it was most desirable, for his present comfort and his future reputation, that they should have borne evidence of abiding success. But the die is cast; and, deprecate it as we may, the lamp of Jabez Bunting goes out in darkness. Unwarned by the repeated secessions which he had provoked, he persisted still in the same destructive course; and his name will be identified to future ages, certainly with the decline, and, unless a higher Power prevent, with the fall

too of the Wesleyan Connexion. At any rate, the same Conference will receive the announcement of Dr. Bunting's resignation and of the loss of One Hundred Thousand Members of Society!"

It is reported in the *Watchman*, that Dr. Bunting declared, in a "Valedictory Address," delivered to an assembly of his friends, gathered in Oldham-street chapel, Manchester, July 1851,—that "during the whole course of his life, he had aimed at three things:—Truth, Purity, and Peace." Without disputing the sincerity of the remark, we may be permitted to express an opinion, that Dr. Bunting has set up a false standard of truth and purity, or else that his aim has been far too low for the mark which he attempted to reach. The meeting at which the above declaration was made, was convened for the purpose of taking into consideration the disturbed state of the Connexion,*—a state which had been induced by the dis-

* In reference to this Manchester Meeting of preachers and laymen, convened by circular, issued by the President, Dr. Beecham, we have to ask,—How does it square with the following law, passed in 1796, which has been brought to bear upon the people with such fearful force, in modern times? "Let no man, or number of men, on any account or occasion, call meetings, circulate letters, do, or attempt to do, anything new, till it has first been appointed by the Conference." A reference to the Minutes of Conference will show, from the connexion in which this law is found, that it was originally passed, chiefly, if not exclusively, to prevent the preachers from "circulating letters, calling meetings, or doing, or attempting to do, anything new." Yet the preachers set it aside, whenever it suits their purpose, as in the present instance, and only bring it to bear upon the people, whom, it is contended, it never was meant to touch! But let this pass. We have no objection to the calling of meetings, by the President, in cases of emergency, such as the one now existing, provided those meetings are fairly constituted. What we specially object to, in this Manchester Meeting, is, that it was carefully packed with such men as Mr. Bottom, of Nottingham, who "desired no

astrous policy which he and his adherents have adopted, and which appears to have been almost periodical in its return. Now we hold that "Peace," sooner or later, is sure to be the result of "Truth and Purity." But for no period of long continuance, has peace of a sound and healthy character,—that peace which is attended with spiritual prosperity,—been the heritage of the Wesleyan Connexion, during the sway of Dr. Bunting. There has been either the peace of the church-yard,—without life, without motion; or the feverish action of unnatural excitement,—as in the Centenary year; or else the wild hurricane of strife,—as in the Band-Room at Manchester, with which he stood connected, while a young man, and against the members of

change;" Mr. Wade, of Selby, who would "brave all opposition;" Mr. Vanner, of London, who had "no improvement to propose;" Mr. Chadwick, of York, who wanted to crush "rebellious Leaders' Meetings;" Mr. Corderoy, of Lambeth, who "thought there was no cause whatever for the agitation;" Mr. Abbott, of Lincolnshire, who "particularly objected to open Conferences;" Mr. Pocock, of Chelsea, who wanted "more protection;" Mr. Smith, of Sheffield, who had "no change to recommend, and felt no desire for any;" Mr. Pearse, of Poplar, who was for "no alteration;" Mr. Riggall, of Bristol, who had "all the power and liberty he wished;" Mr. Chappell, of Manchester, who "would not have any rule altered;" although he had declared some years previously, that "the whole Methodist Conference was buttoned up in a single pair of br—ch—s," referring to the power of Dr. Bunting; in delicate harmony with which, he informed the Meeting, that, whenever the "Wesleyan Times" was sent him, he tore it into "convenient pieces;" declaring now "he would trust his soul in the hands of Conference." For the favouritism practised, take Salford as an example: of the three invited to the Meeting, one was married to a preacher's widow, a second to a preacher's daughter, and the third was a preacher's son. The persons invited were either persons in whom the Clique could confide, or those whom they hoped would stand by them. They appear, however, from some of the speeches, to have misunderstood the character of some of the men; as in the case of the Lord Mayor of York, Mr. Fawcett, of Sheffield; Mr. Mallinson, of Huddersfield, and others. Why did they pass by—we merely name a few as examples—Dr. Melsom, of Birmingham; Mr. Wyvill, of Halifax; Mr. Beaumont, of Bradford; Mr. George

which he published a pamphlet, in companionship with the Rev. James Wood, on finding it convenient to leave them ;— as on the Sunday School question, when stationed at Sheffield, which threw the whole society into a state of agitation ;—on the occasion of the Rev. John Stephens' political crusade against the liberal minded Wesleyans, in the same town first named ;—in the Leeds organ case, in 1827, when he assumed the title of the "*President's Adviser !*" and trampled under foot the known rules of the body, at a loss of 1000 members ;—and in Dr. Warren's case, in 1835, when he framed his notorious anti-scriptural law, and lost to the body 20,000 members. Or the still more disastrously memorable years 1849, 1850, and 1851,

Mallinson and Mr. Joseph Webb, of Huddersfield ; Mr. Sharpley, of Louth ; all of whom were members of Society, and many of whom had not formally identified themselves with the Reform cause ? Why, among the preachers, invite Mr. Strachan, and pass by his Superintendent, Dr. Beaumont ? Why allow such a sprig, just out of the Institution, as Gervaise Smith to enter, and leave uninvited Dr. Dixon, George Steward, and others, and throw the door in the face of the amiable Daniel Walton, when he was about to enter ? And now that the Meeting has been convened, what has the result been ? We are credibly informed, that some of the laymen whose names are appended to the Resolutions purporting to have been passed at that meeting, have since declared that they do not consider themselves bound by those Resolutions as they have since appeared in the Watchman, inasmuch as their character has been so altered, that they no longer bear any resemblance to those originally past, and to which they affixed their signatures. The first and the third resolution, especially, have been shamefully tampered with. The first, which in its original state, mourned over the loss of members, is now made to express regret at the measures systematically adopted to promote agitation. The third, which originally requested the Conference to take certain suggestions of change made at that meeting into its serious consideration, is now transformed into a vote of confidence in the Conference. the resolutions as originally passed, were placed in the hands of Mr. T. P. Bunting, for verbal alterations, and with a vengeance has he availed himself of the trust confided in him.

when he exclaimed emphatically and recklessly, with the loss of, say, 70,000 members staring him in the face, "I am prepared, at whatever cost in point of numbers, to maintain the great fundamental principles of our constitution." Or if peace and prosperity have been at any time enjoyed, it has been despite his influence, rather than the legitimate result of that influence.* "Truth and Purity" have been made to square with worldly policy, worldly respectability, and the aggrandisement of the Priestly Order. The standard, therefore, has necessarily been a false one; and instead of a healthy and well-ordered peace, the results have been anarchy and discord, the most ruinous and deadly.

But we live in hope of better days. We have confidence that the men upon whom will devolve the solemn task of remodelling the ecclesiastical and disciplinary constitution of Wesleyan Methodism, will allow of no standard of

* It does not appear that Methodism has been greatly advantaged by the ministerial labours of Dr. Bunting, if numbers are to be taken as a criterion. Let the reader turn to the Appendix at the close of this volume, for confirmation of our statement. He will there find an edifying contrast between No. 1, and Nos. 2, 21, 37, and 42, and many other of his humbler brethren; he is even far out-numbered by those ecclesiastical outlaws 59, 94, and 185. It is also well known that he has invariably set his face against those of his brethren who have been remarkable for zeal and success. Who does not call to mind his stern opposition to the Rev. Robert Aitken, who, whatever may have been his recent eccentricities, was, at the time, eminently successful in winning souls to Christ; and who might, had he been kindly treated, have been preserved from error, and even now have been an ornament to the Wesleyan Church, and a blessing to the world? Who does not call to mind the case of the Rev. James Caughey, of whom Dr. Bunting was one of the chief detractors and persecutors? It is also still fresh in the memory of some who witnessed the scene, that when the Rev. Jabez Bunting travelled in the Sheffield circuit, and the friends were desirous of inviting the Rev. William Bramwell to labour among them, he resolutely resisted the wishes of the quarterly meeting; and, when putting the matter to the vote, exclaimed, at the highest pitch of his voice,—“Those who are for Bramwell and the Devil, hold up your hands!”

“ Truth and Purity ” but the SACRED SCRIPTURES. We call upon all Wesleyans, practically to adopt as their own the motto of their illustrious Founder, — “ *Homo unius libri*,”—a man of one book. In this respect, let them but accommodate to themselves the sentiment of the immortal Chillingworth,—“ The Bible, and the Bible alone, is the religion of Wesleyans,”—and all will be well. “ Peace ” shall return to “ the walls ” of their distracted Zion, and “ prosperity ” to “ her palaces.” She shall yet again “ arise and shine, her light being come, the glory of the Lord having risen upon her.”

APPENDIX.

SHOWING THE AVERAGE INCREASE OR DECREASE, PER ANNUM, RESULTING
FROM THE LABOURS OF EACH OF THE TWO HUNDRED MINISTERS
SKETCHED IN THE FIRST AND SECOND VOLUMES.

No.	NAME.	Years.	Total Dec.	Total Inc.	Average per Ann. Dec.	Inc.
1.	JABEZ BUNTING	51	—	498	—	9
2.	WILLIAM BRAMWELL	32	—	2172	—	66
3.	ISAAC KEELING	40	97	—	2	—
4.	ADAM CLARKE	47	—	954	—	20
5.	JAMES BROMLEY	38	—	3	—	—
6.	RICHARD WATSON	26	—	280	—	10
7.	WILLIAM ATHERTON	53	—	113	—	2
8.	SAMUEL BRADBURN	42	9	—	—	—
9.	JOHN BOWERS	37	—	508	—	13
10.	JOSEPH BENSON	50	—	1066	—	21
11.	ROBERT NEWTON	51	—	731	—	14
12.	DANIEL ISAAC	33	—	979	—	28
13.	SAMUEL BARDSLEY	50	—	1080	—	21
14.	FRANCIS WRIGLEY	44	—	88	—	2
15.	RICHARD BOURKE	8	—	121	—	15
16.	BARNABAS SHAW	40	—	122	—	3
17.	JOHN FLETCHER (record incomplete)					
18.	ALEXANDER STRACHAN ..	35	—	82	—	2
19.	JOHN RICHARDSON (no record)					
20.	CHARLES WESLEY (record incomplete)					
21.	RICHARD REECE	59	—	2607	—	44
22.	JOHN BURDSALL	41	—	517	—	12
23.	JOHN BARBER	33	—	969	—	29
24.	WILLIAM VEVERS	35	—	16	—	—
25.	JOHN GUALTER	54	—	1197	—	22
26.	JOHN GRANT	16	—	80	—	5
27.	WILLIAM AVER	43	—	950	—	22
28.	JOSEPH ENTWISTLE	50	—	818	—	16
29.	RICHARD WADDY	53	—	643	—	12

No.	NAME.	Years.	Total Dec.	Total Inc.	Average per Dec.	Ann. Inc.
30.	CHARLES ATMORE	44	—	601	—	13
31.	THOMES POWELL	23	148	—	6	—
32.	GEORGE MARSDEN	50	—	1833	—	36
33.	R. C. BRACKENBURY	6	—	181	—	30
34.	JAMES METHLEY.. ..	36	—	823	—	22
35.	HENRY FISH	24	—	330	—	13
36.	JOHN FARRAR, JUN.	28	6	—	—	—
37.	DAVID STONER	11	—	1012	—	92
38.	WILLIAM THOMPSON (no record for more than)	32	—	841	—	26
39.	ROBERT ALDER	46	—	93	—	2
40.	JAMES JONES (left the Connexion)					
41.	SAMUEL JACKSON.. ..	41	203	—	4	—
42.	JOHN ALLEN	23	—	984	—	42
43.	THOMAS MITCHELL	16	—	304	—	19
44.	WILLIAM O. BOOTH	13	—	189	—	14
45.	WILLIAM SHAW	30	—	137	—	4
46.	ROBERT WOOD	37	—	751	—	20
47.	WILLIAM P. BURGESS.. ..	36	—	668	—	18
48.	JOSEPH AGAR	15	—	124	—	8
49.	THOMAS BARTHOLOMEW	38	—	22	—	—
50.	RICHARD BOARDMAN	17	—	97	—	5
51.	JAMES WOOD.. ..	53	—	1319	—	24
52.	ROBERT YOUNG	29	—	1200	—	41
53.	FRAS. ASBURY (record of 8 only)	49	—	432	—	54
54.	JOSEPH BRADFORD	18	—	135	—	7
55.	ALEXANDER KILHAM (left the Connexion)					
56.	WILLIAM DARNEY (record incomplete)					
57.	JONATHAN EDMONDSON	50	—	308	—	6
58.	JOHN RIGG	42	—	875	—	20
59.	JAMES EVERETT	23	—	834	—	37
60.	SAMUEL D. WADDY	24	—	204	—	8
61.	JOHN C. LEPPINGTON	18	—	84	—	4
62.	ALEXANDER MATHER	34	—	806	—	23
63.	JAMES NEEDHAM.. ..	19	—	324	—	17
64.	THOMAS HANBY	32	—	780	—	24
65.	ANDREW COLEMAN (only one year)					
66.	THOMAS COOPER	38	—	965	—	25
67.	CHRISTOPHER HOPPER	24	—	750	—	31

No.	NAME.	Years.	Total Dec.	Total Inc.	Average per Ann. Dec.	Ann. Inc.
68.	ALEXANDER BELL	40	—	430	—	10
69.	JOHN BEECHAM	35	—	317	—	9
70.	PHILIP HARDCASTLE, SEN... ..	35	342	—	9	—
71.	JOSEPH PILLMOOR	18	—	525	—	29
72.	DANIEL WALTON	36	—	165	—	4
73.	JOHN WATERHOUSE	34	—	800	—	23
74.	PHILIP C. TURNER	22	—	730	—	33
75.	WALTER GRIFFITH	38	—	389	—	10
76.	ROBERT JOHNSON	40	—	507	—	12
77.	THOMAS STANLEY	38	—	410	—	10
78.	JOHN RATTENBURY	22	—	771	—	35
79.	WILLIAM B. STEPHENSON	28	—	353	—	12
80.	JOHN BICKNELL	31	88	—	2	—
81.	THOMAS JACKSON.. ..	46	—	104	—	2
82.	JOHN STEPHENS	42	—	492	—	11
83.	WILLIAM B. FOX	23	—	176	—	7
84.	JAMES TOWNLEY	37	—	224	—	6
85.	THOMAS TAYLOR	51	—	847	—	16
86.	ABRAHAM E. FARRAR	43	—	419	—	9
87.	WILLIAM NAYLOR	48	—	650	—	13
88.	PHILIP GARRETT.. ..	44	—	508	—	11
89.	JOSEPH FORSYTH (left the Connexion)					
90.	JOSIAH HILL.. ..	36	36	—	1	—
91.	RICHARD TREFFRY, SEN.	46	—	446	—	9
92.	JOSEPH FOWLER	39	—	342	—	8
93.	BENJAMIN CLOUGH	35	—	128	—	3
94.	SAMUEL DUNN	28	—	977	—	34
95.	WILLIAM BEAL	41	159	—	3	—
96.	WILLIAM SMITH, 1st... ..	38	—	340	—	8
97.	PETER DUNCAN	30	—	1129	—	37
98.	WILLIAM FRANCE.. ..	44	—	34	—	—
99.	ROBERT SWINDLES (record incomplete)					
100.	WILLIAM WILLIAMS	14	—	341	—	24
101.	JOHN WESLEY (record incomplete)					
102.	THEOPHILUS LESSEY	22	—	313	—	14
103.	JOHN ANDERSON	28	—	251	—	9
104.	***** <i>James</i>	30	—	195	—	6
105.	DAVID Mc. NICOLL	33	—	8	—	—
106.	*****	36	—	70	—	2

Handwritten: James

No.	NAME.	Years.	Total Dec.	Total Inc.	Average per Dec.	Ann. Inc.
107.	HENRY MOORE	57	—	804	—	14
108.	* * * * *	24	—	165	—	7
109.	THOMAS GALLAND	27	—	326	—	12
110.	* * * * *	11	—	117	—	10
111.	* * * * *	37	—	341	—	9
112.	* * * * *	28	—	427	—	15
113.	* * * * *	39	—	341	—	8
114.	EDWARD FRASER	22	—	215	—	9
115.	* * * * *	15	182	—	12	—
116.	* * * * *	26	219	—	8	—
117.	JOHN STOREY	23	—	380	—	16
118.	CHARLES RADCLIFFE	38	—	190	—	5
119.	WILLIAM RADCLIFFE	30	—	343	—	11
120.	EDWARD WALKER	24	—	447	—	18
121.	THOMAS OLIVERS (record incomplete)					
122.	JOHN KIRK	25	—	49	—	5
123.	JOHN BUMBY	10	—	270	—	27
124.	JOSEPH HARGREAVES	21	—	139	—	6
125.	MILES MARTINDALE	35	—	173	—	5
126.	SAMUEL ENTWISTLE (only 12 weeks in the work)					
127.	WILLIAM ENTWISTLE	7	—	20	—	3
128.	JOSEPH ENTWISTLE	27	79	—	3	—
129.	WILLIAM HUNTER	24	—	314	—	13
130.	WILLIAM WILSON, 4TH	23	47	—	3	—
131.	RICHARD HENDERSON	5	—	20	—	4
132.	WILLIAM COULTAS	40	—	1050	—	26
133.	NICHOLAS MANNERS	4	—	30	—	7
134.	JOHN MANNERS (no record)					
135.	ALFRED BARRETT	18	—	76	—	4
136.	THOMAS WRIDE	10	—	65	—	6
137.	GERVASE SMITH	5	—	57	—	11
138.	WILLIAM SHREWSBURY	34	—	347	—	10
139.	ROBERT PILTER	43	—	608	—	14
140.	WILLIAM BARTON	23	—	68	—	3
141.	ELLIS HALL	7	4	—	—	—
142.	ROBERT JACKSON	27	—	375	—	14
143.	JOHN SMITH	15	—	754	—	50
144.	WILLIAM HORTON	30	—	433	—	14
145.	THOMAS MORGAN	21	—	349	—	17

Thornston

Dian...

West

Scott

Wm.

Hobson...

Crawley

No.	NAME.	Years.	Total Dec.	Total Inc.	Average per Ann. Dec. Inc.	
146.	ELIJAH HOOLE	30	—	64	—	2
147.	ROBERT E. ELLIS	10	—	76	—	7
148.	WILLIAM DAVENPORT	10	—	54	—	5
149.	JOHN STRAWE	15	17	—	1	—
150.	JOHN CROFTS	28	—	406	—	14
151.	WILLIAM TARR	24	—	590	—	24
152.	THOMAS EASTWOOD	38	18	—	—	—
153.	BENJAMIN GREGORY	10	130	—	13	—
154.	ROBERT HOPKINS	47	—	571	—	12
155.	JOHN C. GEORGE.. ..	26	19	—	—	—
156.	WILLIAM ILLINGWORTH	21	—	463	—	22
157.	JAMES M'DONALD	42	—	408	—	9
158.	SAMUEL R. HALL.. ..	13	—	178	—	13
159.	JOHN WESLEY THOMAS	28	140	—	5	—
160.	WILLIAM WEARS	25	—	405	—	16
161.	ISAAC HARDING	14	44	—	3	—
162.	FRANCIS TRUSCOTT	44	—	974	—	22
163.	RICHARD RAY	25	—	283	—	11
164.	ROBERT DUGDALE	18	102	—	5	—
165.	JOHN P. HASWELL	38	—	769	—	20
166.	THOMAS KELK	40	—	304	—	7
167.	CHARLES PREST	20	—	66	—	3
168.	PHILIP HARDCASTLE	21	—	509	—	24
169.	THOMAS ROWLAND	37	—	446	—	12
170.	THOMAS OWENS	18	—	923	—	51
171.	JOSEPH T. MILNER	25	—	14	—	—
172.	SAMUEL TINDALL	25	—	52	—	2
173.	GEORGE MAUNDER	15	—	150	—	10
174.	JOHN BEDFORD	19	—	10	—	—
175.	JOHN HENLEY	18	—	333	—	18
176.	THORNLEY SMITH	10	176	—	17	—
177.	ROBERT LOMAS	21	—	810	—	38
178.	WM. B. BOYCE	20	—	82	—	4
179.	JOHN LANCASTER.. ..	25	—	430	—	17
180.	JOSEPH MIDGLEY.. ..	12	—	206	—	18
181.	PETER HASLAM	12	—	293	—	24
182.	BENJAMIN B. WADDY	16	—	59	—	3
183.	WILLIAM ARTHUR	12	105	—	8	—
184.	RICHARD ELLIOTT	16	—	154	—	9

No.	NAME.		Years.	Total Dec.	Total Inc.	Average per Dec.	Ann. Inc.
185.	WILLIAM GRIFFITH, JUN	..	15	—	551	—	36
186.	THOMAS HARRIS	37	—	340	—	9
187.	JAMES COLLIER	13	79	—	6	—
188.	GEORGE OSBORNE	21	—	255	—	12
189.	JACOB STANLEY	50	—	414	—	8
190.	THOMAS VASEY	9	13	—	1	—
191.	GEORGE SMITH	28	—	497	—	17
192.	JOHN RYAN, 1ST	16	—	71	—	4
193.	JOHN SAUNDERS PIPE..	..	32	—	606	—	29
194.	JOSEPH MORTIMER	23	—	1006	—	42
195.	JOHN SLACK	33	—	452	—	13
196.	JOHN NELSON	35	—	1248	—	35
197.	JOHN Mc. LEAN	19	—	225	—	12
198.	EDWARD HARE	20	—	180	—	9
199.	VALENTINE WARD	33	—	429	—	13
200.	GEORGE STEWARD	21	37	—	1	—

In the preceding table we have given, with as much accuracy as the documents within our reach would allow, the result of the labours of the two hundred gentlemen whose ministerial character has been sketched in the two volumes of the "Wesleyan Takings." We trust that it will be considered, by the Wesleyan public, as a not inappropriate conclusion to our labours for the present. Having portrayed the workmen to the best of our ability,—mentally, ministerially, and in most cases, physically,—we should scarcely have done justice to our subject, had we omitted all notice of the manner in which they have performed the work in which they have been specially engaged. Here, again, we anticipate no small amount of objection; as indeed objections have been raised at every stage of our undertaking. We are encouraged, however, by the consideration, that in the foregoing table, we have only followed the example of the Wesleyan Conference, which publishes to the world, in the "Minutes," year by year, the increase or decrease attending the labours of the ministers in the Connexion in the various circuits in which they have exercised their ministry. We have merely gathered into a focus, if we may so speak, the information which the Conference thus annually furnishes of its doings, so far as

relates to the gentlemen who have been sketched,—assigning to each the amount of loss or gain which appeared on the face of these “Minutes” to have fallen to his share. We do not profess to have arrived at absolute perfection in our investigations. For, in the first place, the Minutes themselves do not, in all cases, furnish the data requisite to secure complete accuracy; and in the second place, it is impossible to decide as to the amount of increase or decrease in any given circuit, which actually belonged to each minister respectively in that circuit. The only plan which could be adopted was, to divide the amount among the two, three, four, or five ministers, as the case might be, assigning to each his quota. Nor has any account been taken of the labours of the local preachers and other lay agents, of which agency the Wesleyan system employs so large an amount. The entire credit, both of profit and loss,—if we may employ a mercantile term on so grave a subject,—has been given to the ministerial order.

We give one or two specimens by way of illustrating the mode in which we have arrived at the results exhibited in the foregoing table:—

The Rev. DAVID STONER:—1814—1825—11 years.

Year.	Station.	No. of Preachers.	No. of Members on entering.	No. of Members on leaving.	Total Amount of		Share allotted to each Preacher.	
					Dec.	Inc.	Dec.	Inc.
1814	Holmfirth ..	2	538	600	—	64	—	32
1816	Huddersfield.	3	1120	1530	—	410	—	136
1819	Bradford ..	2	1700	2340	—	640	—	320
1822	Birstal	2	1300	1940	—	640	—	320
1824	York	3	1807	2420	—	613	—	204

Divided by the number of years in the work 11) 1012 (92

99

—

22

22

—

Giving to the Rev. D. Stoner an average increase of 92 members per annum, during the eleven years of his ministry.

The following example is not quite so favourable in its results:—

The Rev. SAMUEL JACKSON:—1807—1848—41 years.

Year.	Station.	No. of Preachers.	No. of Members on entering.	No. of Members on leaving.	Total Amount of		Share allotted to each Preacher.	
					Dec.	Inc.	Dec.	Inc.
1807	Launceston ..	3	934	998	—	64	—	21
1809	Penzance ...	4	1372	1363	9	—	2	—
1811	Preston	2	530	530	—	—	—	—
1812	Driffeld	2	551	560	—	9	—	5
1814	York	3	1410	1500	—	90	—	30
1815	Buxton	2	380	400	—	20	—	10
1817	Burslem	2	1096	1090	6	—	3	—
1819	Manchester ..	4	3170	3050	120	—	30	—
1821	Leeds	4	4660	5360	—	700	—	175
1824	Hull & Beverley	5	2380	2290	90	—	18	—
1826	Sunderland ..	4	2848	2300	548	—	137	—
1829	Sheffield	4	3100	3070	30	—	7	—
1832	Liverpool, N.	3	1562	1010	552	—	184	—
1835	5th London .	2	1162	1194	—	32	—	16
1837	3rd London .	4	2120	2313	—	193	—	48
1840	Sheffield, W.	4	2308	2156	152	—	38	—
1843	Newcastle ..	4	1963	1675	288	—	72	—
1846	2nd Leeds ..	3	1972	1900	72	—	24	—
1847	8th London .	5	1465	1501	—	36	—	7

515 312

Deduct increase 312

Total decrease divided by the number of years 41)203(4
in the work. 164

39

Giving to the Rev. S. Jackson, an average decrease of nearly 5 members per annum, for the forty-one years.

In forming an estimate of the general results of the labours of each individual preacher, it is necessary also to take into account the character of the colleagues with whom he has travelled; otherwise, the results may appear more or less favourable than the

real facts will warrant. Thus, for instance, there appears in the above example, from the years 1821 to 1824, to have been an increase of 700 members at Leeds, giving to the Rev. S. Jackson, as his share, 175. But during that period, he had for one of his colleagues the Rev. George Smith,—a man who appears to have carried the revival spirit with him wherever he went. In endeavouring therefore to form a correct estimate of the result of the Rev. S. Jackson's labours, it is necessary to look at the column above and below the year 1821; and as we find no increase at all bearing any resemblance to that in magnitude, we are warranted in concluding that, but for the fortunate association into which he fell in that period of his ministerial career, the balance of decrease against him would have been nine instead of five. A similar instance occurs in the history of the Rev. S. Tindall. He appears with an increase of 52 members, as the result of the labours of twenty-five years. But this is far too favourable an aspect of his case. A reference to the Minutes of Conference will shew, that during the years 1836, 37, and 38, he laboured in conjunction with the Rev. Daniel Chapman and the Rev. Joseph Mortimer, in the Rochdale circuit. During that period, there was an increase of 570 members, giving as his share, 190. Of the character of the Rev. Daniel Chapman's ministry, we say nothing now, as we have reserved him for our third volume. But it is well known that the Rev. Joseph Mortimer has been remarkable, during the whole course of his ministry, for the great success which has attended his labours. Applying the same rule, therefore, in the case of the Rev. S. Tindall, as in the case of the Rev. S. Jackson, it is more than probable that, instead of an increase of 52, or an average of 2 per annum, small as it is, as the result of the labours of a quarter of a century, there would have been a decrease of about 138 members, giving an average decrease of rather more than five per annum for the twenty-five years.

One more example we shall give, the design of which is to show how a ministry which, at one time is remarkable for its energy and success, may, through declension in zeal, departure from the appropriate sphere of labour, engaging too much in matters of a merely pecuniary or political nature, or from other causes, become comparatively inefficient.

The Rev. JOHN RATTENBURY:—1828—1850—22 years.

Year.	Station.	No. of Preachers.	No. of Members on entering.	No. of Members on leaving.	Total Amount of		Share allotted to each Preacher.	
					Dec.	Inc.	Dec.	Inc.
1828	Stourbridge .	2	740	780	—	40	—	20
1831	Sheffield East	4	1856	2450	—	594	—	148
1834	Macclesfield .	3	1674	2000	—	326	—	109
1837	Leeds, West .	4	3360	4112	—	752	—	188
1840	York	4	2200	2850	—	650	—	162
1843	3rd Manchester	4	1928	2350	—	422	—	106
1846	1st London..	10	2548	2760	—	212	—	21
1849	8th London .	5	1562	1648	—	86	—	17

Divided by the number of years in the work	22	771	(35
		66	
		111	
		110	
			1

giving an average increase of 35 members per annum; by far the greater portion of which is the result of the labours of the Rev. Gentleman, previously to his location in London. Whether a return to the provinces would not be an advantage in this case, is a question of some importance, which the Stationing Committee would do well to take into their serious consideration.

It is, perhaps, only fair to observe that, in the case of many of those ministers whose labours appear to have been attended with comparatively little increase as it respects numbers, there may have been an equivalent amount of good in the instructive and edifying character of their ministry. All are not blessed with the same amount of success in gathering souls into the Church of Christ. To some is peculiarly committed the task of preserving and feeding those who have already been gathered. And this, we trust, has been the case with many who appear to have laboured with little visible success. THE DAY alone can declare it.

In conclusion, we remark, that the year 1850, in which our accounts are closed, was a year when the Conference announced an increase of 5000 members. In our second edition, should one be called for, we may include the year 1851, also, in our averages. How the loss of nearly 60,000 members may affect our Table, we are not prepared to state,—time will show.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE METHODIST RECORDER.

Sir,—Allow me, a constant reader of your liberally written and edited journal, to express satisfaction at the application to the late venerable James Everett of the Roman maxim, that nothing but good should be spoken of the dead. In your brief notice of his decease a just tribute is paid to the valuable contributions which he added to the rich stores of Methodist biography. The two best known and widest read are specified; but he wrote several others of not inferior quality and interest; and if his portraiture of Dr. Adam Clarke is unfortunately not free from controversial tone and party bias, his captivating account of The Allens of Shiney-row, Durham, affords proof, additional to his Memoirs of Dawson and Hick, that, as a people, we are under obligations to him not simply for biographies of rare intrinsic merit, but for works, in that line, of unique character and peculiar excellence.

Being of opinion that such a man ought not to be allowed to pass from earth without some kindly, while discriminating, notice, I venture to put together some thoughts and recollections concerning him in the hope of your making room for them in the *Methodist Recorder*. Even had another journal in accordance with Mr. Everett's later views been still extant, yours would have seemed to me, under the altered and improved circumstances of the present time, the fitter of the two as a vehicle for the conveyance of what shall follow to the minds of the general Methodist public. It is my fixed intention to avoid the revival of any past dispute.

The great age to which Mr. Everett attained is of itself a memorable fact. It argued a fine constitution and an equable temperament; for the causticity of his pen was in singular contrast with the goodness of his nature. Twice he was reduced to the necessity of desisting from the ministry, though to a very advanced age he was able to preach at least occasionally, with little diminution of either physical or intellectual vigour. In making this observation I am reminded of a call upon him a few years ago in Sunderland, where he was found calm and placid, freely referring to the wars of sentiment in which he had been engaged, not simply without bitterness to any antagonist—to say that, were little; on the contrary, he named individuals most opposed to him in a brotherly manner, and took delight in mentioning and illustrating their private virtues.

There was a time when he stood with the very foremost of those eminent men on the best terms of mutual esteem. "Oh," said that remarkable genius to him when he expressed doubts of his ability to attend the ensuing Conference, "you must come, else we shall not have our wits about us." It is a curiously divergent parallel (if I may be allowed the phrase) in the lives of the two, that, at the same time that one succeeded to the editorial chair, the other condescended to the post of salesman at the Conference-office depot in Paternoster-row. The inducement, probably, was the comparative leisure at which the situation left him to prosecute his own line of study, tenaciously adhered to, if not quite peculiar. My impression has ever been, that he humbled himself to his own detriment. In those days I heard his merits as a man of culture confidentially discussed between several men of literary eminence, one of whom survives him; and I could never divest myself of the impression that their tone would have been less disparaging had he not stooped to the drudgery of shopmanship.

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There was little concealment in those days, and in that small back room, of his mode of study and preparation. He more than once suffered me, as a youth, to turn over the leaves of the common-place book in which he was almost constantly transcribing words, phrases, sentences, similitudes, illustrations, anecdotes, and whole paragraphs that had been gleaned in his daily reading from newspapers, magazines, and books, and from writings in different languages. From this repertory he freely drew, as occasion demanded, for the garniture of his style and the enrichment of his matter in the progress of his own authorship. Here, no doubt, was the secret of that sparkle, life, raciness, variety, and enchantment, which readers of the ordinary class have found so charming in his works. His own mind, too, was sufficiently original, vivacious, humorous, and quaint; and his faculty of observation and habit of treasuring in ready recollectiveness whatever he had heard or seen characteristic in persons or striking in interest, supplied him with additional resources of good quality and large amount. The chief defect of his works proceeds from superfluity: they are rather overloaded with allusion, quotation, illustration, and digression, which a severer taste and a more presidential judgment would have spared or retrenched.

We owe to his "location," on different occasions, at Manchester and Sheffield, provincial histories of Methodism, a kind of compilation in which he led the way, followed meritoriously by several others. This alone is a bright mantle, broad enough to "cover a multitude of sins." Some other publications, connected by a vouch or by repute with his name, suggest, on other grounds besides those above mentioned, the conclusion that he would have written better had he written less, and with a higher reputation and fewer dissentients. The Memoirs of James Montgomery, of Sheffield, of which he was joint author with John Holland, betray his native tendency to gossip and length; but they also show that he could appreciate and was appreciated by excellence at once moral and intellectual. It ought never to be forgotten that he was the favoured friend of such men as James Montgomery and Adam Clarke.

Mr. Everett was first impelled to assume a hesitating attitude in reference to the origination of the Theological Institution. He was prepared, indeed, to support in Conference an amendment moved by the principal objector to the project, though he waived his intention in order to shorten the debate. Still more signally did he show that he did not oppose for opposition's sake, when he withdrew from circulation a pamphlet on the subject, in which he had weighed the matter on both sides, without, however, disguising the leaning of his own mind. That he had personal and Methodist susceptibilities which, duly considered by others, might have been made the means of keeping him from precipitate action and irrevocable commitments, was further shown by his conduct respecting the Centenary. His was the most remarkable speech at the great Newcastle meeting, and perhaps, in some respects, second to none through the whole occasion. "The addresses," says Dr. George Smith in his "History of Wesleyan Methodism," "were very eloquent and powerful; the most remarkable of these, however, was that of the Rev. James Everett." Having, at Manchester, contributed the sum of twenty pounds to the fund, he now, in the fervour of his emotion, magnanimously de-

"The addresses," says Dr. George Smith in his "History of Wesleyan Methodism," "were very eloquent and powerful; the most remarkable of these, however, was that of the Rev. James Everett." Having, at Manchester, contributed the sum of twenty pounds to the fund, he now, in the fervour of his emotion, magnanimously declared his approval of the Theological Institution as vindicated by its earliest results, and emphatically acknowledged himself too great a debtor to Methodism "ever to forget the benefits it had conferred upon him."

By the History which records these facts, there also goes down to posterity the story of those unhappy circumstances which afterwards separated Mr. Everett from his brethren, in point of Connexional position, though, as I am fully and firmly persuaded, never in

high-souled, whole-hearted, irrepressible sympathy. He was believed, and not doubted, to be the author of "Wesleyan Takings:" he was subsequently suspected, though never proved, to have had a hand in the tracts styled "Fly-Sheets." When asked by the President from the chair of Conference whether he was the writer or author, in whole or in part, he declined answering. The committee to whom the case was referred recommended his expulsion, and he was expelled accordingly. I state the facts nakedly and without comment. But some notice of the "Takings" seems necessary to such a sketch as is here proposed. No competent judge can scruple to ascribe them to Mr. Everett. They have all his merits and all his defects—are sometimes playful to excess, at others unjustifiably severe; deal in certain places too freely with texts of Scripture for the purpose of making personal hits, while, elsewhere, such texts are at once happily and decorously applied. As performances, moreover, these portraits present the limner himself in opposite extremes. Many are long and elaborate, but the most are brief and rapid. Perhaps the mere heads and outlines are preferable to the full lengths painted up to the finest hair. Several of the latter are caricatures rather than resemblances; and a proportion of those not open to this criticism, are overlaid with foreign material, accessories, to use the artist's phrase, obscuring the principal figure. Upon the whole, however, they evince a decided talent in the perception and estimate of personal character; impress one with wonder at the artist's extensive acquaintance with what was peculiar, or at least striking, in brother ministers, whether predecessors or contemporaries; and tend, as we read, to make us forget occasional strokes of ill-nature and of critical severity, now and then carried to a violent and distasteful extreme, in the general overflow of philadelphian kind-heartedness. These "Takings" form a book which no sincere and judicious friend of their author would ever have advised him to issue in their existing form; yet they constitute a work to which even the strongest objector might bring himself to extend consideration, if not condonement, on account of its readableness, and, to say the least, a large preponderance of what is good over what is censurable. In future years a copy of the "Wesleyan Takings," picked up at an old bookseller's, will fetch as high a price as one of the first editions of "The Village Blacksmith," and will, no doubt, be esteemed the more curious of the two. Meanwhile, the known author of the one and the reputed author of the other is now seated, as we may entirely persuade ourselves, in the same rejoicing ranks as Jabez Bunting and Adam Clarke.

J. M. HARE

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